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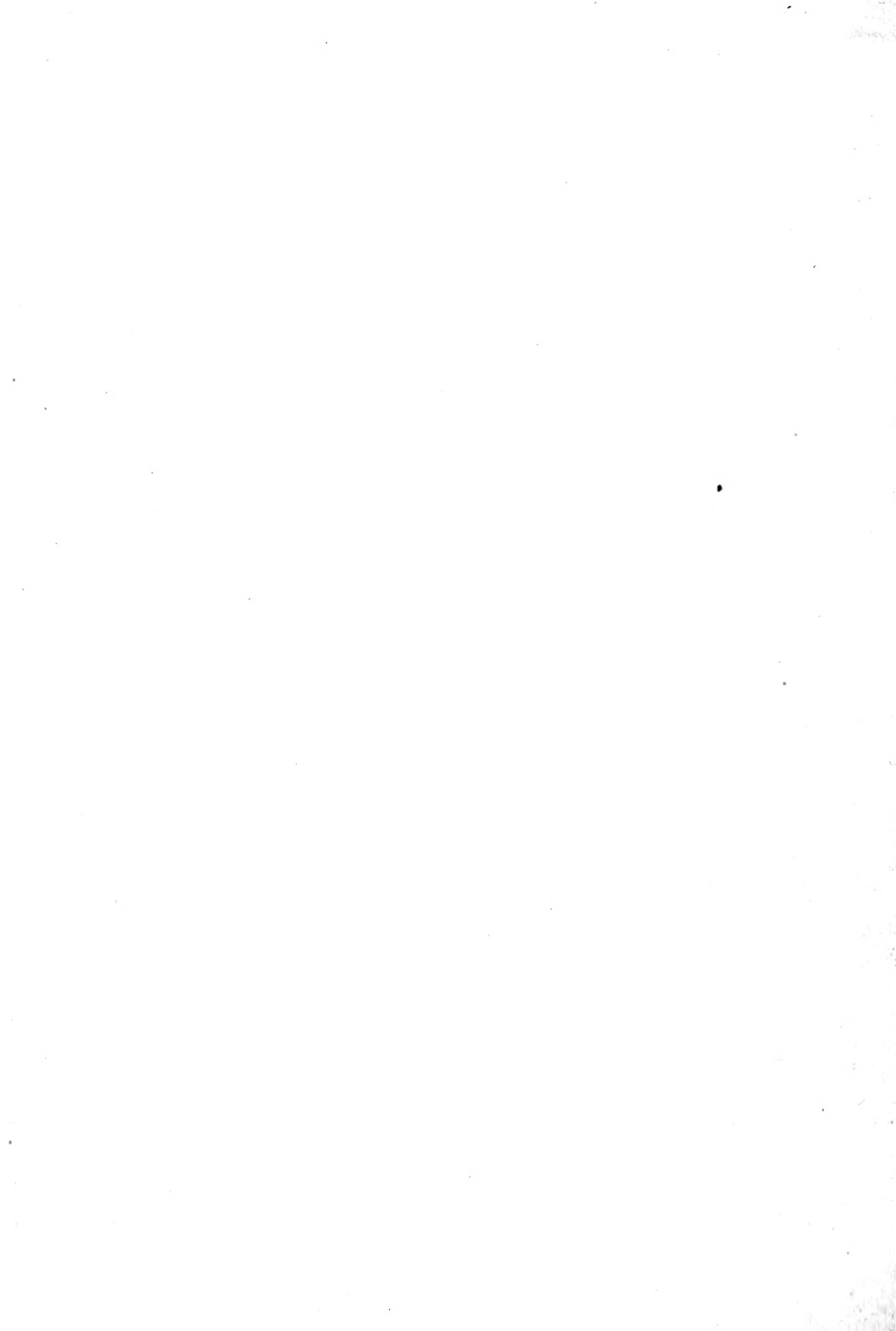






Photo by Wright (taken at Lick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton)
San Antonio Valley, with the High Sierras in the distance. Font and Anza saw essentially this same inspiring
panorama from the top of Crane Ridge. See page 413.

ANZA'S CALIFORNIA EXPEDITIONS

VOLUME IV

FONT'S COMPLETE DIARY

OF THE SECOND ANZA EXPEDITION

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH
MANUSCRIPT AND EDITED

BY

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SIDNEY M. EHRLMAN

PREFACE

In this volume is printed Father Font's Complete Diary of the second Anza expedition to California. The original manuscript is one of the rare treasures of the John Carter Brown Library at Brown University, whose Librarian, Mr. Lawrence C. Wroth, generously permitted me to publish it. The basis of the Complete Diary is the Short Diary (printed in Volume III of this work). After returning to Horcasitas Font went over the mountains to Ures, where from his notes he wrote the Short Diary and prepared a map. Soon afterward, in the course of Indian disturbances, he went to the mission of Tubutama, where at leisure he wrote the Complete Diary, and appended to it the maps which are here published. The astronomical and topographical data concerning the trail are nearly identical in the two versions, but the Complete Diary is some five times the length of the other. It has never before been published in any language.*

Of all the diarists of the Anza expeditions Font was the master. His observations were keen. He had a sharp eye for landmarks, and a canny knack of telling what he saw. His record of distances and directions is so accurate and his description of natural features is so graphic that nothing surprises the explorer of his trail. The remarkable diary tells him just what to expect. Font was a man of liberal education, which is reflected in the richness of his allusions and the clarity of his expression. He had a mathematical turn of mind which he carried even to his sermons.

* The maps, however, were reproduced by the John Carter Brown Library, with notes by Irving B. Richman, in *San Francisco Bay and California in 1776* (Providence, Rhode Island, 1911).

PREFACE

He had a reputation for knowledge of latitudes and map making which he sustained by the performance of his difficult task with Anza.

Font is entitled to all the more credit from the fact that he was ill during most of the expedition. He was under the weather when he left Horcasitas. When he reached the Pimas he began to have chills and fever which troubled him all the way down the Gila River. Much of the time his life was made miserable by sores inside his mouth. It is not strange, therefore, that Font was pessimistic and irritable, that he found Indians disgusting, that he was not always pleased with the weather or the country over which he traveled, or even that he sometimes complained of Anza. But in spite of his illness and his temperament, or because of them, he wrote a superb diary—one of the best in all Western Hemisphere history, it is safe to say. In his official journal he faithfully described the itinerary, the natural features of the country, the Indians, and the Spanish establishments passed through. And then, in the private diary, he added to these official things all the gossip of the trail.

The work of these explorers reflects the status of technical equipment in their day on a distant frontier. Members of the expeditions were provided with watch and compass. On the first journey no apparatus for calculating latitude was taken. Garcés says this was "because there was no instrument or skilled person in the province." Father Díaz, however, understood the principles of the astrolabe, and was added to the company partly for this reason. From San Gabriel he went to San Diego, borrowed an astrolabe from the chaplain of the *Nueva Galicia*, which had recently anchored there, received instructions, and on the return journey took latitudes at various places between San Gabriel and Casa Grande. His results were reasonably accurate.

PREFACE

For the second expedition Father Font was appointed expressly to observe directions and latitudes. For directions he had a poor compass borrowed at Mission San Xavier del Bac. For taking latitudes the viceroy furnished a fine astronomical quadrant. This equipment was supplemented by an astrolabe and a graphometer which were found at Mission Carmelo. In Font's outfit was a level, which did him good service in his investigation of the rise and fall of the tides at Suisun Bay.

Font calculated the latitudes by some tables made by the famous Jorge Juan. Since they were prepared for the meridian of Cádiz and for the years 1756-1759 they required two corrections. In general Font's latitudes are fairly accurate, but he could never be sure of complete precision and his variations from the true latitudes are not constant. At Carmelo three observations of latitude were made at the same time, by Father Palóu with a graphometer, by Father Crespi with an astrolabe, and by Font with the quadrant. Font remarks that "in the minutes we all three differed somewhat." At San Francisco Bay Font mapped the Golden Gate with Palóu's graphometer which he had borrowed, and at Palo Alto he measured the height of the tall redwood with it.

Font's leagues were estimated by a measured league which he walked "according to marching pace." They were Mexican leagues of 5,000 varas, or about 2.6 miles. Anza's leagues are generally about three miles. Those of Díaz and Garcés are usually shorter, like Font's. In discussing his leagues, Font cites Father Tosca, *Compendio Matemático*, and Father Florez, *Clave Geográfica*, which evidently were the standard authorities available to him.

In the original manuscript, names of camp sites, latitude reckonings, and various other items are underlined as a means of catching the reader's eye. In this text those marks generally have been disregarded.

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DIARY OF AN EXPEDITION TO
MONTEREY BY WAY OF THE
COLORADO RIVER

1775-1776

BY

FATHER FRAY PEDRO FONT

DIARY KEPT BY THE FATHER PREACHER FRAY PEDRO FONT, APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY OF THE COLLEGE OF SANTA CRUZ DE QUERETARO, DURING THE JOURNEY WHICH HE MADE TO MONTEREY BY ORDER OF THE MOST EXCELLENT SENOR LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BAYLIO FREY DON ANTONIO MARIA BUCARELI Y URSUA, VICE-ROY, GOVERNOR, AND CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THIS NEW SPAIN.¹

This order was communicated to the reverend father guardian of the College of Santa Cruz, Fray Romualdo Cartagena, in a letter written to him under date of January 2, 1775, and was transmitted to me by the same reverend father guardian in a letter which he wrote to me on January 20 of the same year of 1775. He charged me to make the whole journey, going and coming, to accompany Señor Don Juan Bautista de Ansa, Lieutenant-colonel of Cavalry and Captain of the royal presidio of Tubac, commander of this expedition and of the second journey made by him to the port of Monterey by way of the Colorado River, to escort some families with whom to occupy and settle the port of San Francisco, I to serve as chaplain of the expedition and of the people, with the added duty of observing the latitudes and directions on the way, it having been decided thus in Mexico in the royal council of war and exchequer.

¹ Diario que formó el P. P.^{do} Ap.^{co} Fr. Pedro Font . . . en el viage que hizo à Monterey. Original in the John Carter Brown Library.

I

THE RENDEZVOUS AT HORCASITAS

REMARKS¹

As a consequence of the first journey which the Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Bautista de Anza made by way of the Colorado River to Monterey in the year 1774, in company with the reverend father preacher Fray Juan Díaz and the reverend father preacher Fray Francisco Garcés, it was decided in Mexico to make this second expedition and journey, the better to explore the country, and especially to conduct thirty families of married soldiers to the port of Monterey, in order by means of them to settle and hold the famous port of San Francisco. Of these soldiers eight besides the lieutenant and sergeant were to be veterans of the presidios of Sonora, the remaining twenty to be recruits. Señor Ansa recruited them between Culiacán and Sinaloa, and they were assembled at the royal presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas, having passed through the

¹ The division headings in this text of the diary were inserted by the editor. In the original the numbers indicating the days of actual marching, and the summaries of distances traveled, are in the margins. In this text they are printed in the body of the page. In the original the references to Font's map, *A* to *I* and *a* to *e*, are given in the page and repeated in the margins. In this text the repetitions are omitted. Seventeen superior numbers in the original resembling footnote indices, but whose meaning is not apparent, have been omitted.

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mission of San Joseph de Pimas, where I was serving as minister, on the 26th of May of the year 1775. Captain Ansa likewise passed through there on the 23d of the same month, and I agreed to join him whenever it should be time to begin the journey.

On June 30 I delivered my mission of San Joseph de Pimas to the father preacher Fray Joaquín Belarde, who came to care for it during my absence. And, having stopped for some time at the mining camp of San Marcial, and elsewhere on the road, I arrived at the presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas on the 2d of August. I lodged at the house of the governor and visited Captain Ansa, but, seeing that there were still some things to arrange for the journey, I decided, until the time should come, to stay at the mission of Ures, where I arrived on the 6th of the same month.¹

On the 16th of September Captain Ansa sent two soldiers to Ures to get me and escort me, and on the night of the same day I arrived at the presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas. During the days that I remained here I five times observed the latitude of this presidio, and each time I obtained the same result which I shall put down at the end of the diary, with the difference of a few minutes. The instrument with which I made the observations was an astronomical quadrant sent by the viceroy to be delivered to me, but Captain Ansa kept it in his possession, not wishing to deliver it to me, and only when it was neces-

¹ Culiacán and Sinaloa are in Sinaloa. San Miguel, San Joseph, San Marcial, and Ures are in Sonora.

sary to make an observation did he open the box in which it came encased. During these days I became ill in my stomach, and this illness and others beset me throughout the whole journey, during which I enjoyed very few days of good health.

At last it was decided to begin the march on the 29th of September, day of the Holy Prince San Miguel,¹ with the people who were already assembled and the train belonging to the expedition, whose members and contingents were the following:

The commander of the expedition, Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Bautista de Ansa.....	1
The chaplain of the expedition, the apostolic preacher Fray Pedro Font.....	1
The commissary of the expedition, Don Mariano Vidal	1
Lieutenant Don Joseph Joaquín Moraga.....	1
Ten veteran soldiers, as an escort for the expedition.....	10
Twenty soldiers, recruits for Monterey.....	20
The wives of the twenty soldiers, children, and other persons belonging to these twenty families	106
Muleteers for three pack trains of the expedition, and for one for the baggage of the commander and presents for the heathen.....	20
Four families of settlers and others attached.....	17
Total of all these.....	177

¹ St. Michael, the champion of God's people.

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I may note that to this number of one hundred and seventy-seven persons there are to be added the three little children who were born afterward on the way, and to be subtracted the woman who died on leaving Tubac. To this number are to be added the people who joined us in Tubac, as I shall state hereinafter, and I may say the same of the following items:

BAGGAGE

One hundred and twenty mules, loaded with provisions, munitions of war, the baggage of all the people of the expedition, and other effects belonging to it, and presents in the name of his Majesty for the heathen on the way, which altogether made up three pack trains.....	120
Item: Twenty mules loaded with the baggage of the commander and his messmates.....	20
Item: Saddle animals belonging to the expedition and some belonging to individuals, including some saddle mules, etc.....	450
Total.....	590

To these items are to be added those which were assembled in Tubac, and also the cattle.

Well then, all the foregoing contingents being assembled, with all the rest, at the royal presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas, orders were given to begin the march on the day of Señor San Miguel, everything necessary for the journey being arranged and a review of the soldiers being held.

No. of Journey and Date

Leagues

1. Friday, September 29.—The foregoing persons having been listed, the soldiers having passed review the day before, and everything being arranged for beginning the march to Monterey from the villa and royal presidio of San Miguel de Orca-sitas where we were assembled, I sang Mass for the success of the journey in the presence of the people. After the gospel I made them a talk concerning the matter of the expedition, founded on the gospel of the feast of this day, exhorting everybody to have patience in the hardships of the journey, and above all concerning the good example which they must set for the heathen, as a mark of Christianity, without scandalizing them in any way.

I told them that the principal patroness of all the expedition during the journey was the Most Holy Virgin, our Lady of Guadalupe, who was chosen with singular applause and affection by unanimous consent and with the approval of myself and the commander. For we were as one in the thought, and even before speaking about it we both had already decided that our patroness must be the sovereign Virgin Mary, Mother of God, under the title of Guadalupe, as mother and patroness which she is of the Indians and of this America. And since it was the feast of San Miguel, and he being the holy prince whose picture is at the bottom of the image of our Lady of Guadalupe, we chose him as copatron of the expedition. And on my part and that of the com-

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mander, who was a brother of the holy College,¹ we chose also as copatron our Seraphic Father San Francisco, under the title of his portentous wounds.²

Mass having been said arrangements for the march were begun, but since there were so many people and such a train, and this being the first day, it was not possible to start until afternoon. We set out, then, from the royal presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas at half past four in the afternoon, and a little after five halted near the river on the other side, having traveled a short league toward the northwest.³—One league.

I may note with regard to the observations which I was able to make on the road with the astronomical quadrant of the expedition, which was sent by the viceroy and carried by the commander, that I calculated the latitudes by some tables made by a friar, and especially by some tables of Don Jorge Juan⁴ which I was able to obtain just by accident (for I had been given no instrument, and no instructions whatever for the fulfillment of my charge), and which, because they are made for the meridian of

¹ The college referred to here was the College of the Holy Cross of Querétaro, to which Father Font belonged.

² The reference is to the stigmata, or wounds, of St. Francis of Assisi.

³ Camp was about where El Vado (the Ford) is shown on the modern map.

⁴ Jorge Juan y Santacilia was a distinguished mariner and scientist of the eighteenth century. One of his books was *Compendio de navegacion para el uso de los cavalleros guardias-marinas* (Cádiz, 1757). Jointly with Antonio de Ulloa he wrote a famous report on Peru in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Cádiz and for the years 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, require two corrections. And so I shall first note down without any correction the latitudes according to the observations which I made, regulated by the tables of Don Jorge Juan, and then make in these tables the two corrections necessary for the calculation. And finally, for the satisfaction of experts, in all the observations which I made I shall record the meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun which the quadrant showed according to the horizontal wire of its glass.

I may note also that with regard to the directions of the route I may have made some errors, because I was not able to obtain a good compass, for only at San Xavier del Bac was I able to succeed in borrowing from that mission a very small and bad one which would scarcely work. Therefore, although with respect to the directions which I note down I took the greatest care, I am not altogether satisfied with them for lack of an instrument. And I have even tried to correct them somewhat in order to make the map which accompanies this diary in keeping with the latitudes observed.¹

Finally, I may note with respect to the leagues which I record, that all the distances estimated during the journey I have calculated by a measured league which I walked according to marching pace. They are Mexican leagues of five thousand varas, or three thousand geometrical paces, of which twenty-

¹ In general his directions are very accurate, and the proportions of his maps are remarkably good.

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eight make a degree of latitude on the earth's surface, and twenty-three and a third in the air, corresponding to the twenty-one Spanish leagues on the earth's surface, and seventeen and a half in the air, which constitute a degree, according to Father Tosca (Tom. 8, Trat. 24, Lib. 1, Cap. 4, Prop. 23), a Spanish league consisting of four thousand geometrical paces of 6666 and $\frac{2}{3}$ varas, or two feet, according to Father Flores in his *Clave Geográfica* (Cap. 3, Par. 3, Num. 125).¹

¹The references are to Thomas Vicente Tosca, *Compendio matemático, en que se contienen todas las materias mas principales de las ciencias que tratan de la cantidad* (Valencia, 1709-1715. 9 vols.); and to El P. M. Fr. Henrique Florez, *Clave geographica, y geographica Ecclesiastica de los patriarcados, con el origin de las dignidades pontificas, contrahida à la iglesia de España, y divisiones de las provincias antiguas de estos Reynos* (Madrid, 1747).

II

THE MARCH TO TUBAC

2. Saturday, September 30.—We set out from near the river at nine o'clock in the morning, and after noon arrived at Chupisonora, which is a ranch of Militia-captain Mesa, having traveled some four leagues to the north-northwest. The road is somewhat rough and stony, and because the mules are unbroken and the muleteers not very experienced, a pack train remained behind on the road with the packs scattered and the mules lost, and with so many setbacks that it was not able to reach camp during the whole day.¹—Four leagues.

Sunday, October 1.—We remained here because the pack train which fell behind yesterday had not arrived. Since it was Sunday and the day of the Most Holy Virgin of the Rosary, in the morning at a suitable hour I called the people to my tent, which served me as a church on the way, the commander's jar or tankard serving me as a bell; and since I was not able to say Mass we said the Rosary kneeling before the image of our patroness, the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, which I was carrying, and I

¹ They skirted the west slope of Sierra de Horcasitas. Chupisonora is still on the map.

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concluded with the singing of the Litany and the *Alabado*.¹

My baggage was reduced to two packs. One consisted of a bag containing the tent with its poles and stakes, and a little box in which I carried some books and necessary papers. The other consisted of saddlebags called *cantinas*, with their seat, in which to carry the vestments for saying Mass, and the rest of the things necessary for administering and for the journey. On top of them was laid a portmanteau with my clothing, and my bed or blankets to sleep in.

In the middle of the forenoon the pack train arrived somewhat tired out on account of the hard day yesterday, and we remained here in order that it might rest, and to hunt for some animals which were missing. After midday a boy came and told us that the Apaches were running off some pack animals which he was guarding. Four soldiers and the lieutenant went out and discovered the pack animals but not the Apaches, for there were none. All that was found was the trail of those who a few days before had passed through this place on the way to San Miguel. I may note that because all this road is dangerous some citizens came from San Miguel as an escort for the expedition, going as far as the pueblo of Santa Ana, and from this pueblo others set out and escorted the expedition as far as the presidio of Tubac. These men are not included in the number given for the divisions which are listed at the begin-

¹ *Alabado* is the first word of a hymn sung in praise of the Host. "Alabado y ensalzado/Sea el Divino Sacramento."

ning, because they did not belong to the expedition and did not have to go with us all the way.¹

3. Monday, October 2.—After eleven o'clock in the morning an order was given to load up. More than two hours were spent in this business, because with so many people there was much delay, and it was no small labor to raise the camp, especially at first. We set out from Chupisonora at two o'clock in the afternoon, and at six arrived at La Palma, having traveled five leagues to the north-northwest. This is a place with abundant and good pasturage, but without water, for there was only a little, hardly enough for the people to drink. The road today follows a valley somewhat wooded but not very rough. A pack train fell behind, arriving late and with some packs lost. As I was not very well, I needed someone to aid me in assembling things and setting up the tent when we halted, but, although the commander promised to assign me a servant, he did not furnish me one until we reached Tubac and after I had asked him several times, so I had to do this work myself. —Five leagues.

4. Tuesday, October 3.— We left La Palma at a quarter to eight in the morning, and a little before one in the afternoon we arrived at Charco del Canelo, having traveled six leagues to the north-northwest. This place and all this country, which is very level here and beyond, and is called the Llanos de la

¹ The dangers of this stretch from the Apaches are illustrated by the need of this citizen escort. Anza tells us that besides these citizens, ten soldiers went from Tubac to escort the families.

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Virgen,¹ has plentiful pasturage but is lacking in water, for all that is found is what is collected in pools when it rains. As soon as we halted the corporal, who was with the rear guard, came and reported that six Apaches had come out on the road and driven off a burro belonging to a soldier, which had strayed from the trail. The commander at once ordered ten soldiers and the lieutenant to go in pursuit of them. At sunset three soldiers who went yesterday to look for the loaded mule which was lost returned bringing her. After nightfall the ten soldiers and the lieutenant returned, and the story they told was merely that they found the tracks of some Indians, apparently Serys or Pimas who were hunting deer.—Six leagues.

5. Wednesday, October 4.—We set out from Charco del Canelo at half past seven in the morning, and at one in the afternoon halted at the Puerto de los Conejos, having traveled some six long leagues to the north-northwest. About half way on the road is the place called Querobabi, a permanent watering place with good water. The soldiers asked leave to go and kill the stray cattle which wander through these regions, and belong to the citizens of the pueblos of Nacameri and Santa Ana. Permission was

¹ Charco del Canelo was near Poza, a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The station called Llano is much further north. Puerto de los Conejos was near the station of Puerto. From here nearly to the Gila River Anza's route ran close to the line of the railroad. Querobabi, Barajita, Santa Ana, Magdalena, San Ignacio, Imuris, Sibuta (Cibuta), Agua Zarca, Tumacácori, and Tubac, through which Anza passed, are now all points on or near the line.

granted them, and they killed some beeves, with which the people supplied themselves with meat.¹—Six leagues.

6. Thursday, October 5.—At half past eight in the morning we set out from the Puerto de los Conejos, and at two in the afternoon halted at Charco de Gauna, situated between the two places called La Piriguita and La Barajita, having traveled some seven long leagues to the north-northwest. The soldiers again went out to kill cattle the same as yesterday.—Seven leagues.

7. Friday, October 6.—Leaving Charco de Gauna at half past eight in the morning, at noon we arrived at the banks of the river of the pueblo of Santa Ana, having traveled five leagues to the north-northwest. This settlement consists of Spanish citizens who have their cattle ranches here. Three soldiers remained behind looking for some lost mules.—Five leagues.²

Saturday, October 7.—We stopped here because three soldiers had fallen behind looking for some loaded mules. They came bringing one, three remaining lost with their packs, for they were not able to find them. I observed the latitude of this pueblo with the astronomical quadrant of the expedition, and, according to the tables of Don Jorge Juan, without correction I found it to be in $30^{\circ} 46\frac{1}{2}'$, and with

¹ Querobabi is one hundred and four miles by railroad south of Nogales on the Arizona border. Puerto de los Conejos is now represented by Puerto, eight miles farther north.

² Santa Ana was founded as a mission by Father Kino. It is thirty-eight miles north of Querobabi. At Santa Ana the old road, like the railroad today, turned sharply east.

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correction in $30^{\circ} 38\frac{1}{2}'$. For greater clarity and satisfaction in all the observations I shall record the meridian altitude of the sun over the horizon as shown by the quadrant, to which are to be added sixteen minutes, which constitute the radius of the solar body, and so I say: at the pueblo of Santa Ana, October 7, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $53^{\circ} 28'$.

8. Sunday, October 8.—I said Mass. We set out from the pueblo of Santa Ana at half past nine in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon halted at Santa María Madalena, a *pueblo de visita* of the mission of San Ignacio, having traveled some six leagues northeast by east. As soon as we arrived I sent word to Father Preacher Fray Francisco Zuñiga, minister of the mission of San Ignacio, and before nightfall he came.¹—Six leagues.

9. Monday, October 9.—I said Mass, and afterward another was said by Father Fray Francisco Zuñiga, at which I assisted with my instrument, the psalterio² which I carried at the order of the commander, he persuading me that it would be very useful to please the heathen Indians on the way, especially the Yumas, who, he said, were very festive. We set out from Santa María Madalena at nine

¹ Magdalena is twelve miles from Santa Ana by rail. Magdalena, San Ignacio, and Imuris were also missions founded by Father Kino. See Bolton, Herbert Eugene, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta* (Cleveland, 1919). This work is the great Jesuit's autobiography, and the fundamental source for the historical beginnings of all this region. A *pueblo de visita* is a sub-station.

² The psalterio (salterio) is a stringed instrument something like a harp.

o'clock in the morning, and at half past ten arrived at the mission of San Ygnacio, having traveled two leagues northeast by east.¹ Father Zuñiga having insinuated some remarks made to him by the commander about me, I again asked the latter for a servant to aid me in putting up the tent and the altar when we halted, and in whatever else might arise, but although he promised to give me one he did not do so.—Two leagues.

Tuesday, October 10.—I said Mass. We remained at this mission to make up some packs of provisions. I observed the latitude of the mission and found it without correction to be in $30^{\circ} 55\frac{1}{2}'$ and with correction in $30^{\circ} 47\frac{1}{2}'$, and so I say: at the mission of San Ignacio, October 10, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $52^{\circ} 10'$.

Father Fray Francisco Zuñiga loaned me all the equipment necessary for saying Mass and to administer, except the cruets. These I took from the mission of Tumacácori, where also I got a supply of hosts for the whole journey; the chrisms for the holy oils I obtained at the mission of San Xavier del Bac; and with these I was able thereafter to say Mass on the road, which I celebrated nearly every day.

10. Wednesday, October 11.—I said Mass. Before we started fathers Fray Phelipe Guillen and Fray Manuel Carrasco, who had been ill and were going out to convalesce, arrived here. This mission

¹ Font's distances between Santa Ana, Magdalena, and San Ignacio do not agree with modern maps, he making San Ignacio relatively too close to Magdalena.

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is very good and productive, and it would be much better if it were not pestered by the Apaches, who come through these lands every little while, for which reason all the road ahead of us is very dangerous. We left the mission of San Ygnacio at half past ten in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon halted on the banks of the river about a league beyond the pueblo of Ymuris, a *visita* of the mission of San Ygnacio, having traveled four leagues to the north-northeast.—Four leagues.

11. Thursday, October 12.—I said Mass, this being the first one which I said in my tent, which was the portable church of the expedition. We set out from near the pueblo of Ymuris at half past eight in the morning, and at one in the afternoon halted at El Guambút, before entering the canyon, having traveled four leagues to the north-northwest. A little before this place is the one called Los Alisos.¹ The canyon of Guambút which follows is a very dangerous pass, where the Apaches and the wild Piatos have committed a number of murders. For this reason we halted here in order to go through the canyon tomorrow slowly, with all the people and the pack trains close together.—Four leagues.

12. Friday, October 13.—I said Mass. We set out from El Guambút at eight o'clock in the morning,

¹ By rail Imuris is twelve miles from Magdalena. Here Kino's old trail turned up Cocóspera River to Cocóspera, San Lázaro, and Calabazas. Anza's party kept on north along the line of the railroad. The stream he was following is now called Rio de los Alisos, and there is a place called Alisos on the route. Guambút was near Quijano, where the canyon begins.



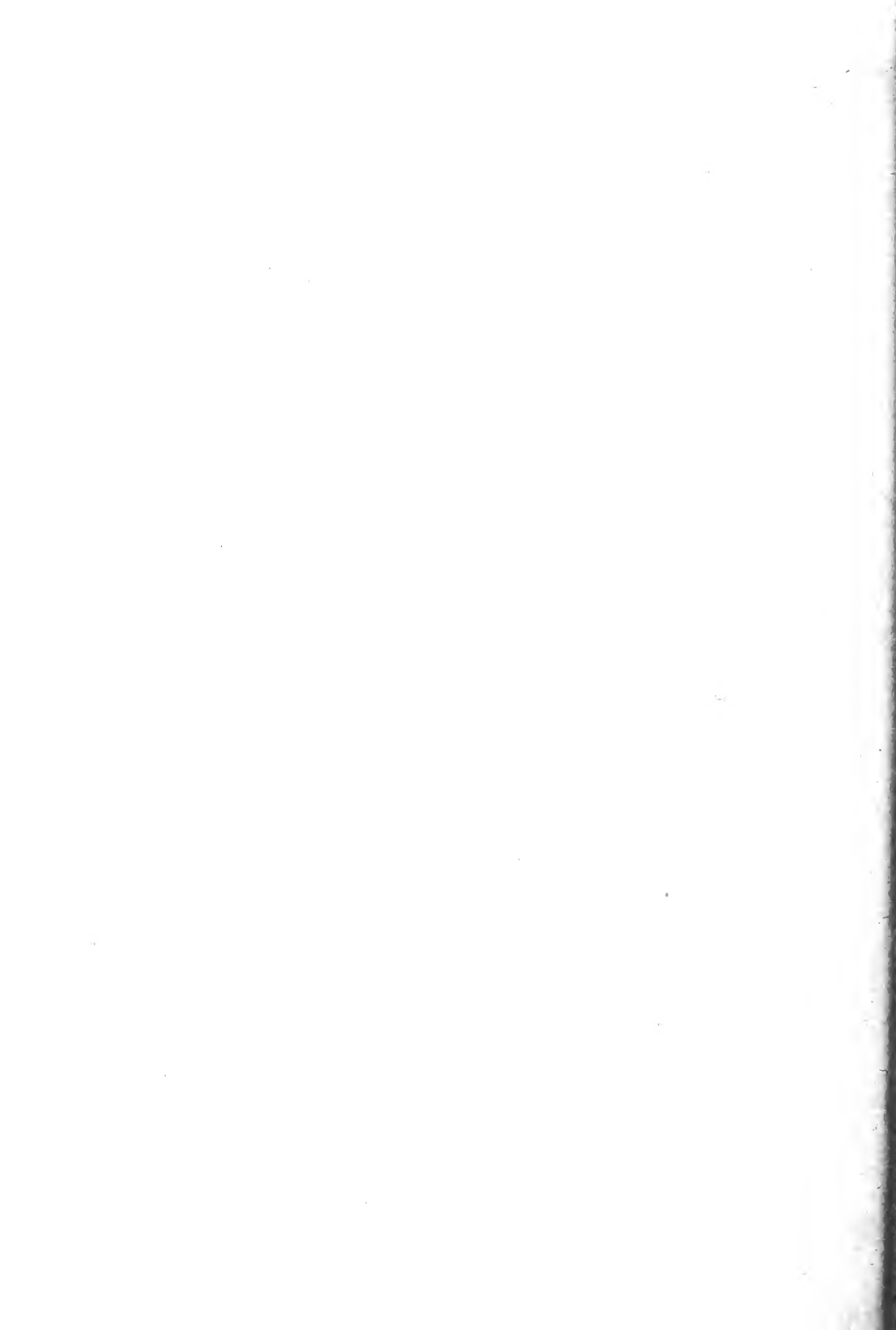
The old mission church at Ures.

Photo by Bolton



The old mission church at San Ygnacio.

Photo by Hanna



and at one in the afternoon halted at El Síbuta,¹ having traveled four leagues to the north, going very slowly in the canyon of El Guambút in order to keep together and so that the train of people and pack animals might not be cut in two.—Four leagues.

13. Saturday, October 14.—From El Síbuta we set forth at eight in the morning, and at three in the afternoon halted at the place called Las Lagunas, having traveled some eight long leagues, about four to the northwest, and four to the north-northwest. About half way on the road is the place called Agua Zarca, which is a very small spring of water. All the way the road runs bearing on the right some high, thickly wooded sierras which, from the pueblo of Dolores and before, continue in a chain to a point beyond the pueblo and presidio of Tuquison, ending before reaching the Gila River. On the left run some low hills, and behind them there is a rather high and rough sierra which begins at the pueblo of Santa María Madalena and runs to Aribaca, Arizona, and the site of Las Bolas, a place so-called on account of the balls of virgin silver which that region produced, for all that sierra they say is mineral bearing. All these lands are very abundant in pasturage, and in them the San Ygnacio River rises.²—Eight leagues.

¹ Now called Cíbuta. It was several times visited by Father Kino.

² Agua Zarca is twelve miles north of Imuris by rail. Here the road turns more northward. Las Lagunas were north of Nogales. After leaving Agua Zarca they went over the divide, but Font does not mention the pass near Nogales. The route from here was down Nogales Wash to the Santa Cruz River. Tuquisón is now called

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14. Sunday, October 15.—Because this place is a region made dangerous by enemies, the commander did not permit Mass to be said in camp. And so, leaving the people without Mass, because it was Sunday I went ahead with four soldiers of the escort to say it at the pueblo of Calabazas, which was distant from the camp two leagues and a little off the road. In that pueblo, which is a *visita* of the mission of Tumacácori, and formerly was a sub-station of the mission of Huevavi,¹ which was depopulated by the Apaches, I found the father preacher Fray Pedro Arrequivar. Having said Mass I returned to the road to rejoin the people of the expedition which was now coming. It left the camp of Las Lagunas at eight o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon reached the royal presidio of Tubac, having traveled some eight leagues to the north.

I stopped at the mission of Tumacácori, which is on the road a league before reaching the presidio. Here I found fathers Fray Francisco Garcés and Fray Tomás Eixarch, who were to come with the expedition to remain at the Colorado River, and here I remained with them and fathers Fray Pedro Arrequivar and Fray Felix Gamarra during the days while the expedition halted at Tubac.—Eight leagues.

Tucson. Aribaca is southwest of Tubac some fifteen miles. Arizona (Arizonac) or Las Bolas is some twelve or fifteen miles southwest of Nogales.

¹ Huevavi (Guebavi) was a mission founded by Kino on Santa Cruz River a little south of Calabazas. Tumacácori, also a mission founded by Kino, is about three miles south of Tubac.

Monday, October 16.—In the morning I went with Fray Thomás Eixarch to the presidio of Tubac, but in the afternoon I returned to the mission, for although the commander had sent for me, I did not wish to remain at the presidio during all the days it was necessary to halt to provide what was needed for the continuation of the journey and to finish assembling the people who were to go with the expedition.

Tuesday, October 17.—Today I became worse from my illness with flux, and was forced to remain in bed all day.

Wednesday, October 18.—I continued to be ill in bed.

Thursday, October 19.—I continued in the same condition, with very little improvement. Father Fray Thomás Eixarch went to the presidio and brought the astronomical quadrant to take the latitude of the mission, but because I was ill I was not able to make the observation.

Friday, October 20.—I remained in bed all day without getting any better.

Saturday, October 21.—The commander sent for us, and to me he sent a servant to assist me on the way, I having asked for one a third time. I therefore went to the presidio of Tubac with Father Preacher Fray Francisco¹ and his companion, Father Preacher Fray Thomás Eixarch, who were going with us to remain at the Colorado River to ascertain the wishes of the tribes who live on its banks, and to await us

¹ Garcés.

there until our return from Monterey, according to the orders given by his Excellency the Viceroy. Father Preacher Fray Pedro Arrequivar came to accompany us and returned in the afternoon. I observed the latitude of this presidio and found it to be without correction in $31^{\circ} 45\frac{1}{2}'$ and with correction in $31^{\circ} 38\frac{1}{2}'$, and so I say: at the presidio of Tubac, October 21, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $47^{\circ} 16'$. But because the day was dark I was not satisfied with this observation.

Sunday, October 22.—I said Mass for the success of the journey of the expedition, all the people attending, and Father Garcés assisted because in the presidio there were no other singers. After the gospel I made a talk or brief sermon suitable to the purpose. Choosing the text from the gospel of the day, which was *Nolite timere pusillus grex*,¹ I exhorted everybody to show perseverance and patience in the trials of so long a journey, saying they ought to consider themselves happy and fortunate that God had chosen them for such an enterprise. And, comparing the journey of the children of Israel through the Red Sea to the Promised Land with the journey of the present expedition across the Colorado River to Monterey, I reminded them of the punishment which God might mete out to them if they mistreated the heathen on the way or scandalized them by their conduct, as He did with the Israelites who committed such excesses, or if they murmured at the commander of the expedition or his orders as did they at their

¹ "Fear not, little flock" (Luke II, 32).

leader Moses, failing to render him due obedience. On the other hand, I assured them the help of God and of our patroness, the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, the host which would protect us during the whole journey if we conducted ourselves as good Christians. And finally, after many benefits which God would show them in this life, although perhaps mixed with trials, I promised them the joy of eternal rest in the Promised Land and the true fatherland of glory.

Because the day was clear I again made an observation, and I found this presidio, without correction, to be in latitude $31^{\circ} 50'$, and with correction in $31^{\circ} 43'$, and so I say: at the presidio of Tubac, October 22, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $46^{\circ} 50'$.

At this presidio was finished the assembling of all the men and families of the expedition who were to go to Monterey and to the new settlement of the port of San Francisco, and here also was completed the collection of all the provisions necessary for the journey, pack animals, riding animals, and cattle, the numbers composing these contingents being as follows:

PERSONS

In the first place, the Lieutenant-colonel of Cavalry and commander of the expedition, Don Juan Bautista de Ansa.....	1
The father chaplain <i>de propaganda fide</i> of the College of the Holy Cross of Querétaro, Fray Pedro Font	1

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The fathers Fray Francisco Garcés and Fray Thomás Eixarch. These two are destined to remain at the Colorado River.....	2
The commissary of the expedition, Don Mariano Vidal	1
Lieutenant Don Joseph Joaquín Moraga, who although married went alone and did not take his family, because his wife was ill and the family remained at Terrenate.....	1
Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalba.....	1
Eight veteran soldiers taken from the presidios of Sonora	8
Twenty soldier recruits for Monterey.....	20
Ten veteran soldiers from the presidio of Tubac who went as guard and escort of the expedition	10
Twenty-nine women, wives of the sergeant and twenty-eight soldiers	29
One hundred and thirty-six persons of both sexes belonging to the families of the same soldiers, and four other volunteer families, who are going to remain in Northern California or Monterey	136
Muleteers for three pack trains of the expedition and the baggage of the commander, the cook, etc.	20
Three vaqueros for the cattle.....	3
Three servants of the three fathers (one servant, one arrimado, and one boy of Father Thomás) to whom was added another, who remained with the two fathers on the Colorado River	4

Three Indian interpreters of the three tribes, Yuma, Cajuenche, and Jalchedun.....	3
Total.....	<u>240</u>

Included in this number is the woman who died afterward on the road.

BAGGAGE

There were taken one hundred and forty mules loaded with provisions, munitions of war, the baggage of the commander and all members of the expedition, other effects belonging to it, and presents in the name of his Majesty for the heathen on the way.....	140
Item: About twenty-five pack loads belonging to members of the troop.....	25
Item: Horses and some saddle mules belonging to the expedition and to some individuals.....	500
Item: Some thirty mares, colts, and burros.....	30
Total of the horses and mules.....	<u>695</u>

CATTLE

Item: Three hundred and twenty-five beeves to provision the expedition on the way, those left over being designed for stock cattle for the new settlement and missions of the port of San Francisco	325
Item: About thirty beeves belonging to individuals	30
Total of the cattle.....	<u>355</u>

I may note that these items kept diminishing on the way because some animals died, others were lost, and others were traded as occasion offered.

Well then, all the people of the expedition being assembled and everything necessary being arranged, it was decided to continue the journey next day. I may note that the order observed on the march during the whole journey was as follows: At a suitable hour an order was given to drive in the cavallada,¹ and that each one should proceed to catch his animals, the muleteers the mules, the soldiers and servants the horses for themselves and their wives and the rest. While they were being bridled and saddled it was my custom to say Mass, for which there was plenty of time. As soon as the pack trains were ready to start the commander would say, "Everybody mount." Thereupon we all mounted our horses and at once the march began, forming a train in this fashion: Ahead went four soldiers, as scouts to show the road. Leading the vanguard went the commander, and then I came. Behind me followed the people, men, women, and children, and the soldiers who went escorting and caring for their families. The lieutenant with the rear guard concluded the train. Behind him the pack mules usually followed; after them came the loose riding animals; and finally all the cattle, so that altogether they made up a very long procession.

¹ *Cavallada*, the herd of horses and mules. Americans in the Southwest have adopted this word, sometimes corrupted to *caviard*.

Then we began to march, I intoning the *Alabado*, to which all the people responded; and this was done every day both going and coming. When the camp-site was reached, after all the people had dismounted the lieutenant came to report to the commander whether everything had arrived, or if something had remained behind, in order that he might give suitable orders. At night the people said the Rosary in their tents by families, and afterward they sang the *Alabado*, the *Salve*, or something else, each one in its own way, and the result was a pleasing variety. The number of people was so large that when we halted the camp looked like a town, with the barracks which the soldiers made with their capotes, blankets, and branches, and especially with the field-tents, which were thirteen in number, nine for the soldiers, one for the lieutenant, one for Fathers Garcés and Eixarch, one for me, and a larger and round one for the commander.

III

FROM TUBAC TO THE GILA RIVER

15. Monday, October 23.—Having said Mass we set out from the presidio of Tubac at eleven o'clock in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted at the place called La Canoa, having traveled some five leagues to the north-northwest.¹ In the night the wife of a soldier gave birth to a fine boy, but the delivery was so irregular that the child was born feet first, and the woman died in childbed early in the morning. Next day in the afternoon she was taken for burial to the mission of San Xavier del Bac, and on the 25th in the morning she was buried by Father Garcés, who went ahead accompanying the body.—Five leagues.²

16. Tuesday, October 24.—I said Mass. We set out from La Canoa at two in the afternoon, and at five halted at Punta de los Llanos,³ having traveled

¹ Anza gives the distance as four leagues. The place is marked today by La Canoa Ranch, about fifteen miles north of Tubac. The name was formerly applied to a place about a mile further south, and it was there that Anza camped. La Canoa Ranch formerly embraced a long stretch of country down the Santa Cruz Valley.

² The woman who died was the wife of Vicente Felix, one of the soldier recruits. She left seven children, four sons and three daughters, all of whom reached California. The "fine boy" born here at La Canoa was evidently Joseph Antonio Capistrano.

³ Camp was a little south of Sahuarito. Anza calls this place Llano Grande, and gives the distance as four leagues. The hills on the left were the Tinaja Hills and Sierrita Mountains, and those on the right the Santa Rita Mountains. Papagueria means Pápago country. Font's Short Diary gives slightly different directions here.

three leagues to the north-northwest. At the camp-site and in the plains which follow there is grass but no water. As we marched along we bore on our left some hills, which are those of the Papaguería, and on the right ran the sierra which I mentioned on the 14th. On the way the people and I went saying the Rosary for the deceased, and I finished by singing the *Salve* of the Virgin of Los Dolores.—Three leagues.

17. Wednesday, October 25.—We set out from Punta de los Llanos at half past eight in the morning, and at one in the afternoon, having traveled six long leagues north by west, arrived at the mission of San Xavier del Bac,¹ of which Father Fray Francisco Garcés is minister. This is a pueblo of Sobaypuri Pima Indians. Once it was very large, but now it is much depleted by the hostilities of the Apaches, and more especially because of its waters, which are very injurious, for they are very turgid and salty, so much so indeed that a Jesuit father showed by experiment that a bottle of water distilled by alembic left two ounces of salt and sediment. In the afternoon Father Thomás baptized the boy who was born on the night of the 23d.—Six leagues.

18. Thursday, October 26.—I said Mass. Before this I had solemnized three marriages of members of the expedition, and during the Mass I veiled the newly married couples. In order properly to pub-

¹ Mission San Xavier del Bac was the most famous of all the missions founded by the celebrated Father Kino. Anza gives the distance as five leagues.

lish the banns and the rest, I had previously appointed my servant as notary.

We set out from the mission of San Xavier del Bac at half past eight in the morning, and at one in the afternoon we halted a league beyond the pueblo of Tuquison, a *visita* of the mission of San Xavier del Bac, and the last Christian pueblo in this direction, having traveled four very long leagues on account of the detour which was made, the general direction being almost to the north. This pueblo of Tuquison is larger than that of San Xavier del Bac, and in the following year of 1776 the presidio of Tubac was moved there, where it now is and is called the presidio of San Agustín del Tuquison.¹

It is a surprising thing that, although all this road traveled as far as here is very dangerous from the Apaches, they did not come out to attack us, nor did we see them during the whole journey. This favor we ought to attribute to our patroness, the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, because if the Apaches had sallied forth no doubt we should have suffered disasters, for the troops were few and green, and as they traveled they were so occupied with their little children that some of the soldiers carried two or three youngsters at a time, and most of them

¹ It is to be remembered that Father Font wrote this diary after returning from California, and inserted in it events that happened subsequent to the journey. Anza tells us that here at San Xavier they met four scouts who had been sent ahead to inquire about the water supply as far as the Gila River. They brought back a favorable report. Consequently Anza decided to make the journey to the Gila in two divided marches or *tardeadas*.

carried at least one little one. But God was guiding us and the Virgin María was our patroness, and with this everything is said.—Four leagues.

19. Friday, October 27.—I said Mass, and because we were now leaving the last pueblo of Christians and entering the country of heathen, after the gospel I gave the people a talk, exhorting them all to confess and to set the good example which as Christians and representatives of Spanish Christianity they ought to present to the heathen Indians through whose lands we were to travel. I observed at this place of Tuquison, and found it to be without correction in latitude $32^{\circ} 30'$, and with correction in $32^{\circ} 22'$, and so I say: near the pueblo of Tuquison, outside of it a league to the north, on October 27, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $44^{\circ} 26'$.

From the pueblo of Tuquison we set out at one o'clock in the afternoon, and a little before six we halted at a plain in sight of a rugged and low sierra called by the Indians La Frente Negra, just before entering a pass which we called the Puerto del Azotado, and which we threaded the next day, having traveled five leagues, about two to the north-north-west, and the rest to the northwest.¹ Before setting

¹ Camp was about two miles southeast of Rillito, and just west of Weaver Well. Font and Anza agree as to distance and direction. The pass was through the north end of Tucson Mountains. The range ends in a mountain resembling a human countenance. This was the Frente Negra, or black profile. Anza says camp was in a plain near some hills called by the Indians Tututac. He calls the camp Llano del Azotado.

out two muleteers hid intending to run away on foot. Immediately the Indians of El Tuquison were informed, in order that they might pursue them, and at night eight Indians came with one of the fugitives under arrest, whom they had immediately found. The runaway was given twelve blows on the spot and imprisoned in the guardhouse, and for this reason they named the place the Puerto del Azotado.—Five leagues.

20. Saturday, October 28.—I said Mass. We set out from the plain of the Puerto del Azotado at a quarter past eight in the morning, and having traveled six long leagues west-northwest and at times almost west, at half past one in the afternoon we halted at some lagoons of rain water which the Indians call Oytaparts,¹ site of a village of Pápago Pimas which the Apaches destroyed. Before reaching the Puerto del Azotado the sierra which we had kept on our right, as I mentioned on the 14th, comes to an end.² Now we kept on our left at some distance a low and rough little range, that of the Papaguería; and on the right as we traveled we had a very level and open country, the land of the Apachería. Before mounting his horse Father Garcés reminded the

¹ Camp was evidently near the E. Aguirre House. Anza says they went three leagues west-northwest to some ponds, and then northwest (distance omitted) to the ponds at "Oitpar, which in our language means 'Old Town.'" Here in wet seasons ponds form in the flats.

² The Santa Catalina Mountains. Anza tells us that in previous years he had raided various Apache villages in the country to the east of the trail here.

commander concerning the saddle animals which he had asked for and which he had promised him. And the commander having replied that he was not able to give them because he had no animals to spare, Father Garcés spoke to him somewhat plainly, as a result of which the commander appeared very much offended, and although I tried to mollify him he refused to talk with us during the whole day.—Six leagues.

21. Sunday, October 29.—I said Mass, and in the course of it I made an exhortation to the people. Very early in the morning some Indians were sent ahead to report our coming to the Pimas of the Gila River, where they arrived at nightfall. After Mass a proclamation was read in which orders were given looking to the best conduct of the people, and then twenty-five blows were administered to the other runaway muleteer, whom the Indians of El Tuquison had brought under arrest.

We set out from the lagoons of Oytaparts at one in the afternoon, and at a quarter past five halted a little beyond a picacho or peak which the Indians call Tacca, having traveled some five leagues, two to the northwest and the rest to the north-northwest.¹ This is a place with little pasturage and no water, and all the route is just like it; but it is very level and open

¹ Camp was a little northwest of Picacho Peak, that is, nearly west of Wymola station and south of Picacho station. Anza and Font agree as to distance and direction. Anza calls the camp site the Flat of Aquituni. He mentions neither Cuitoa nor the Picacho de Tacca. Font tells us that the people of Cuitoa and Aquituni sometimes lived on the Gila River. See p. 33.

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country, the same as yesterday. Half a league beyond the place whence we set out there is an abandoned pueblo of Pápagos, of some thirty huts, called Cuitoa, which at times they are accustomed to occupy, and a little farther on there is a lagoon which is the seepage or rising of the river of El Tuquison and San Xavier, which disappears and ends in these plains.—Five leagues.

22. Monday, October 30.—We set out from the Picacho de Tacca at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past five in the afternoon, having traveled some twelve leagues, about six northwest, three north-northwest, and finally some three almost due north, we reached the vicinity of the Gila River and halted some distance from it at a lagoon which appears to be formed by the water which runs into it from the plains during the rainy season, or from the Gila River itself when it overflows and wanders from its channel.¹—Twelve leagues.

The road from El Tuquison to the Gila River is through open and level country in the main, but it has scanty pasturage and very little water, for this is found only when it rains, and in pools in the flats where the Pápago Indians make something like canals for collecting it. The footing on today's journey was somewhat bad because of the squirrel² mounds

¹ Anza gives the distance as ten leagues west-northwest, northwest and north. He calls the camp site Comari. It was evidently Blackwater Slough, some eight miles west-northwest of the Casa Grande ruin. Both Font and Anza give the distance to the ruin as three leagues.

² Probably ground rat holes.



Picacho de Tacea.

Photo by Bolton



La Frente Negra.

Photo by Bolton



Photo by Fewkes

Casa Grande Ruin.

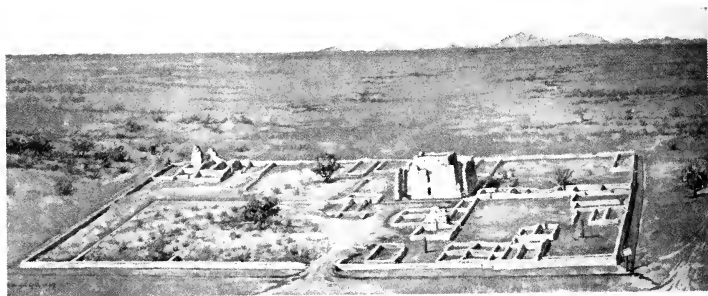


Photo by Fewkes

Excavations at Casa Grande.

which abound. The region is without stones, and of whitish and very light soil, consequently such a cloud was raised by the trampling of so many horses and people that the dust gave more trouble than anything else. And of the same kind of soil is all the country which follows down the Gila River, through which we traveled with the same hardship. There are no trees in all this region, nor hardly a thing of value, for one sees only now and then a scrubby mesquite far in the distance. What is most abundant is the weed or shrub which they call the hediondilla, called in the out-country *la gobernadora*, and another scrubby and useless plant which, if the horses eat it, burns their mouths. In short, in all this land of the Papaguería which we passed through I did not see a single thing worthy of praise.

In response to the message which was sent yesterday, the governor of the villages of Cuytoa and Aquituni, settlements of Pápagos, who at times live on the Gila River, came out on the road to welcome us, and from the Gila Pimas came the governor and alcalde of Uturituc, a Gila River pueblo, and the governor of Sutaquison, accompanied by eight or ten other Indians, all on horseback. They dismounted to welcome us, and presented to the soldiers the scalps of two Apaches whom they had killed the day before, for with them they have continual warfare. Then they at once mounted their horses and accompanied us to the camp. These Gila Pimas, like the rest of the Pimas of the Pimería Alta, are very black, but they have good bodies, and are brave, and are bitter

enemies of the Apaches. They asked if we were now coming to live with them and to baptize their people, which it appears they greatly desire, for they have several times asked for fathers. They seemed to be very happy at our coming, and said that it was good that we should remain there to live, for then the soldiers could fight with them against the Apaches.

The climate appears to me to be very cold in winter and very hot in summer, and from what I saw the region does not offer the best of advantages. Only on the banks of the river and by the use of much water can harvests such as the Indians reap be obtained; for building there is no timber except that of the grove along the banks of the river, which is not very large; and for cattle and horses the land is very short of pasturage.

Tuesday, October 31.—I said Mass, to which some Gila heathen listened very quietly. The commander decided that the people should rest today from yesterday's long journey, and so we had time to go to examine the Casa Grande de Moctezuma, as they call it, which is situated a league from the Gila River and is distant from the site of the Laguna some three leagues to the east-southeast. We went to it after Mass and returned after noon, accompanied by some Indians and the governor of Uturituc, who on the way recounted us the history or tradition which the Gila Pimas preserve from their ancestors concerning this Casa Grande. It all reduces itself to fables, confusedly mixed with some Catholic truths,

which I shall relate hereinafter. I made an observation at the site of the Casa Grande, which is indicated by the letter A on the map which I afterward made; and I found it without correction to be in $33^{\circ} 11'$ and with correction in $33^{\circ} 31\frac{1}{2}'$, and so I say: at the Casa Grande of the Gila River, October 31, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $42^{\circ} 25'$.

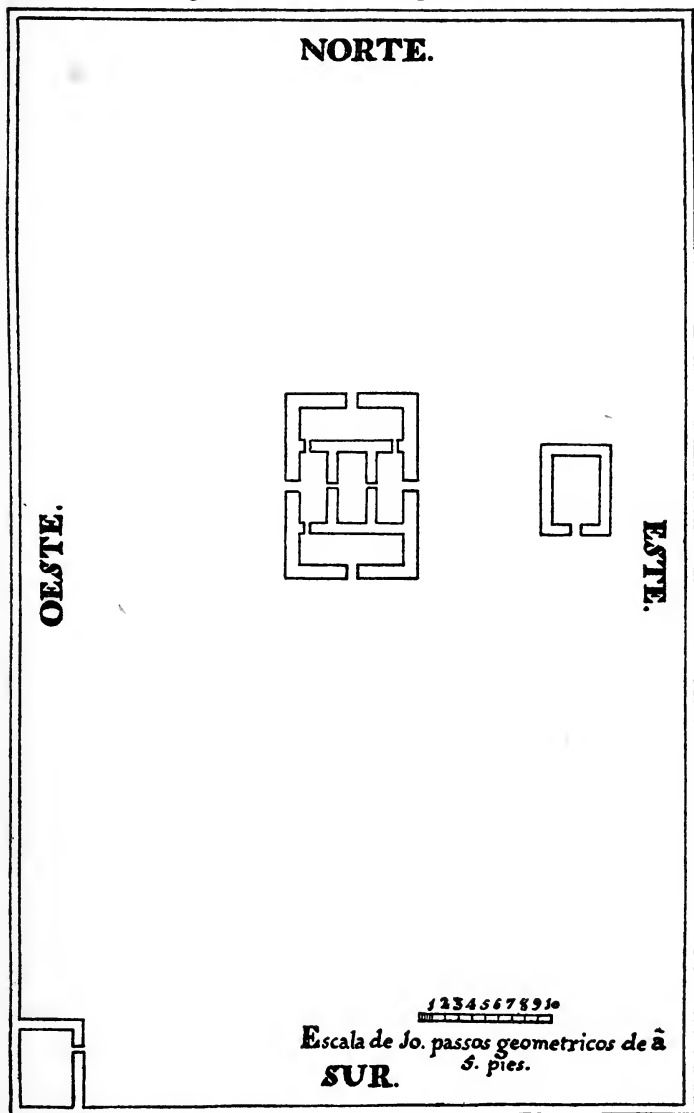
We very carefully examined this edifice and its remains, and I am inserting here an ichnographic plan of it. To make it more intelligible I give the following description and explanation: The Casa Grande, or Palace of Moctezuma, must have been built some five hundred years ago, according to the histories and the scanty notices of it which exist and are given by the Indians, for apparently it was founded by the Mexicans when in their migration they were led by the Devil through various regions until they reached the Promised Land of Mexico, and when during their stops, which were long, they established settlements and erected edifices.

The site where this house stands is level on all sides. It is distant from the Gila River about a league, and the ruins of the houses which formed the settlement extend more than a league to the east and in other directions. All this region is scattered with pieces of ollas, jars, plates, etc., some ordinary and others stained with various colors, white, blue, red, etc., an indication that it was a large settlement and of a people different from the Gila Pimas, for these do not know how to make such pottery.

We made a careful inspection of the edifice and of its site, and to save time we measured it with a lance. These measurements I afterward reduced to geometrical feet, and with slight error they are the following: The house is rectangular, and is perfectly oriented to the four cardinal points, east, west, north, and south. Round about there are some ruins which indicate some sort of fence or wall which enclosed the house and the other buildings, especially at the corners, where it appears that there was some sort of a structure like an interior castle or watch tower, for at the corner which lies at the southwest there is a piece still standing, with its partitions and an upper story.

The outer wall is four hundred and twenty feet long from north to south and two hundred and sixty from east to west. The interior of the house consists of five rooms, three of the same size in the middle, and a larger one at each end. The three rooms are twenty-six feet long from north to south and ten from east to west. The two rooms at the ends are twelve feet from north to south and thirty-eight from east to west. The rooms are all about eleven feet high. The doors between them are five feet high and two feet wide, and all are nearly equal, except the four outer ones, which appear to have been twice as wide. The thickness of the inner walls is four feet, and they are well plastered. The thickness of the outer walls is six feet. The exterior measurement of the house from north to south is seventy feet and

Planta ichnographica de la Casa grande del Rio Gila.



GROUND PLAN OF THE CASA GRANDE ON THE GILA RIVER



from east to west fifty. The walls are slanting¹ on the outside. In front of the eastern door, separate from the house, there is another room, which is twenty-six feet from north to south and eighteen from east to west, not counting the thickness of the walls.²

Judging from what can be seen the timbers were of pine, although the nearest mountain which has pines is distant some twenty-five leagues. There is also some mesquite. The whole edifice is built of earth, and according to the indications it is of *tapia* made with molds of various sizes. From the river there runs for a long distance a very large irrigating ditch by which the settlement supplied itself with water, but it is now very indistinct. Finally, it is seen that the edifice had three storeys; and if what it was possible to learn from the Indians is true, and judging from the vestiges which were seen, it had four storeys, the lower one being below ground like a subterranean room. To furnish light to the rooms nothing is to be seen except the doors, and some round holes in the middle of the walls which face the east and the west. The Indians said that through these holes, which are rather large, the prince, whom they call The Bitter Man, looked at the sun when it rose and set, in order to salute it. No signs of stairs were found, from which we conclude that they were of wood and were destroyed in the fire which the edifice suffered from the Apaches.

¹ Technically this term is *battered*. The walls have a curved slope.

² This room is now called the Font Room.

The history which the governor of Uturituc recounted on the way in his Pima language, and which a servant of the commander, the only interpreter of this language, translated as we went along, is as follows: A long time ago there came to that country a man who was called The Bitter Man because of his ill nature and his harsh rule. This man was old, but he had a young daughter. And there came in his company a young man who was not a relative of his or of anybody else, and married the daughter, who was very pretty as he was handsome. And this old man brought as servants the Wind and the Clouds.

When the old man began to build that great house he ordered his son-in-law to go and look for timber with which to roof it. The young man went a long distance, but since he had no ax or anything with which to cut the trees, he was gone many days, and he finally returned without bringing any timbers. Now the old man was very angry, and he said that the son-in-law was good-for-nothing, and he would show him how he would bring the timbers. And so the old man went away to a sierra where there are many pines, and, calling on God to aid him, he cut many pines and brought many timbers for the roof of the house.

When this Bitter Man came, there were no trees in the country, nor any plants, but he brought seeds of all kinds and reaped very large harvests, with the aid of his two servants, the Wind and the Clouds, who served him. But because of his ill nature he

became angry with the two servants, and discharged them, and they went a long way off. And then, for lack of servants, he was not able to reap the harvests, so he ate all that he had raised, for he was now dying of hunger. He then sent his son-in-law to call the two servants and bring them back, but he could not find them no matter how much he looked for them. Then the old man went to look for them, and having found them he took them again into his service, and with their aid he again reaped great harvests. And so they continued to live for many years in that country, but after a long time they went away, and they have heard nothing more about them.

He said also that after the old man there came to that country a man called The Drinker. He became angry with the people there and sent so much water that all the land was covered with it. Then he went to a very high sierra, which is seen from there and is called the Sierra de la Espuma, taking with him a little dog and a coyote. They call it Sierra de la Espuma because at the end of it, which is cut off with a cliff like the corner of a tower, one sees high up near the top a white ledge-like rock, which continues the same all along the sierra for a long distance.¹ And the Indians say that this mark was made by the foam of the water which reached up to there. Well, The Drinker went up there and left the dog below so that he might tell when the water reached

¹ In Superstition Mountains, north of the Gila River, there is a conspicuous streak of lime rock, visible for a long distance.

this ledge of the foam, and when it reached there the dog told The Drinker, for then the animals talked; and then he too went up.

After several days The Drinker sent to the Humming Birds and to the Coyote to have them bring him some mud. They brought it, and from it he made several men, some of whom turned out to be good and others bad. These men scattered out through the country, upstream and downstream, and after a while he sent some of his own people to see if the men upstream talked. They went and returned saying that although they talked they did not understand what they said. And so The Drinker became very angry because these men talked without his having given them permission. Afterward he sent other men downstream to see those who were there, and they returned saying that they had given them a friendly welcome and that they talked another language, but that they had understood them. Then The Drinker said to them that the men who lived down the stream were the good men, these being the ones as far as the Opas, with whom they are friendly. And those who lived upstream he said were the bad men, these being the Apaches, toward whom they are hostile.

He said also that once The Drinker became angry with the people, and killed many of them and changed them into saguaros, and this is why there are so many saguaros in that country. The saguaro has a green trunk, is watery, very tall and equally round,

and straight from the bottom to the top, with rows of thick spines all the way up, and it usually has two or three branches of the same form, which look like arms.¹

Besides this he said that The Drinker at another time became very angry with the men, and made the sun come down to burn them, and so he finished them. The men begged him earnestly not to burn them, so he ordered the sun to go up, but not so high as it had been before, and told them that he was leaving it lower in order to burn them with it if they made him angry again; and this is why it is so hot in that country in the summer.

He said that he knew other stories, but could not relate them now because his time was up, but he promised us to tell them next day. But because we laughed a little at these yarns, which he told with great seriousness, we were never able to get him to tell us another thing, he saying that he did not know anything. All this narrative or little history I have told in the language here seen, as more suitable to the style in which the Indians express themselves.²

¹ This is the giant cactus.

² Father Kino visited Casa Grande in November, 1694. For a brief sketch of the ruin and references to literature see Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, I, 209-210. A detailed history, with a report on excavations of the ruin, is *Casa Grande, Arizona*, by Jesse Walter Fewkes, in Bureau of American Ethnology, *Twenty-eighth Annual Report*, Washington, 1912. Font's description is reproduced therein.

IV

GILA RIVER PEOPLE

23. Wednesday, November 1.—I said Mass, which was attended by some Gila Indians who were there. They gave close attention and kept strict quietude and silence, and tried to imitate the Christians in making the sign of the cross, and in other things, although they did it clumsily. We set out from La Laguna at half past nine in the morning, and at one in the afternoon arrived at the pueblo of San Juan Capistrano de Uturituc, having traveled four leagues to the west-northwest.¹—Four leagues.

This is a pueblo fairly well formed by the little huts with the Gileños make. We were welcomed by the Indians, whom I estimated at about a thousand persons, arranged in two files, the men on one side and the women on the other. As soon as we had dismounted all came in turn to salute us and to shake hands with the commander and the three fathers, first the men and then the women, big and little, manifesting great pleasure at seeing us, putting their hands on their breasts, pronouncing the name

¹ Anza and Font agree as to direction and distance. Uturituc (called Juturitucam by Anza) was some eighteen or twenty miles (seven leagues) westward from Casa Grande. It was between Sacaton and Sweetwater.

of God, and giving other signs of good will. This hand-shaking took a long while, because nearly every one of them saluted us by saying, "Dios ato m'busibóy," as the Christian Pimas of Pimería Alta do, meaning "May God help us," and it was necessary to return their salutations. They entertained us in a great arbor which they made for this purpose and in front of which they had erected a large cross, although they are heathen. Because the river is somewhat distant the governor ordered their women to bring us water and immediately they brought some to the camp for the people.

These Pima Indians of the Gila are gentle and of good heart, and to show their appreciation for our coming they begged permission from the commander to dance, and then they went from tent to tent of the soldiers dancing, the women linked together in their fashion. In short, these people manifested great pleasure at seeing us in their country, and some of them soon afterward offered their little children for us to baptize. We did not do so because we were merely passing through, but we tried to satisfy them by giving them good hopes.

In the afternoon I went with Father Garcés, accompanied by the Pápago governor of Cojat, to visit the pueblo and see the fields. The latter are fenced in with poles and laid off in divisions, with very good irrigating ditches, and are very clean. They are close to the pueblo and on the banks of the river. This stream is large only in the season of floods, and now it carries so little water that when an Indian

waded in and crossed it the water only reached half way up his legs. This is the reason why they had not yet planted, according to what they told me, for the river was so low that the water could not enter the ditches. And they told me, moreover, that to remedy this they planned to assemble all together and fasten many logs in the middle of the river, and then many branches, to raise the water so that it would enter the ditches. This is proof of their application to labor, and that they are not wanderers like other tribes; for in order to maintain themselves in their towns by their crops, they themselves have discussed damming the river. I saw also how they wove fabrics of cotton, which they plant and spin, and which most of them know how to weave. They also have large sheep with good wool, and Castilian hens.

They are rather corpulent Indians, and are very ugly and black, especially the women. And perhaps because they eat much *péchita*, which is the mesquite pod ground and made into atole, the *tornillo*, grass seeds, and other coarse things, when they are assembled together one perceives in them a very evil odor. This afternoon the commander gave presents of tobacco and beads to everybody, with which they were much pleased, the distribution lasting until night.

24. Thursday, November 2.—Very early in the morning we began to say Mass. With the vestment which I brought and the one which Father Garcés brought from Tubac to keep with him at the Colo-

rado River, we set up two altars, and we three friars said nine Masses because this was All Souls' Day, and they were attended by many Indians who maintained quiet and silence. This was a very special event, for it never before happened that in one day so many Masses should be said on the Gila River.

We set out from the pueblo of Uturituc at eleven o'clock in the morning, and about three in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Gila River near the Pueblo of La Encarnación de Sutaquison, having traveled some four leagues west by north.¹—Four leagues.

The Indians of the pueblo, whom I estimated at about five hundred souls, came out to welcome us and salute us with demonstrations of great joy. On the way we passed through two smaller pueblos. To that small district is reduced nearly all the country occupied by the tribe of the Gila Pimas. Since the soil here is thin, a very sticky dust is raised, as a result of which, and of their coarse foods, these Indians are very ugly, dirty, and evil smelling. The Gila River at this place was dry, and water was taken from it by making wells in the sand. Only in the time of floods is it useful for the grain fields and corn fields of the Indians. On its banks it has a continuous cottonwood grove, but the trees are not very large.

In the afternoon tobacco was distributed among the Indians and a promise was made that glass beads

¹ Sutaquison was at Vah Ki. This is established by Anza's diary of 1774, in which he tells us of the ruins of Casa Blanca (Vah Ki) there. Anza gives the distance as two leagues.

would be distributed to the women next day. The Indians were asked why they lived so far from the river, since formerly they had their pueblo on the banks, whereas now they had moved it to a place apart. They replied that they changed the site because near the river, with its trees and brush, they fared badly from the Apaches, but now being far away they had open country through which to follow and kill the Apaches when they came to their pueblo.

About noon an Opa Indian, with his face all daubed with red paint, and with his bow and mediocre arrows, such as the Gileños use, came to camp and began to make a very long harangue. We gathered by means of the interpreters that he was saying in substance that now the Opas were friendly to the Yumas, and had held a peace council with them at Agua Caliente.¹ I may note that the Opas and Cocomaricopas are one and the same tribe. The Gileños said that Palma had sent a peace offer to the Opas and they had accepted it, replying to the message by sending them some crosses as a sign of amity.

25. Friday, November 3.—I said Mass, and after it was over Fathers Garcés and Eixarch, together with the commissary, went to the pueblo to distribute glass beads to the women, afterward going forward to join us at La Laguna. We set out from the pueblo of Sutaquison at a quarter to ten in the morning, and, having traveled two leagues almost to the

¹ Agua Caliente was about a hundred miles further down the river. Camp was made there on November 14. Palma was the great chief of the Yumas at this time.

3

Diazio que formó el P. Pdor Apco Fr. Pedro Font
 Misionero Apostolico del Colegio de la Santa Cruz de
 Queretaro, en el viage que hizo à Montexey por orden
 del Epmo S.^a Thieniente General el Baylio Frey D.ⁿ An-
 tonio Maxia Bucaxeli y Vxsua, Vixrey, Governador,
 y Capitan General de esta Nueva España, comunicada
 al Rdo P. Guadian del Colegio de la Santa Cruz Fr.
 Romualdo Carragera por carta que le esibió dada
 à 2. de Enero de 1775. è intimada à mi por dicho
 Rdo P. Guadian por carta que me esibió, su fecha
 de 20. de Enero del mismo año 1775. con encargo de
 ir acompañando en todo el viage de ida y buelta al S.^a
 Jefe Coronel de Cavalleria, y Capitan del Real Presidio de
 Tubac, D.ⁿ Juan Bautista de Anza, Comandante de
 esta Expedicion, y segunda entrada que hizo al Puer-
 to de Montexey por el Rio Coloxado, con la conduccion
 de algunas Familias para ocupax con ellas y poblar el Pu-
 erto de San Francisco, como à su Capellan y de la Sen-
 te, y con encargo de obsexvax las Alpuxas y xumbos del
 texeno, por haverse aqui determinado en Mexico en la Re-
 al Junta de Guerra, y Real Hacienda.

Aduentencia.

En virtud del Primer viage que el S.^a Thieniente Co-
 nel D.ⁿ Juan Bautista de Anza hizo por el Rio Colorado
 à Montexey al año de 1774. en compañía del Rdo P. Pdor
 Fr. Juan Diaz, y del Rdo P. Pdor Fr. Francisco Saxece, se
 determino en Mexico esta Expedicion y segundo viage
 para epproxar mejox al texeno, y principalmente para
 conducir treinta Familias de Soldados casados al Puer-
 to de Montexey, con los quales se pudiesse poblar y pos-
 seer el famoso Puerto de San Francisco, de los quales
 los ocho, y el Thieniente, y Sargento, havian de ser ve-
 texanos de los Presidios de la Sonora, y los veinte res-
 tantes fuesen reclutas: los que recluto dicho S.^a Anza
 desde Culicacan y Sinaloa, y se juntaron en el Real
 Presidio de San Miguel de Ocasitas, haviendo passa-
 do por la Mission de San Joseph de Pimas, en la qual
 se hallava yo de Ministro, dia 26. de Mayo de dicho a-
 ño 1775. por la qual passo tambien el dia 23. del mismo
 mes, el dicho S.^a Capitan Anza con quien quedé de juntearme



northwest, at noon we came to a lagoon of bad water, which, because some of us became sick while there, we called the Laguna del Hospital. Nearly due west of this place and nearby is a mountain called the Sierra de Comars, which comes from the Papague-ría, runs to the north, and terminates three leagues from here. At the end of it, lower down, the Gila River joins the Rio de la Assumpción, which is a large stream, some three times the size of the Gila. When we were about to mount it began to rain and continued for a while, so that we became quite wet, and since the soil is so light the footing became very slippery. This is a place with little and bad grass, like all the rest, because the soil is very salty.¹—Two leagues.

Saturday, November 4.—This being the feast of San Carlos and the saint's day of our monarch, we chanted Mass with all the ceremony possible. It was sung by Father Garcés, and I assisted with my instrument. Before this Father Thomás and I had said Mass. After noon the march was arranged for, but we did not start because a woman became ill. After Mass in honor of the feast day, the commander decided to give some refreshments to the people of the expedition. This consisted in giving to each one a pint of aguardiente, as a result of which there was more than moderate drunkenness amongst the sol-

¹ Laguna del Hospital was near Pima Butte, and some six or seven miles northwest of Vah Ki. Anza calls this camp Las Lagunas. Rio de la Asunción was Salt River. Font applies the name Sierra de Comars to both Sierra Estrella and Maricopa Range.

diers, and more than one man remained drunk until the next day.

Sunday, November 5.—I said Mass, and in it made an exhortation in fulfillment of my ministry. We remained here because the sick woman was not able to travel, and at nightfall another woman became violently ill from pregnancy. I observed the latitude of this place, and without correction I found it to be in $33^{\circ} 21\frac{1}{2}'$, and with correction in $33^{\circ} 14\frac{1}{2}'$, and so I say: at the Laguna del Hospital, November 5, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $40^{\circ} 40'$. Today I occupied myself by drawing a ground plan of the Casa Grande de Moctezuma.

Monday, November 6.—I said Mass. The sick women continued to be indisposed and we therefore remained here. At noon another fell ill from the same trouble, due to pregnancy, and I, besides the illness from which I had been suffering, today began to have the tertian ague, which lasted all the time until after we crossed the Colorado River. This morning I went to the tent of the commander and spent the time in making for him a plan of the Casa Grande for which he had asked me. When I finished, before dinner, I felt ill, on account of the heat in the tent, and then I began to have the chill.

26. Tuesday, November 7.—In the morning the patients were better and I also, and therefore it was decided to continue the march. The soil here is so salty that it gets as white as if flour had been sprinkled, and perhaps it was for this reason that the water was so bad that even the horses became sick.

Perhaps because they are natives of these lands, the Gileños, whose tribe ends here, enjoy good health and are quite fat and robust, although in so large a concourse as assembled on our arrival I did not see many old men or old women. These people try to clothe themselves with the blankets of cotton which they raise and weave, and with some sayal which they acquire through the communication which they maintain with the Pápagos, and with the Upper Pimas and the presidios of Tubac (Tucson now) and Altar. Of the sayal they make their cotton breeches, and those who do not have breeches supply their place with a blanket gathered up and tied, while the women cover themselves with deerskin.

The coiffure which the men practice with their hair is peculiar. They take a woollen cord, thin like the finger and long like a halter rope. Doubling it up they insert it in the hair. With the long end they tie it together and twist it over the head from the left side to the right, and then secure it with the loose end, giving it one or two turns around the head. In this way they carry on their heads a crest like a crown, in which they insert their feathers, little sticks, and other ornaments. The women wear their hair hanging down their backs and over their ears, banging it in front even with the eyes or the eyebrows.

Finally, I may say of these Gila Pimas that they are in a propitious condition for the founding of missions amongst them, not only because they are gentle, but also because they live in established pueb-

los, for in the district of some six leagues there are five towns, the four above mentioned on this side of the river, and one on the other side which Father Garcés called San Serafino de Nabcúb,¹ and because with their fields they succeed in supporting themselves by their own labor. But since they are so close to the Apaches a good presidio is necessary for their protection. And aside from the expense of maintaining it, here is the difficulty, that all that country is so lacking in pasturage, as I have said above, not only for the horses but even for the cattle. Today a most clever Indian stole a China pot from the commander, but he made him restore it. This thievishness is a quality common to all Indians.

We set out from the Laguna del Hospital at one in the afternoon, and at a quarter past six halted at a dry arroyo, having traveled some six leagues, one southwest, two west-southwest, and the rest to the west. This is a place with some pasturage but without water. The road today has been through level country and without so much dust as before, which was so bad, especially when the wind blew, that one could scarcely breathe, and whatever the cause it formed a cloud so thick that we were not able to see each other a short distance away.²—Six leagues.

¹ In 1770 Garcés crossed from Uturitue to Nabcúb, then recrossed to Sutaquison. See also his return diary, 1774.

² The march of one league southwest was to double Sierra Estrella (Anza). They went through the railroad pass near Enid, thence west-southwest to a dry arroyo, evidently Watermelon Wash. Anza says camp was two leagues before reaching the Pass of the Cocomaricopas, through Maricopa Range.

27. Wednesday, November 8.—We left camp at the Arroyo Seco at half past eight in the morning, and at four in the afternoon halted on the banks of the river at the settlement of the Opas called San Simón y Judas de Uparsoytac, having traveled some nine leagues, two west-southwest, one west to thread a pass through a range, which is the Sierra de Comars, and the rest to the west-southwest with some declination to the west.¹—Nine leagues.

The enemies of these Opas Indians of Uparsoytac, who made war on them and obliged them to live closer than formerly, belong to the tribe called in the Pima language Nanaxi. They are the Yabipays Tejua and border on the Apaches, or they are the Apaches. These Opas appeared to be very gentle, and gave us a friendly welcome, three or four of them coming out on the road on horseback to greet us. On the way I had first a chill and then the fever, as a result of which I finished the march with some difficulty. These Opas Indians support themselves

¹ Anza gives the distance as seven leagues. Camp was at the bend of the Gila, near Upper Indian Village. This Sierra de Comars was Maricopa Range. They evidently crossed by the pass a few miles north of the railroad pass at Estrella, through which an old road called the Jornada de Las Estrellas used to run. Anza tells us that after traveling two leagues west-southwest they began to thread the pass, which lasted about a league, after which they traveled west and west-southwest to Opasoitac. Font calls these Indians the Opas, but Anza and others call them Opas and Cocomaricopas. They spoke a Yuman tongue, but they had been hostile to the Yumas, against whom they allied with the Pimas, whose language they could not understand. The Indians now on the Gila Bend Reservation are Pápagos. The Maricopas live near Phoenix.

from their fields of wheat, maize, and calabashes, and apparently they do not eat so much péchita and tornillo as the Gileños. Because they live near their fields, the settlement or rancherías embrace a stretch about a league long on the bank of the river. From it they do not run irrigating ditches, because from near the end of the Sierra de Comars, near the Laguna del Hospital, the Gila River and the Assumpción come united; and since the channel is very wide and carries a large amount of water now, and more during the time of the floods, for then it spreads out a long distance and waters a large area of level land, by means of this irrigation they obtain their harvests.

These Indians live mixed with some Pimas, use the same coiffure as the Gileños, and go dressed in their blankets of cotton and likewise others of black wool, with white stripes, which they obtain from El Moqui. They are accustomed also to paint their faces and bodies, even though it may be with soot, as they cannot obtain red hematite. They decorate the painted parts with various stripes, and this is their gala dress. They are very fond of beads for collars, and for pendants which they wear in the ears and also in the nose, whose middle cartilage they usually have pierced. They have good bodies and are well formed, and are brave like the Pimas, with little difference, although their bows and arrows are somewhat inferior.

Thursday, November 9.—I said Mass. The saddle animals arrived very badly used up by yester-

day's journey, because when they left the Laguna del Hospital they were so sick that three died and others were left behind unable to follow; and so it was decided to rest today. In the afternoon the distribution of glass beads and tobacco to the Indians was made. I estimated that there must have been assembled about a thousand persons, and with the concourse the stench caused by their foul habits was by no means slight. Here we began to see the women with little skirts such as the Yumas wear, which they make from the inner bark of cottonwood and willows. This, with a deerskin which they tie and wear from the waist down, is their attire. The men go somewhat covered with blankets, and very heavily laden with beads and pendants around their necks and in their ears; indeed I did not see a single woman with so much adornment, a situation which it seems to me ought to be just the reverse. Since we were camped on the bank of the river the people were able to wash their clothing. It seemed to me that for founding a mission there is a better site on the other side of the river at the foot of some small hills somewhat apart from the stream, but this would require a closer examination.¹

Friday, November 10.—I said Mass. We remained here because a woman was very ill this morning from childbed, having given birth to a dead child on the 2d of the month. Likewise, a soldier who had been somewhat under the weather for a few

¹ These small hills are now called Gila Bend Mountains.

days had an acute attack last night, and I, after noon, was taken with chills and fever worse than formerly, and with vomiting which lasted until night.¹

It is with very little reason that the river from here forward keeps the name of the Rio Gila, for the greatest volume of its water comes from the Rio de la Assumpción. This, in turn, according to what the Indians say, is made up of two streams, one which they call the Rio Azul (and also the Rio Verde²), and the other the Rio Salado, which comes from far away in the Apache country, and into which the Gila River flows about ten leagues above this place, as I have said. Above these rancherías of Uparsoytac a branch separates from the river and flows near the little hills which I mentioned yesterday.³ For this reason the river does not have as much water here as farther down, and it appeared to me that it would be possible to make an acequia from it.

28. Saturday, November 11.—We set out from the settlement of Uparsoytac at ten in the morning, and about noon came to some villages of Opas situated on the banks of the river, having traveled some two short leagues toward the west. We halted here because there was some pasturage and some stubble

¹ Anza pays tribute to Font, saying "the father chaplain Fray Pedro Font, who by force of his spirit and zeal has come battling with great ills all the way from San Miguel de Horecasitas to here."

² Rio Verde flows southeast from Juniper, Bill Williams, and San Francisco Mountains, and joins the west flowing Salt (Salado) River, about twenty-five miles east of Phoenix. The Gila joins the Salt River a few miles west of Phoenix.

³ See p. 53.

in the fields for the saddle animals. As soon as we stopped it began to mist and continued to do so all day until nightfall.¹—Two leagues.

29. Sunday, November 12.—I said Mass and spoke a few words of exhortation to the people. We left the villages of the Opas at half past nine in the morning, and at two in the afternoon halted on the banks of the river at some ranchos which, because it was the feast of San Diego, we called Ranchería de San Diego, having traveled five leagues west by north. The road is over country not so bad or so salty as that hitherto, and a few mesquites are seen, but there is very little grass. I went ahead, because it was my bad day. On the road my chill began, and when I arrived at the camp site I went to bed and the fever lasted until night. Here the river was very deep and ran very slowly.²—Five leagues.

30. Monday, November 13.—We set out from the Ranchería de San Diego at a quarter past nine in the morning, and about half past one in the afternoon halted at a place called Aritoac, a little after fording the river, having traveled some four leagues west by south. This is a place with very little grass and

¹ Anza gives the distance as a league and a half and calls the place the Rancherías de San Martín. Since the direction from Upasoitac was west, I conclude that San Martín was about at the northwestward turn of the river, across from Citrus Canal. Anza says they halted here because of the rain.

² Anza gives the distance to San Diego as four leagues. Camp was just east of Painted Rock Mountains. The range evidently got its name from a peak that is conspicuously spotted black and white—that is, *pinto* or painted.

elsewhere there is none at all, but the road is not very bad. On leaving camp we ascended a small sierra formed of boulders and black, rough rocks piled up, but thereafter the country is level.¹ They looked for a good ford across the river, which here has a large volume of water, reaching to the shoulder-blades of the horses. We forded it without mishap, but in the time of floods it is very formidable, as is shown by its channel and its overflows.—Four leagues.

31. Tuesday, November 14.—I said Mass. We set out from Aritoac at nine o'clock in the morning, and about one in the afternoon came to Agua Caliente,² having traveled four leagues to the west-southwest. This place has a large spring of hot water and some small springs of cold water that are not very good. There is also grass, although not much and somewhat poor, as far as the river, which is distant from the hot springs about two leagues and appears to run about to the southwest. The place is open, with an expansive view, but it has very slender advantages for a settlement. When we set out from camp we climbed some small hills with black heaped-up stones and *malpais* until we descended to the river; then we went along its beaches or flood plains, which are very wide, traveling some distance from the stream. From the top of the small hills one sees far

¹ The sierra crossed was Painted Rock Mountains. The river was forded near Oatman's Flat where the Oatman massacre occurred in 1851.

² Still so-called.

away the Sierra de la Cabeza del Gigante which the Indians call Bauquíburi.¹ I went ahead, and before noon the chills and fever of the tertian ague came on and lasted until night.—Four leagues.

Wednesday, November 15.—It was decided to halt here today in order that the saddle animals might rest, for they were now in very bad shape for lack of pasturage. Many Cocomaricopa Indians assembled to see us. They are the same as the Opas, but are distinguished in name by the district which they inhabit. The commander, in the name of the king our sovereign, gave the cane and title of governor of all the tribe to an Indian whom they themselves elected and whom we called Carlos, and to another, chosen by them and called by us Francisco, he gave the cane of alcalde. After they were instructed in their new charges and duties, and as soon as they were confirmed in their offices, the rest of the Indians assembled, saluted them in turn, and shook hands with them, and then a distribution of tobacco and glass beads was made to all. This place and its jurisdiction were called San Bernardino del Agua Caliente. I took the latitude of the place, although the day was very cloudy, and found it to be without correction in $33^{\circ} 8\frac{1}{2}'$, and with correction in $33^{\circ} 2\frac{1}{2}'$, and so I say: at Agua Caliente, November 15, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of

¹ Font applies the name Bauquíburi to both Castle Dome and Babuquíburi Peak in Babuquíburi Mountains west of Tubac. Here he evidently refers to Castle Dome, which lay directly west of his camp.

the sun, 38° 4.' The Indians whom I saw assembled here I estimated at about two hundred souls, all unarmed and friendly. They remained until after midnight singing in their key, which is very funereal. It was now very cold, and although the water was very hot when it came out, it quickly became cold in the bags, and at night it even froze.¹

32. Thursday, November 16.—We set out from Agua Caliente at half past nine in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon halted near the river, having traveled some nine leagues to the west-southwest.²—Nine leagues.

As it was my bad day, in order that the fever might not catch me on the road, the commander decided that I should go ahead with two soldiers, my servant, and my two pack loads. With me came Father Fray Thomás for the same reason, for during the past few days he had been threatened with the quartan ague which he formerly had, and this likewise was his bad day. We journeyed about four leagues, it must have been, to the place which during the last expedition they called San Bernardino. It

¹ Anza tells us that Agua Caliente afforded "facilities for the families to wash, of which they have great need." He says that Governor Carlos was so overwhelmed with the responsibilities of his office "that for more than an hour he did not cease to tremble so hard that he appeared to be shivering from the severest chill."

² Camp was near Nottbusch's Well. Anza gives the distance for the day as seven leagues and Font as nine. Anza says camp was "in the vicinity" of San Bernardino, but Font locates San Bernardino about four leagues from Agua Caliente. This would put it opposite Stanwix as it appears on the old maps, and near Palomas as shown on recent maps.

is a little island formed by the river however slightly it rises, where there is plenty of grass and some rancherías of Indians. But the soldier who came with me as a guide lost the bearings of the place, and missing it by a long distance we traveled at a good pace for about ten leagues.

Since I was afflicted with the fever, and seeing that it was after two o'clock in the afternoon, and that we were getting a long way from the river, and having remonstrated with the soldier several times because we were lost, I finally balked and said that I was not going another step, because it was impossible that the commander should wish to make so long a march. So I went toward the river, and as soon as I reached the cottonwoods I dismounted and declared that from that spot I was going neither forward nor back. The servant with my packs also became lost but finally he came upon us before sunset. There arrived also the three soldiers sent ahead by the commander to reconnoiter the Colorado River and the bad roads of the sand dunes which follow on the other side of the river. The soldier who was guiding us went with them and we were left alone.

The commander, seeing that we had gone ahead, thought we had found a better camp site than the one which he had told us of, and so he continued with all the train. But seeing that night was coming on and that he did not find us, he halted at half past four in the afternoon in the alameda of the river not far from the water, at once sending the sergeant to

look for us. Having found us about a league below the place where the camp halted, the sergeant returned to report, and the commander sent two soldiers to stay with us during the night, bringing some cakes of chocolate, some dried fruit and a little biscuit. Here we passed the night, Father Thomás and I, both suffering from fever.

The pack train and cattle arrived at the camp very late at night after having had many delays, the animals being tired. All the way is very level, but through a miserable country with much dust and without pasturage. The alameda of the river is now heavier and more extended, and according to signs left by the river, when in flood the stream must be a league wide and even more in places; but it is very lacking in fish, for it has only the very bony *matalote*¹ and not much of that.

33. Friday, November 17.—About ten o'clock in the morning the train² set out from the camp near the river, and halted at noon on the bank of the river, having traveled some two leagues to the west-south-west.³ Because the commander found himself in a place with very little pasturage he decided to make this short journey, and halted here because the place

¹ These fish were evidently carp. *Matalote* means an old worn-out horse, i.e., "boneyard."

² Font says "we," but he was not with the train, so I have rendered it as he meant it.

³ Anza calls this camp El Pescadero, and gives the distance as one and one-half leagues. It was near Farras Ranch, or perhaps lower down, near Texas Hill.

had some coarse grass which the soldiers call galleta. In the morning we were somewhat refreshed, although very numb from the cold, which in this season is already very severe in this country, so cold indeed that our water froze in the bags. In the middle of the forenoon I decided to go to the camp, but I had scarcely set out from my stopping place when I met the cattle, which were coming along the road, and the men told us that the train was now coming. We awaited it, and meantime I ate breakfast of a little boiled rice which the commander sent us, and a little later we joined him and the people.—Two leagues.

34. Saturday, November 18.—I said Mass. We set out from the camp on the bank of the river at ten o'clock in the morning, and about two in the afternoon, having traveled some four leagues to the southwest, we halted near the river at the foot of the Cerro de San Pasqual, which is a very rough and rocky range of medium height coming from the Papaguería to which in the last expedition they gave this name. Halfway on the journey we forded the river a second time. The road is very sandy, having sand dunes in places, and after crossing the river the land is very saline, so much so, indeed, that near camp the soldiers found much granulated salt, with which the people were supplied to some extent. The camp site is very short of pasturage, as there is only some bad carrizo in a flat formed by the river. I went ahead because it was my bad day. On the road

I was taken with chills and then the fever continued until night.¹—Four leagues.

Sunday, November 19.—I said Mass. Last night a woman successfully gave birth to a boy, and for this reason we remained here today. After Mass I solemnly baptized the new-born infant and named him Diego Pasqual, because it was the octave of San Diego and because the place where we were was called San Pasqual. From here a very rough sierra is seen in the distance, but this vicinity is very level for the most part. Looking at it to the north the range runs almost from east to west, inclining to the southwest.² The Indians said that on the other side of this sierra is the tribe of the Jalchedunes, who live on the banks of the Colorado River. The governor and alcalde who were appointed as justices at Agua Caliente came to the camp, accompanied by other Indians of their tribe, to join us and go with us to visit the Yumas, and by our mediation to confirm the peace treaties with them. The governor said that he was content only because he was going with us, for otherwise he greatly mistrusted the word of his enemies, because they were bad, for the Indians are usually suspicious of their former foes.

¹ Cerro de San Pasqual was Mohawk Peak. Camp was near the river, north of Mohawk station on the railroad, and about opposite Norton on the other side of the river. Anza gives the day's march as three leagues instead of four.

² Perhaps Castle Dome Mountains. The Jalchedunes were a Yuman tribe living above the Yumas. Later, fleeing their enemies, the Mohaves, they joined the Maricopas.

isleta que forma el río por poco que crezca, en donde hay suficiente zacate, y algunas rancharías de Indios: pero el soldado que venia de quita perdió el rino del pañage, y pasando de largo caminamos a buen paso como diez leguas. Lo afligido con la calentura, y viendo que exanmas de las dos de la tarde, y que nos apartabamos mucho del río, haviendo reconvertido al soldado varias veces sobre que ibamos perdidos, por fin me acongo y dije que ya no pasaba adelante, porque era imposible que el Sr. Comandante quisiese hacer jornada tan larga; y así me encaminé para el río, y luego que llegué a los almeces me acongo, y dije que de allí no pasaba adelante ni atrás. El mozo con mis cargas también se perdió, y por fin vino a dár con nosotros antes de ponerse el sol; y también llegaron los tres soldados, que mandó el Sr. Comandante se adelantasen para que fuesen a reconocer el río Colorado, y el camino malo de los medanos que después del río se siguen; y con ellos se fue el soldado que nos guio, y nos quedamos solos. El Sr. Comandante viendo que nosotros habíamos pasado adelante, pensó que habíamos hallado mejor pañage que el que nos había dicho para pasar, y así prosiguió con toda la tropa; pero viendo que el día se le acababa, y que no daba con nosotros, paró a las quatro y media de la tarde en la alameda del río, y no muy lejos del agua: y luego envió al Sargento a que nos buscara; y haviendonos hallado como una legua mas abajo de donde paró el Real, volvió a dár parte, y el Sr. Comandante envió dos soldados que nos acompañasen la noche, con unas tablillas de chocolate, algunos orejones, y un poco de biscocho. Aquí passamos la noche, y la calentura ya, y el P. Thomas, y los Tequas. y Sanado, llegaron al Real muy de noche, con muchos atxasos, y con bestias cansadas. Todo el camino es bastante llano, pero tiene mucha, de bastante polvo, y sin pasto. La alameda del río ya es mayor, y muy extendida, y segun las señas que deya el río, en su exsiente tendra una legua de ancho, y en partes mas, pero muy escaso de pescado, que solo tiene el Atxalote muy espinoso, y poco.

Día 17. Viernes. Salimos de Cexca del río como a las diez



The Opa or Cocomaricopa tribe, which extends from the Gileños downstream nearly to this place, is so small, according to what is inferred from the number who have come to see us, attracted by the novelty and the glass beads, that it apparently does not reach three thousand persons. This is a small number considering the extensive district which it occupies, for in more than fifty leagues in all directions there is no other tribe. This is proof of the poverty of the country, for since it is so unfruitful and sterile it is almost uninhabitable. The same thing is proved by the misery and poverty in which these Opas live. From this I infer that with two missions all of this heathendom would be provided for, one at Uparsoytac, where there could be a fairly good one, and another at Agua Caliente, or in a better place if one can be found, which I do not think very easy; and this will be a mission with few people and few advantages. With these, and with the establishment of two others at Sutaquison and Uturituc for the Gileños, all the heathen living along this great river will be provided for.

Because of the delay a place was sought in which to pasture the animals, since the grass or carrizo which was here did not serve. But God wished that on the other side of the river there should be found a large patch of grass or coarse pasturage about a league from the camp, and to it the riding animals and cattle were taken. I made an observation at this place and found it to be without correction in $32^{\circ} 54'$,

and with correction in $32^{\circ} 48'$, and so I say: at the Cerro de San Pasqual, November 19, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $37^{\circ} 20'$.

Monday, November 20.—I said Mass. We remained here because the woman recently delivered was unable to travel, and we experienced very raw and cold weather. I felt it in my feet and legs very intensely from early morning, after which the cold increased, and at noon I was taken with the fever, which, together with the flux, now more excessive, and very unpleasant, greatly prostrated me today.

Tuesday, November 21.—We did not travel today because the mother of the child was not even yet able. I made another observation at this place in order to compare it with the preceding one, and I found it to be in the same latitude as on the 19th, and so I say: at the Cerro de San Pasqual, November 21, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $36^{\circ} 52'$. Today a soldier found on the other side of the river a saline of foamy white salt like snow, from which, together with that found on the previous day, which was granulated, the soldiers supplied themselves with an abundance of salt. This shows how salty the river and all this country is. In fact, it does not produce another thing, not even enough firewood to relieve the cold, which here is very intense.

35. Wednesday, November 22.—I said Mass. The mother was better this morning, and so it was decided to continue the march. We set out from the

Cerro de San Pasqual at half past eleven in the morning and at half past four in the afternoon halted on the banks of the river at the foot of a little hill called by the Indians Cerrito del Metate, and by us Cerro de Santa Cecilia, having traveled some six long leagues to the southwest.¹—Six leagues.

The road traveled today is almost level, but very tiresome because the soil is sandy and light and because of its hills and stretches of sand dunes. On the right the river runs at a greater or less distance, spreading out wide in these plains, and on the left a short distance away a sand dune runs from Cerro de San Pasqual to the camping place. All this country is like the rest, without grass or anything of value, for only at the camp site was there a little galleta grass and such as grows on the sand dunes. And of this same quality, apparently, is all the country that is seen on the other side of the river, which here at the camp site runs in a somewhat narrower channel. Today I had my fever, though it was not very severe, perhaps because the wife of a soldier died before yesterday gave me a potion.

Thursday, November 23.—I said Mass. After the pack animals had started they were ordered to come back, because it was now past eleven o'clock, and it had not yet been possible to assemble the saddle animals, which had become widely scattered for lack of grass. For this reason, and because at this time

¹ Cerro de Santa Cecilia was Antelope Hill. Anza gives the distance as five leagues. The ridge of sand dunes mentioned by Font is still there.

the cattle which remained behind on the road yesterday arrived tired out, we remained here today. Some saddle animals died from weariness and the severe cold weather and for lack of pasturage.

Friday, November 24.—I said Mass. A pregnant woman was ill this morning, and so we remained here today. She got better after the commander aided her with a delicacy which he had, namely a plate of food. I observed the latitude of this place and found it without correction to be in $32^{\circ} 44\frac{1}{2}'$, and with correction in $32^{\circ} 39'$, and so I say: at the Cerro de Santa Cecilia del Metate, November 24, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $36^{\circ} 24'$. After noon I was taken with the fever, but not so hard as formerly, and I felt some alleviation later.

36. Saturday, November 25.—I said Mass. We set out from the Cerro de Santa Cecilia del Metate at a quarter to ten in the morning, and about two in the afternoon, having traveled some five leagues to the west by north, we halted on the banks of a salty lagoon¹ distant about a league from the river, although it is an overflow from it. A Yuma Indian came out on horseback to meet us, having been sent by Captain Palma to tell us that he was waiting with all his Yuma people, and likewise with the Jalchedunes, who had come down to the junction of the rivers to see us in consequence of a message which was sent them from Agua Caliente. During the whole

¹ Laguna Salobre.

journey we traveled through land which the river overflows when it rises, and only at the camp was any grass found. There were also great rubbish heaps or mountains of logs and *débris* which the river brings in its formidable floods.¹—Five leagues.

37. Sunday, November 26.—I said Mass, in which I made a talk, reprimanding especially an abuse which I had noticed in some of the soldiers, who were so jealous of their wives that besides not permitting them to talk with anybody, they even prohibited them from coming to hear Mass. We set out from the Laguna Salobre at a quarter past ten in the morning, and at two in the afternoon halted on the bank of the river, having traveled some four leagues to the northwest.²—Four leagues.

Yesterday's road was bad but that of today has been worse. The river continued in sight close by or far away, and we traveled through sandy lands like sand wastes, which the river inundates during its floods. From the river today Father Thomás caught a matalote of fairly good size, and a boy caught a larger one, but it appears that no other species of fish grows in this river. At this place there was found a patch of coarse grass for the riding animals. From the signs it was seen that some Yumas had been camping here a short time before, having perhaps come to eat *péchita*, of which there is a little, and to enjoy themselves according to their custom.

¹ The Laguna Salobre was some five miles west of Wellton.

² Anza calls the camp Cerros del Cajón. It was near the place where the Gila begins to go through Gila Range, east of Dome.

This country has no other timber than the alameda of the river, and as it appears to me it has nothing of value. On this side of the river there runs a somewhat high, rough, rocky and arid sierra which comes from the Papaguería, with various branches, ending on the banks of the river. On the other side runs another range of the same qualities and somewhat red, in which, in front of the camp, there is seen an almost square peak with four points, which we called El Bonete.

38. Monday, November 27.—I said Mass. We set out from camp on the bank of the river at half past nine in the morning, and having traveled some two leagues to the west-northwest, about twelve o'clock we halted in a pass, through which the Gila River runs in a narrow channel, formed by the sierra which I mentioned yesterday on this side and another one which is on the other side.¹—Two leagues.

A relative of Captain Palma came out on the road to welcome us, and as soon as we halted, while we were eating, Captain Salvador Palma himself and another captain, whom we named Pablo, came to see us, accompanied by several Yuma Indians. They saluted us with many demonstrations of pleasure, especially Captain Palma, who embraced all of us and gave the commander a few orimuni beans.² In

¹ Anza calls this camp Los Cerritos and gives the distance as three leagues. Font says they halted in a pass. Anza says they came to the "end of the hills which we were skirting" (Gila Range).

² *Frijol orimuni*, now spelled *Yorimuni*, is a small white bean with a black eye, which bears a long, slender, round pod from four to six

the afternoon the commander took him through the camp that he might visit the people, and he went about saluting everybody, giving an embrace to each, men, women, and children alike, as a sign of good will.

This Captain Palma is the one who at present rules all the Yuma tribe, which he has come to dominate because of his intrepidity and verbosity, as is usually the case among Indians, and especially because of the esteem which the Spaniards have shown him recently, now in the time of Captain Ansa and formerly in that of Captain Urrea. For this reason he is recognized by the other captain, Pablo, whom we gave this name because he is captain of the rancherías near the little hill which Father Garcés formerly called San Pablo;¹ although the former expedition called him Captain Feo because of his homely features. The people of the villages of this Captain Pablo Feo are more numerous than those of the villages of Captain Palma, and he appeared to me to have much spirit, indeed, quite as much or more than Palma, although he is subordinate to him. He is a great orator, with a heavy voice, and they say that

inches long and one-fourth to three-eighths inches in diameter. *Yorimuni* comes from the two Mayo words *Yori*, meaning white, and *muni* meaning bean. This kind of bean has a very different flavor from the red or white bean and does not yield so much. As a string bean it has no superior, but cooked in the ordinary way it has too strong a flavor, and it is not so palatable as the red, the sulphur, or the white bean. (George Tays.)

¹ Pilot Knob, just west of Yuma, and near the Lower California line.

he is also a wizard. At night he gave a great sermon and a long harangue to his people, which consisted in telling them that they must not steal from the Spaniards or do them any damage because they were friends and would do no harm.

The commander told me that this Captain Feo, at the time when he came with the first expedition, set about counting the soldiers, and seeing that they were not numerous he began to say to his men that it would not be difficult to kill them all and get possession of the horses and the rest of the things which the Spaniards had with them, and that this was his intention. Learning of this, the commander gave him to understand that if he wanted war he might assemble all his men and many more, and he would see how well they defended themselves and how he would punish them. Thereupon Captain Feo subsided, and now he is very obsequious and has shown himself very affectionate, whereas at that time he wished to oppose the passage of the expedition across the Colorado River.¹

¹For ethnological studies of the Yumas, whose country the California pioneers were now passing through, see A. L. Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California*, chapter 52 (Washington, 1925), and C. Daryll Forde, *The Ethnography of the Yumas* (In press, University of California Press, Berkeley).

AMONG THE YUMAS

39. Tuesday, November 28.—I said Mass, which was attended by both captains with great quiet, modesty, and attention. We set out from the pass and banks of the Gila River at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at two in the afternoon halted on the beach of the Colorado River, after crossing the Gila a third time, and having traveled some five leagues to the west by south.¹—Five leagues.

The Yumas entertained us in an arbor which Captain Palma had ordered erected here as soon as he learned of our coming, and many Indians of both sexes assembled to visit us, very festive and joyful and very much painted in various modes and colors. The Gila River joins the Colorado about a league below this site, which is the one called by the last expedition the Island of La Trinidad, because then this area was made an island by the Gila River and a branch of the Colorado. But now there was no such island, because of the shifting of the land effected by the rivers when in flood. On our arrival the soldiers were ordered to fire a few shots to reciprocate the pleasure manifested by these people at our coming. This pleased the Yumas greatly and they responded to the musket-shots with a great shouting and hulla-baloo.

¹ Anza gives the distance as four leagues and Font as five. The distance from Yuma to Blaisdell is fourteen miles by railroad. Anza's march was about the same distance.

A little after we arrived, Carlos, the new governor of the Opas, came with his alcalde, Francisco, and others, to make the peace treaties. He began his harangue while on horseback, passing in front of the Indians. Captain Palma did not like this, and gave him to understand that if he came with a good heart to ratify the treaties he must dismount and talk to him on foot, as he was, and not go in front of everybody in that way. So he dismounted, and Carlos and Palma, sitting down on the ground with their canes, talked for a while, the rest of the people being all round about. Then Pablo, the preacher captain, took the helm. Getting up on his feet in the midst of them all, he delivered a great harangue, all of which amounted to saying that now they no longer wished war, for thus we had ordered it, pointing to the commander and to me and the other fathers, who were present. Then, pointing to the four winds and in all directions, he said many times in a very loud voice, with movements, gestures, and grimaces, and with much fervor, that now with all the tribes and people they wished to be relatives and friends or "Quey  ," which means "fellow citizens." In conclusion, the commander ordered Captains Palma and Carlos to embrace. They did so, and in imitation of them the rest of the people likewise embraced.

This peace began to be established during the former expedition, when the commander told them that the king did not wish them to have wars, and that if any tribe injured another, Spaniards would come to avenge the wrong. Previously Father Gar-

cés had urged them to the same end, and it was from this perhaps that they began to trade with each other; for last year there was scarcely an Indian seen with a blanket, and now we saw some with blankets of cotton which the Opas make, and a few with blankets of black wool of the kind they make in Moqui, and which the Jalchedunes and other friends obtain from the Moquinos. We went to dine, and Captain Palma, with permission obtained beforehand from the commander, took Governor Carlos and all his people to his house to eat, in confirmation of the peace treaties, and the next day he gave him a supply of beans, péchita, and other things such as they have, for his journey when he might wish to return.

At night the Yumas and the Opas remained until late around the fire, stretched out on the ground half buried in the sand, heaped up like pigs, as is their custom, singing in their funereal fashion, and playing on the drum with a corita. I remained with them for a short time. Then I took Captain Palma and an interpreter, and in the arbor I had with him a long conversation as to whether he wished that I and other fathers should come to live there with his people. To this he replied that he would be very much pleased by it, and all his people likewise. I continued by telling him that for this it was necessary that he should learn the doctrine in order that they might be Christians; likewise that they would have also to learn masonry and carpentry, and to till the soil, etc., and that they must live together in a pueblo, which

would have to be formed by the people, in order that they might live close together in their houses and not scattered out as now; and that they would have to make a house for the father and a church.

To all this Palma replied that they would do these things with great pleasure, although now his head was pretty hard for learning, and that he greatly wished that we would come now and not "soon." He said also that for building the pueblo there was, on the other side of the river, a hill or mesa which the river does not reach, and which he had already examined with a view to our living there, and that this mesa was the one at the Puerto de la Concepción. I told him that I would have to return to report this opinion of his to the king, adding that now that he and his people wished to be Christians, and be friends with the Spaniards, no doubt next year the king would say that we must return to live with them, and that if I should come I would have to teach them to work and likewise to sing. To all of this Palma listened so pleased that he began to sing the *Alabado* with me. Then he bade me goodbye with many embraces and demonstrations of pleasure, saying in conclusion that now he was a Spaniard and I a Yuma, and Queyé. At all this conversation Captain Pablo Feo was present, very attentive, and assenting very gladly to everything.

Wednesday, November 29.—I said Mass in the arbor, which was about four varas wide and eight long, and in which we set up an altar with the picture of the Virgin which Father Garcés was carry-

ing. Since the Colorado River is so large and is so spread out over these plains, we now had no Island of Trinidad, nor the ford by which the expedition crossed the first time.¹ The Indians said that the ford of the Colorado was very deep, and since these two rivers, the Colorado and the Gila, rise so high every year and run through these level and soft lands so unbridled, it appears that they wash their beds somewhat and make barrancas, and break out in branches according to the greater or less force of the water in one place or another. What is clear is that in its greatest flood season the Gila alone is more than a league wide, and one can imagine what an area the Colorado must cover, for it is much larger. For this reason it was planned to cross the river on rafts; but the commander, considering that it was so long a task and so difficult to take such a train over on rafts, went with some soldiers to examine the river, and with some difficulty they found a ford over the Colorado River above the old one and above the place where we were. The ford having been found, a road was opened in the afternoon through the brush and the groves along the bottom lands, in order to cross over the next day.

Today many people of both sexes assembled, all very happy at our coming. They visited the Spaniards from tent to tent with an affability and a curiosity so unrestrained in wishing to see and examine everything, that they became even impertinent and

¹ On the first expedition the Spaniards forded the Colorado a short distance above the junction.

tiresome. A Jalchedun¹ also came to see us, and departed with a message to give his people concerning our coming and the ratification of the peace treaties. It was announced that in the afternoon the commander would give presents of glass beads to all those assembled, but he did not do so, reserving this until after the crossing of the river.

40. Thursday, November 30.—I said Mass, which was attended by Governor Carlos and other Indians. Afterward he made a harangue in which he said that his heart was very content with the peace treaties that had been made, and at seeing that we were remaining amongst these Yuma people with such pleasure and satisfaction, and he and the alcalde agreed to send to Tubac some letters which Father Garcés delivered to him. After Mass, Carlos, this governor of the Cocomaricopas, who came with us to ratify the peace treaties with the Yumas, returned to his country very well content, and we went to the river, following a road which, to the surprise of Palma and the rest of the Yumas, the muleteers had opened the previous afternoon through the brush, which is very thick for a long stretch before reaching the river.

We set out from the beach of the Colorado River at nine o'clock in the morning, and at one in the afternoon the fording of the stream was finished by all the expedition, people, and pack animals, without any particular mishap. We crossed it where it is divided into three branches, not counting a little

¹ The Jalchedunes lived up the river above the Yumas.

overflow, and stopped on the bank, having traveled about a short league to the north.¹—One league.

The width of the river where we crossed it I judged to be some three or four hundred varas, and this is at the time when it is lowest, for when it is in flood it is leagues in width and extent through that land that is so level. It was our good fortune to find the river divided here into three branches, because this facilitated the crossing, which otherwise might have been difficult. The first branch was deep and wide, the second not so deep or so wide, and the third likewise deep and much wider than the first. All the people crossed over without mishap, although there might have been accidents, for when the animals left the ford that was found they had to swim. And one person, because he had no fear of the river, turned off in another direction, and immediately was so submerged that the water carried away from him a blanket and some baskets; and then a little girl which he had in front of him slipped out of his hands, but the Virgin wished that we should come out on the other side without any more damage than to get a little wet, for the water reached nearly to the backs of the horses, and even though they were tall, as mine was, nevertheless I got wet clear up to my knees.

Then we took over the pack animals by dividing the load, each mule carrying one tierce, and in this

¹ This short league included the distance of three or four hundred yards traversed in crossing.

way all the cattle, the saddle animals, and the packs came out all right. The only pack that got wet was the one in which I was carrying the holy oils and the vestments. This was because so little attention was paid to me and to what I said, for I charged the muleteers to take great care that it should not get wet, and begged the same of the commander. But perhaps this is just the reason why this was the pack with which they took the least care.

Father Garcés was carried over on the shoulders of three Yumas, two at his head and one at his feet, he lying stretched out face up as though he were dead. I crossed over on horseback, and since I was ill and dizzy headed, three naked servants accompanied me, one in front guiding the horse, and one on each side holding me on in order that I might not fall.¹ Since the train was long, we spent about three hours in fording the river, and in order to dry the things that got wet we halted on its very bank.

From what I have said of the ford of the Colorado River one may infer how enormous it is when it is in flood; for if this is the time when it falls to the lowest point, and we crossed it before it joins the Gila River, and forded it where it is divided into three branches, not counting another branch which we still had to cross and over which it was so difficult to find a ford where the horses would not have to swim, how formidable will it be farther down after it has joined the Gila and when it is in flood?

¹ Father Eixarch evidently shifted for himself.

In the afternoon the commander went with Father Garcés and Father Thomás to the house of Palma to see where to build a shed or cabin for the habitation of these two fathers, who came to remain at this Colorado River to catechize the Yumas and to ascertain the wishes of the other tribes, etc.

Friday, December 1.—We remained here for the purpose of building a cabin at the village of Captain Palma, as a habitation for Fathers Garcés and Eixarch, who were to remain at this river. The commander went to the site with the fathers and returned at sunset, and the muleteers worked all the day on the building. The village was distant from the camp-site about a league. Today we had a very hard time, because as soon as day dawned a northwest wind arose which was so strong that we could hardly keep the tents up, and wherever we walked a cloud of dust blew into the air. And, since it was very fine, dirty, and sticky sand, from the fine powder of dry silt which the river leaves, it made it impossible for us to breathe or to see, our clothing and everything becoming soiled with it. This trouble continued until sunset.

In the afternoon some Jalchedunes came to see us in friendly mood. The commander announced that if the Indians would assemble at the house of Palma he would regale them with beads and tobacco, but since they live so scattered about he concluded that only a small portion of them had come together, and for this reason he suspended the distribution of presents.

Captain Palma donned the suit which was delivered to him in the name of his Excellency the Viceroy. It consisted of a shirt, trousers, a jacket with a yellow front and some decorations, a cape or cabriole of blue cloth decorated with gold braid, and a cap of black velvet adorned with imitation jewels and a crest like a palm. This captain is called Palma because of his friendship in times past with a mayor domo of the mission of Caborca called Palma, whose name he took; and he is called Salvador because this name was given to him by the Indian Sebastián Tarabal when he came out from California to Sonora and stopped at the house of this captain for several days.

The commander brought the suit in the name of the viceroy. At night he gave it to him and had him put it on there in his tent alone, without assembling us or letting us know about it, because he is so given to appropriating to himself all his functions and to being thought important, that he does not wish anyone else to share this esteem, or to admit to his company any one who may in any way attract the attention of the people, for he wishes all the glory to himself. Therefore, although it was more natural that the presents of glass beads and tobacco which he brought for the heathen in the name of his Majesty should be distributed amongst the Indians by the hands of the three fathers, who went on the expedition in order to win their good will, for in the end the friars have to be their ministers and the Indians are inclined toward and recognize those who

give them favors, nevertheless, the commander always made these distributions with his own hand, and never permitted us to make them; and never during the whole journey did he give me as much as a string of beads that I might present them to some Indian if I greatly desired it, except when on the return we were at the mission of San Luís, where he gave me some strings of beads because I asked for them.

I suggested to the commander that it would be very appropriate to observe the latitude at this place, but since he did not wish to have the observations made in my name, nor even to have me suggest that I make them, he had been present at all that I had made up to this point, as if he himself made them. For this reason he did not even wish to deliver to me the astronomical quadrant which the viceroy sent me, nor do any thing else to enable me to discharge my obligation. And since today he was unable to be present at the observation, because he was occupied in building the cabin, he replied that tomorrow an observation should be made at the Puerto de la Concepción, and so I was not able to make one here as I wished.

Ever since he passed through my mission of San Joseph de Pimas¹ he had insisted that I should carry the musical instrument, trying to persuade me that the psalterio would be very useful for attracting the Indians, and especially the Yumas, who are very festive; and although I objected strongly be-

¹ When Anza was on his way north to Tubac with his expedition.

cause I ran the risk of losing it on so long a journey, nevertheless I was forced to yield to his urgings. But since I have come carrying it, with great inconvenience, he has said no more to me about it, and has not even suggested that I should play it, or that he wished to hear it, or that the people should be assembled at my tent, I carrying this joke without its having benefited the Yumas or any one else.

The commander wished to finish the cabin in one day, but was unable to do so, and at night after supper I asked him if we were going to start tomorrow, as he had told me in the morning; and he said "no." I then said to him that since we were to be delayed, I wished that he would order the camp moved to the place where they were making the cabin, to free us from the inconvenience which we had suffered today in the camp with so much dirt and wind, which was so bad that it was not possible even to cook. But he did not wish to yield to my request, although in the end this that I asked him to do he did next day without my repeating the request, thus wearying us by one day more of mortification.¹

I asked him in what condition he was going to leave Fathers Garcés and Eixarch at this river, for he was leaving them among the heathen without any guard; and I asked him other questions as to the circumstances under which the fathers were remaining, because I desired to know about them. By this he was very much hurt, and asked me why I was quizzing him that way, saying that he did not have to report to me what he was deciding to do; that

¹ Anza says the patients were too ill to move.

he was doing even more than his duty, for he was making the cabin for them although he was not obliged to do so, and had no orders to make it; that he had been given no orders to give attention to the circumstances under which the two fathers should remain there, for they had come voluntarily, without the viceroy ordering it; and he assumed that since they had wished to come in this way they could shift for themselves. He said this on the ground that the viceroy, having decided that Father Garcés should go to the Colorado River, as is shown by his decree issued in Mexico, November 28, 1774, Father Garcés raised some objections, wherefore the viceroy replied that if Father Garcés did not wish to go, and considered that it would be very difficult for him to remain at the Colorado River, he was not obliged to do so. However, his Excellency greatly manifested his desire that the father should go, as he signified in the letter which he wrote him on the 20th of March, 1776,¹ with which he transmitted a copy of the letter of the Reverend Father Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante, written from New Mexico, thinking that perhaps the reports which this father gave might be of some use to Father Garcés in his journeys and explorations. The commander finally said that with the two fathers there should remain three interpreters, two muleteers, and their two servants.

The three interpreters were three Indians, who were so useless that they served no purpose, not even as interpreters, for they were very poor Cas-

¹ See p. 505.

tilians. One of the two muleteers was the Indian Sebastián Tarabal, the person who served and accompanied Father Garcés in his journeys, as he says in his diary. The other was a young fellow who came attached to a soldier, and remained here because he had no horse or any other way by which to continue; and although he served Father Thomás well and was the only one who really gave him any aid, he was not paid for his service and labor, being given nothing because the commander said that he had not come on his account and he was under no obligation to pay him. One of the two servants was a useless young fellow who volunteered to accompany Father Garcés. Not a thing was given to him either, and from the Colorado River he returned to Sonora. The other was a small boy who came voluntarily with Father Thomás's horses, that he might serve him as a page.

I am noting all this down in order to make known what usually takes place on such expeditions with the commanders, and that it may serve to show that one ought to make sure at the beginning what is to be done, without trusting to promises and fine phrases, as happened to Father Garcés. Because he trusted in the general promises made him by the commander, he afterward experienced that in the details he did not comply with them. For, since these gentlemen who command on such expeditions, and even those who rule in these remote lands, have no one above them to restrain them, they are so arbitrary in their dealings that it is necessary to

have great patience with them, and no matter how good they may be they usually give a great deal of trouble. And so, in one way or another there is generally cause for that prayer which, because of his great experience, the Venerable Father Fray Antonio Margil de Jesús was accustomed to utter, *A militibus libera nos Domine*. However, there is no rule without its exception.¹

Saturday, December 2.—They continued to work on the cabin, and for this reason we remained here, the muleteers and the lieutenant going to assist in that task. After noon my tertian fever came on, but it was the last one. In the afternoon also about three hundred Indians of both sexes assembled and tobacco and beads were distributed among them by the hand of the commander. Today was very troublesome on account of the wind and the dust which blew about, but not so bad as yesterday. Father Garcés went to the building of the cabin, and when he returned he and Father Thomás spoke to me about the meager provisions which it was being arranged to leave them; and I counselled them to talk plainly and without fear in regard to what they needed.

41. Sunday, December 3.—The commander now decided to do what I asked him to do on the 1st, although not because of my petition or because he was moved by my request. Father Thomás said

¹ "Lord, deliver us from soldiers." Fray Antonio Margil de Jesús was a famous Franciscan missionary in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For some ten years he worked in eastern Texas.

Mass and the rest of us attended it. After Mass we set out from the bank of the Colorado River, at half past ten in the morning, and at noon we reached the village of Captain Palma, having traveled about a league west by south.—One league.

The rest of the day was spent trying to finish the cabin which, although it was not completed, was well along, and also the fathers were well satisfied with what was being left for the two of them and the seven persons who remained with them. It was as follows: A tierce of tobacco; two boxes of glass beads; an arroba of chocolate; an arroba of sugar; an arroba of tallow; five beeves; three tierces of dried meat; a pack load of beans; a pack load of fine flour; a little superfine flour; an almud of chick-peas; a box of biscuits; three hams; six cheeses; one frying pan; one griddle; one ax; two cakes of soap; twelve wax candles; a bottle of wine, with which it was not possible to say Mass because it was so bad that it did not resemble wine either in color or taste, so that it was necessary to go to Caborca to get some.¹ All this was something, but not much in view of the nine mouths to feed and the time they were to remain and during which the provisions had to last them, which was until our return.

At night I called Captain Palma to my tent and also Captain Pablo, who I understood was some relation to him, and through the interpreter I made them a talk, impressing on them the care and esteem

¹ Father Eixarch sent to Caborca for good wine after the colony left.

which they must show for the fathers who were remaining there, and that if they comported themselves well with them, when I returned I would go to the king to tell him about everything, in order that he might esteem them, and then we Spaniards would come at once to live with them. To all this Palma replied that I might go without any fear; that ever since he had the cane, and now the suit which they gave him, he understood that he was remaining in place of Captain Don Juan; that he would care for the fathers as well as I myself, and if any one undertook to do any damage he would punish the disorders, etc. Captain Pablo added that if any one attempted to injure them or steal anything he would kill them. To this I replied that I did not like this matter of killing, nor did God, because it was not good; and that if any one did anything bad he should bind him and give him a beating. This pleased him so much that he threw himself full length on the ground, extended his arms and legs, and said very boisterously, "Ajót, ajót!" which means "Good, good!"

While I was engaged in this talk the commander sent for Captain Palma, with no other purpose than to get him out of my tent, because he did not like to have anybody push in to talk with the Indians, especially with the captains, or to give them instructions. Afterward, in order to entertain them, he arranged that by the light of the fire the Indians should dance for a while in front of his tent, and so I had no opportunity to talk with them any more.

42. Monday, December 4.—I said Mass in the arbor and habitation of the fathers, this being the first time that Mass was said in it. Things having been arranged, we said goodbye to Fathers Fray Francisco Garcés and Fray Thomás Eixarch, who remained here, as has been said above. We set out from the village of Captain Palma at half past nine in the morning, and at half past two in the afternoon halted near a lagoon of the villages of Captain Pablo, a league after passing the Cerro de San Pablo, having traveled some five leagues west by south.¹—Five leagues.

Captain Pablo went to live with Captain Palma in order to be with the fathers. As soon as we left camp we forded a branch of the Colorado which we still had to cross, and which separates far above and here rejoins the river. About a league from camp we came to the Puerto de la Concepción. This is a passage formed by two hills through which the Colorado River, now having been joined by the Gila, runs in a very narrow channel. Here we stopped a short time to view the great expanse of country which is seen from it and through which the river flows, its current here appearing to me to be from east-northeast to west-southwest. To the northeast about ten leagues away one sees the Cabeza del

¹ Cerro de San Pablo is now called Pilot Knob. It is just north of the international boundary line and about eight miles west of Yuma. Camp was a mile or two below the line and the same distance from the Mexican town of Algodones. Puerto de la Concepción was the narrow strait through which the Colorado runs at the Indian School at Yuma. The Cabeza del Gigante was Castle Dome, and La Campana (the Bell) was Picacho.

Gigante, which the Indians call Bauquíburi. This is a great round rock which is at the top of a rough sierra situated between the Gila and Colorado rivers. To the north about three or four leagues is another peak which they called La Campana, on top of another sierra that is likewise rough. The Cerro de San Pablo, at whose foot the river flows, is also very pleasing to the view, although it is so small in extent that it is all barrancas, and I did not see in it a level place in which even a church might be built. The road, although nearly all level, was very difficult, because it was so thick with brush that in many places not more than a little trail was to be seen, the rest being densely grown with mesquite, tornillo, and thickets of a shrub which they call cachanilla. For these reasons the pack trains, the saddle animals, and the cattle arrived only after great delays and with some animals missing.

Father Garcés had some moderate talks with the commander because he did not leave him the saddle animals which he promised him for his journeys. He had agreed to come with us, but instead he remained to arrange things and to equip himself to go as far as the mouth of the river. The explorations of Father Garcés in this and other journeys that he made as far as San Gabriel and Moqui will be found in his own diary.

43. Thursday, December 5.—In the morning a mule and a horse were found dead from the cold, which, I noticed, was so severe that even the slop had frozen in the close-stool inside the tent. We set out

from the villages of Captain Pablo at ten o'clock in the morning, and about two in the afternoon, having traveled some four leagues to the southwest with much winding around,¹ we halted near a lagoon of the villages of the Cojats, who also are Yumas.—Four leagues.

The river at the Cerro de San Pablo makes a turn almost to the south, and thereafter it is not seen any more because it runs very far apart from the road, which continues through its bottom lands leaving on the right a ridge of sand dunes, as far as which the river apparently spreads when it rises. The road has thick groves of cachanilla, tornillo, and mesquite, but it was not half so difficult as yesterday. We went through some villages of Yumas, who came out on the road to welcome us and were very joyful at seeing us, all wishing to conduct us to their houses. Large pieces of land very good for fields are seen.

Among these Indians who accompanied us for stretches today one insisted on going ahead on foot to guide us. He is half Pima and half Yuma, being the son of a Yuma chief of great authority who ruled all of the tribe, and on whose death Captain Palma rose to the command. Palma's predecessor had been married to a Pima Indian woman whom the Yumas even yet recognized. For this reason the commander during the first expedition, as he told me, him-

¹ Camp was some twelve miles southwest of Algodones and Pilot Knob. The groves of cachanilla, tornillo, and mesquite are still thick and tangled wherever the land is left uncultivated.

self gave the Pima woman the name of Queen and the boy who, because he knew how to speak the Pima language, served them as interpreter, he called the Prince. At present this Indian is still known as the Prince, and so now the commander and the rest call him. Last night this Indian came to the tent of the commander, who did not recognize him at first sight, because he was very much painted. He began to speak and then a servant named Manuel Barragán, who understood the Pima language, said to him, "Sir, this is the Prince." Hearing him given this name, I asked why they called him the Prince.

The commander replied, "Father, since the Jesuits were so fond of exaggerating their deeds, after they came to explore this Colorado River, in their accounts they greatly exaggerated the size of this Yuma nation. And in order that the report might be more impressive, they said that the Yumas had a way of governing themselves in a somewhat civilized manner, and that they recognized one person as king and superior over all. But this king was no other than the father of this boy, the chief who is now dead, and who was married to a Pima Indian woman from whom the boy learned this language, and I, in allusion to this story, on the former expedition conceived the idea of jokingly calling this fellow the Prince, and his mother the Queen."

We halted in a plain with plenty of pasturage near one of the many lagoons in the bottom lands which are left full by the river when it goes down. Many Indians came to the camp, bringing cala-

bashes, beans, and other crops of the kinds which they raise, and making their trades with the soldiers for beads, which the commander gave to the people for that purpose. Near the tent of the commander a beef was killed for today, to give rations to the people, as was done every six days. I was seated with the commander near the beef, taking chocolate. The Indians became such a mob and were so filthy, because of their vile habits, that we could not breathe, and there was no way by which to get away from them. So I stood up and, asking an Indian for a long stick, some ten palms long, with which they are accustomed to go about playing the wheel, I took hold of it at the bottom and with it gently and in good nature, as if I were laughing, made them get away from me and behind me. Thereupon an Indian immediately appeared offended, and, taking hold of the stick at the top, he again pushed in and others followed his example. Then the owner of the stick took it from my hands, and the one who was offended assumed a haughty air, and kept his eyes on me until I went into my tent. From this I inferred that all their affability, which is more due to the gifts of beads than to their gentleness, might easily be converted to arrogance whenever an attempt is made to reduce them to the catechism and to obedience, especially if we take into account their mode of living, of which I shall speak later on.

44. Wednesday, December 6.—Last night the Indians were somewhat turbulent and showed themselves to me more like thieves than anything else,

stealing a sword, a griddle, which was afterward restored, and some clothing with respect to which the people had been careless. We set out from the villages of the Cojats at ten o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon halted at the Laguna de Santa Olalla, the name given to it by the first expedition, having traveled some five leagues to the southwest but winding about in almost every direction between south and west.¹—Five leagues.

After we stopped Father Fray Francisco Garcés arrived, having come to continue his journey downstream as far as the mouth, to visit the tribes who live in its bottom lands. Today I was threatened a little by the tertian ague and was very much troubled with flux. The road is very thickly grown with trees, although it has a great deal of chamiso, while in places it is barren country. In the distance one sees the edge of the sand dunes, and farther away, all on the right, a rough sierra of which the Cerro de San Pablo is a spur. It seems that this sierra or cordillera begins at the sierra in which is the peak of La Campana and even at the Sierra del Bauquíburi or the Giant's Head, and goes to join the range which in the last expedition they called San Sebas-

¹ Laguna de Santa Olalla was above Pescadero Dam, about twenty-five miles from Pilot Knob, and six or eight miles west of the old channel of the Colorado. Recently the Colorado left its bed and now flows through the channel of Rio de las Abejas. It is probable that the Laguna was in the Abejas channel or one of its affluents. Near Pescadero Dam there is an old lake bed which answers to Font's description of Laguna de Santa Olalla, and since it is in the location indicated it may well be the very one.

tián.¹ This last is a sierra which is seen very far in the distance. It comes from California Baxa and is the main range which, running the whole length of California, trends about to the northwest and west-northwest.

The Laguna de Santa Olalla is narrow like a ditch and more than a league long, running almost in the same direction as the river, but apart from it about two leagues or somewhat more. From this may be inferred how many leagues of country are flooded by the river when it rises, for it fills this lake, and the water rises more than two varas, according to the débris which we saw high up in the trunks of the willows which are on its banks, this refuse being left by the river when in high water it runs through these lands. For this reason it is a moist country with plenty of grass. Likewise, in the brush there are plenty of quails, and in the lake there are some fish, including the matalote, some of which the Indians caught. They also caught a skate. On the way we were accompanied by the Pima Indian whom we called the Prince, and by another Indian who lives here, he being the one who first came out on the road to welcome us, as I noted on the 25th of November.

Thursday, December 7.—Today I was very much troubled with flux. In order that the horses and mules, which were now in a very bad condition, might recuperate with the good grass of this lake, it was decided to stop here. Many Indians of the

¹ The range which "goes to join," is the one which north of Brawley is called Chocolate Mountains.

Cajuenche tribe, who live from here down the river, assembled, very happy and making a great hulla-balloo, as if they were glad to see us. They brought to the camp great quantities of watermelons, calabashes, and other provisions, which they bartered for glass beads. The soldiers provided themselves plentifully with these things, and also with some black blankets from El Moqui, etc. These Cajuenches are no different in their customs from the Yumas, and their idiom is almost the same, or at least so it appears from their sing-song pronunciation which I heard; and the same is true of the Jalchedunes from up the river.

Because of the pleasure at arriving at this place, yesterday afternoon the people of the expedition were given a treat, which consisted in supplying them with aguardiente, as a result of which there was a great carousing and noise-making among the rabble last night. In the morning, although I was ill, I forced myself to say Mass, and afterward I went to see the commander in his tent, and I said to him:

“Sir, it appears that some men were drunk last night.”

He replied that some of them were. And since this disorder, which was such that even his cook left us without supper, because he was in no condition to cook, appeared to me so unseemly, I said to him:

“Well, why did you give them aguardiente if they must get drunk?”

He replied that he did not give it to them with that intention. I said to him:

"It is fortunate that such is the case, for if it had been with such an intention it would have been doubly evil, because drunkenness is always bad. Anyone who gets drunk sins, and anyone who contributes to the drunkenness of others also sins. Only ignorance can absolve him of guilt, and you are not ignorant of the intemperance of these people when they have aguardiente."

He replied to me with some moderation, although somewhat offended, and without any signs of repentance. Afterward he said to me:

"Does not your Reverence wish that we should make an observation today?"

I replied that he would do as he pleased, for I had no authority to make an observation except when he wished it; that I had desired to observe at the junction of the rivers, which was a better place, as I had proposed to him on the 1st of the month; but since he did not wish to do it there, he could do it whenever he pleased. He said that on our return he would arrange to make an observation there. Thereupon I went to my tent, but at eleven o'clock he came to it and said to me:

"Where does your Reverence wish to set up the instrument?"

I replied to him, "Sir, wherever you wish."

Then he said to me, "Your Reverence must decide, because you understand it better than I, and

it is your Reverence who has to make the observation."

This was the first time that I had heard him say such a thing, and so I arranged the instrument to make the observation, at which the commander was present and obliging, although somewhat serious, no doubt because I was in the same mood, for he saw that I was not very talkative and did not dispense compliments or complaisance in matters of my incumbency. I note this down not through ill will, nor to perpetuate the memory of injuries, but merely in order that it may be inferred from this what caution and patience it is necessary to show with these absolute lords. Well, then, I observed the latitude of this place, and found it without correction to be $32^{\circ} 37'$ and with correction $32^{\circ} 33'$, and so I say: at the Laguna de Santa Olalla, December 7, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $34^{\circ} 28'$.

And since the Yuma tribe ends here and the Cajuenche¹ begins, I will note down what I have learned of this tribe in the course of passing through, and of the land which they inhabit, remarking that what I say of the Yumas may be applied almost in the same terms to the Cajuenches and the tribes farther down the river, and likewise to the

¹ Information regarding the Cajuenche tribe has heretofore depended largely on Garcés's diary of 1775-1776, from which it has been inferred that they lived (only or principally) on the east bank of the Colorado. But these records of the Anza expedition show that they were numerous on the west side. (See Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico*, I, 187).

Jalchedunes, and even the Jamajabas or Soyopas upstream; for all these Indians, in customs and in everything, are almost the same.

The Yumas dwell on the bottom lands of the Colorado River and on both of its banks. Its waters, although always more or less turbid, are fresh and good, and are not salty like those of the Gila River, but this stream, on account of the Rio de la Assumpción, has muddy waters, and this makes the Colorado River somewhat impure after the Gila joins it. The bottom lands extend on one side of the river and the other for about two leagues, and in some places more. In them there are many cottonwoods, and also mesquites and other scrubby trees; and the cottonwoods, although very tall, are usually very slender because they grow so close together. Of these and of the willows there are many that are dry, for they die because the Indians strip off the bark and use it to make the little skirts of the women, as I said.

The river appears to have only a small amount of fish, and these are bony. Each year the river spreads out for a long distance through the bottom lands in the season of the floods, which come from the melting of the snow in summer in the mountains to the north and far in the interior. For this reason it does not rise suddenly but gradually. Indeed it rises and falls nearly all the year, for it begins to rise in March and April and from that time each day it gets larger until July, when it begins to go down, and then every day it gets smaller until the

end of the year. The lands which it waters are generally good, and since the water spreads over them so gently it does not injure them. On the contrary, from this irrigation they are greatly fertilized and have moisture for the crops which the Indians plant in them when the water recedes, and for the abundant harvests which they get. In a word, this Colorado River appears to me very much like the Yaqui, both in its floods and in other circumstances, as well as in the nature of the Indians who inhabit it, although in everything this river excels the other, especially in the cottonwood groves, which the Yaqui River lacks.

The climate in winter is very cold, and in the mornings there are ice and very heavy frosts, this weather lasting three or four months, from November to February inclusive. The rest of the year the climate is very hot, with excessive heat in the height of the summer, when it usually rains a little, as it also does in the winter. The crops raised by the Indians are wheat, maize, which they call Apache maize and which matures in a very short time, orimuni beans, tepari beans, cantaloupes, watermelons, and very large calabashes, of which they make dried strips, which in Sinaloa they call bichicore, and seeds of grasses. With these things they have plenty to eat. They likewise gather a great quantity of tornillo and péchita, although this is more for variety than for necessity.

The territory which the Yumas occupy must be about twenty leagues long. Its center is the Puerto

de la Concepción, which is the best place that I saw, and near which Captain Palma has his dwelling and his village. This captain, as I said, is at present the one of greatest authority amongst the Yumas; and although Captain Pablo is chief of more people and of a larger village, he also recognizes Captain Palma, doubtless because he sees that he is so much favored by the Spaniards, by Captain Urrea, by Captain Ansa, and even by the viceroy. Captain Palma succeeded to the command through the death of another chief whom they formerly acknowledged, and of whom the Indian called by us the Prince was the son, as I said above. According to what I was able to ascertain, his dominion was not acquired through descent (for he is not the son, nor, as I believe, is he even a relative of the former captain), but through aggressiveness, valor, and eloquence, for it usually happens among the Indians that the one who talks and boasts most makes himself captain or ruler and is recognized by the rest. Proof of this is the fact that the lands which Captain Palma formerly had inherited from his ancestors are on this side of the river and near the Gila before it joins the Colorado (Palma himself pointed them out to us when with us as we passed through them on the 28th of November, and they are not very good), whereas those which he at present possesses on the other side of the river in his village, and which are better, were ceded by the Indians just a few years ago.

Palma's rule and authority should not be understood as very rigorous; for since the Indians are

so free and live so like animals and without civilization, sometimes they pay no attention to their chief, even though he may give them orders, as I noticed on several occasions. Indeed, I think they recognize him principally in order that he may avenge any injury or lead them to war on other tribes, their neighbors, the Jalchedunes, the Cajuenches and others, who are in no manner subject to Captain Palma, and do not recognize him, for they regard themselves as quite as valiant as the Yumas.

These Yumas, and likewise the Cajuenches and the rest, are well formed, tall, robust, not very ugly, and have good bodies. Generally they are nearly eight spans high and even more, and many are nine and some even above nine, according to our measurements. The women are not so tall, but they also are quite corpulent and of very good stature.

Their customs, according to what I was able to learn, are the following: In religion they recognize no special idolatrous cult, although it appears that there are some wizards, or humbugs, and doctors among them, who exercise their offices by yelling, blowing, and gestures. They say that there is a god, and that they know this because the Pimas have told them so; and that these Pimas and the Pápagos, with whom they maintain peace and have some commerce, have told them that above, in the heavens, there are good people, and that under the ground there are dogs, and other animals that are very fierce. They say they do not know anything else because they are ignorant, and for this reason they

will gladly learn what we may teach them, in order that they may be intelligent. And since the basis of a well-ordered monarchy, government, or republic is religion, even though it may be false, and since none is found among these Indians, they consequently live very disorderly and beastlike, without any civilization and with such slight discipline as I have previously said, each one governing himself according to his whim, like a vagabond people.

Their wars and campaigns usually last for only a few days, and they reduce themselves to this: Many of them assemble with the captain or some one who commands them; they go to a village of their enemies; they give the yell or war-cry, in order that their opponents may flee or become terrified if taken by surprise. They usually kill some woman, or someone who has been careless, and try to capture a few children in order to take them out to sell in the lands of the Spaniards. These captives are called Nixoras by us in Sonora, no matter where they come from, and this commerce in Nixoras, so unjust, is the reason why they have been so bloody in their wars. Their arms are a bow, taller than themselves, badly tempered, and a few arrows, of which generally they carry only two or three, as I saw, and these somewhat long, bad, and weak. Very few carry quivers, if indeed they carry any at all, for I did not see a single one.

Their houses are huts of rather long poles, covered with earth on the roofs and on the sides, and somewhat excavated in the ground like a rabbit

burrow; and in each one twenty or thirty or more live like hogs. These houses are not close together in the form of towns, but are scattered about the bottom lands, forming rancherías of three or four, or more, or less.

The clothing of the men is nothing, although as a result of the peace treaties which they have been able to establish since the first expedition, it is noticed that they have had some commerce with the other tribes, so that now we saw some Indians wearing blankets of cotton, and black ones of wool which come from El Moqui, which they have been able to acquire through the Cocomaricopas and Jalchedunes. These they wear around their bodies from the middle up, leaving the rest of the body uncovered, y las partes mas indecentes, porque dicen que á las mugeres no les quadra que las tapen. But as a rule they go about totally naked, and they are so shameless that they are always con las manos en las partes vergonzosas, jugandose y alternadose la naturaleza. And they are so brutal that if they are reprimanded they make it worse and laugh about it, as I experienced. And if les viene gana de orinar, whether standing still or walking about they do so like beasts, and even worse, que estas se paran para mear. Asimismo quando les vienen sus flatos, los echan delante de todos con mucha frescura, and since they eat so many beans and other seeds they are very offensive with their flatulency. And if they are seated on the ground they do no more than levantar un poco la nalga por un lado, y como echan

los cuescos tan largos, redondos, y recios, con el soplo levantar el polvo de la tierra. On one occasion the commander asked an Indian to bring him a brand with which to light his cigarette, and the Indian, very serious, with the lighted stick in his hand, standing in front of him echose un pedo formidable, and although the commander told him that such a thing was improper, the Indian laughed quite undisturbed. Captain Palma by now had reformed, though he used to be just like the rest, and at first when he was told that this was not proper delante de la gente, he replied that he could not do otherwise porque si no hacía assi, rebentaría. I do not know whether this freedom is to be attributed to their ignorance, innocence, and candor, or is the result of great brutality.

In the matter of incontinence they are so shameless and excessive that I do not believe that in all the world there is another tribe that is worse. The women, it might almost be said, are common, and the hospitality which they show their guests is to provide them with companions. And although among the old people there seems to be a sort of natural matrimony, recognizing as legitimate some one of the many women they have or had in their youth, yet among the young men I believe there is no such thing as matrimony, because they live with anyone they desire and leave them whenever they please—or at least polygamy is very common among them.

All the females, even though they may be small, and even infants at the breast, wear little skirts made from the inner bark of the willow and the cottonwood. This they soften a little, tear it into strips, enlace or interweave them, and make a sort of apron of them which they tie around the waist with a hair rope, one piece in front and the other behind, the one behind being somewhat longer than the one in front and reaching clear to the knees. Since they are made of so many strips or narrow ribbons the thickness of a finger, and hang loose, with the shaking which they are given on walking they make quite a noise. Among the women I saw some men dressed like women, with whom they go about regularly, never joining the men. The commander called them *amaricados*, perhaps because the Yumas call effeminate men *maricas*. I asked who these men were, and they replied that they were not men like the rest, and for this reason they went around covered this way. From this I inferred they must be hermaphrodites, but from what I learned later I understood that they were sodomites, dedicated to nefarious practices. From all the foregoing I conclude that in this matter of incontinence there will be much to do when the Holy Faith and the Christian religion are established among them. Likewise, some women, although not many, are accustomed to cover the back with a kind of cape or capotillo which they make from the skins of rabbits or of beaver, cutting the skin into strips and weaving it with

threads of bark; but generally they go around with all the body uncovered except for what the skirts conceal.

On cold nights, and especially in the winter, they make a fire and crouch round it, lying down huddled together and even buried in the sand like hogs. In the daytime they are accustomed to go around with a burning brand or *tizón* in the hand, bringing it close to the part of the body where they feel the coldest, now behind, now in front, now at the breast, now at the shoulders, and now at the stomach. These are their blankets, and when the fire goes out they throw the brand away, and seek another one that is burning.

The men are much given to painting themselves red with hematite, and black with shiny black lead-colored earth, whereby they make themselves look like something infernal, especially at night. They use also white and others colors, and they daub not only the face but all the body as well, rubbing it in with marrow fat or other substances, in such a way that even though they jump into the river and bathe themselves frequently, as they are accustomed to do, they cannot remove the paint easily. And those who have nothing else, stain themselves with charcoal from the top down with various stripes and figures, making themselves look like the Devil; and this is their gala dress. The women use only red paint, which is very common among them, for I saw only one large girl who, in addition to the red hematite, had some white round spots in two rows up and down the face.

The men have their ears pierced with three or four large holes (the women not so many), in which they hang strings of wool or *chomite* and other pendants. Likewise they wear around the neck good-sized strings of the dried heads of animals that look like tumble bugs, which are found here. They are very fond of *cuentas* or glass beads, for which they bartered their few blankets, with which some members of the expedition provided themselves. They likewise traded their grain and other things which they brought, so that yesterday about five hundred watermelons and great quantities of calabashes, maize, beans, etc. were sold at the camp, and today more than twice as much. Besides this, nearly all the men have the middle cartilage of the nose pierced (I did not notice this among the women), from which the richest men, such as Captain Palma, hang a little blue-green stone, others a little white stone, half round, like ivory or bone, such as Captain Pablo wore. Others wear beads or other gewgaws in the nose, and although I saw several with nothing, on the other hand I saw some who were contented to wear a little stick thrust through the cartilage.

The coiffure of the men is unique. Most of them wear the hair banded in front at the eyes, and some have it cut at the neck, others wearing it quite long. They are accustomed to make their coiffure or dress their hair by daubing it with white mud and other paints, in order that it may be stiff. They usually do this on the banks of the water and with great

care. They raise the front hair up and fix it like a crown, or like horns, and the rest they make very slick with the paints and mud, and they are accustomed also to decorate it with figures in other colors. The women do not make use of all this, their ordinary coiffure being to press the hair together and fix it with mud as in Europe the women use flour paste. Their usual custom is to wear the front hair cut off even with the eyebrows, wearing the rest somewhat long, hanging down the shoulders and back.

They are very fond of smoking, and are very lazy, and if this were not so they would reap much larger harvests; but they are content with what is sufficient to provide themselves with plenty to eat, which, since the soil is so fertile from the watering by the river, they obtain with little trouble. This consists solely in the following: before the river rises they clear a piece of land which they wish to plant, leaving the rubbish there. The river rises and carries off the rubbish, and as soon as the water goes down and recedes, with a stick they make holes in the earth, plant their seeds, and do nothing else to it. They are likewise very thievish, a quality common to all Indians. Their language is not so harsh as that of the Pimas, and to me it appeared to be less difficult to pronounce; for there is a pause like an interrogation at the end of each clause or thing which is said.

As a result of our persuasion the Yuma tribe at present is at peace with all of its neighbors, except

the Indians at the mouth of the river, who are still hostile because of a war which Palma made on them a short time ago, in which he killed about twenty of their people. But this breach has now been composed by Father Garcés during his journey there, as he says in his diary. In virtue of this peace some Jalchedunes came down to the junction of the rivers, bringing their Moqui blankets and other things to barter with the people of the expedition. They did not find us there, but Father Thomás, who remained there, received them well and gave them presents.

Finally, these people as a rule are gentle, gay, and happy. Like simpletons who have never seen anything, they marveled as if everything they saw was a wonder to them, and with their impertinent curiosity they made themselves troublesome and tiresome, and even nuisances, for they wearied us by coming to the tents and examining everything. They liked to hear the mules bray, and especially some burros which came in the expedition, for before the other expedition they had never seen any of these animals. Since the burros sing and bray longer and harder than the mules, when they heard them they imitated them in their way with great noise and hullabaloo.

As a conclusion to all that I have said, since I have been somewhat prolix in speaking of the Yumas and their customs, I wish to note down a question or reflection which many times came to me in this journey, in view of the ignorance, infelicity, and misery in which live the Indians whom I saw

on all the journey as far as the port of San Francisco. For it is true that the Yumas undoubtedly may be reputed as the most fortunate, rich, and prosperous of them all, since at least they have plenty to eat, and live on their lands, and suffer fewer inconveniences. But the rest, whom I saw farther inland, are in constant warfare between the different villages, as a consequence of which they live in continual alarm, and go about like Cain, fugitive and wandering, possessed by fear and in dread at every step. Moreover, it seems as if they have hanging over them the curse which God put upon Nebuchadnezzar, like beasts eating the grass of the fields, and living on herbs and grass seeds, with a little game from deer, hare, ground squirrels, mice, and other vermin. On this assumption, and since the Apostles asked Christ that question concerning the man who was blind from his birth: *Rabbi quis peccavit, hic aut parentes ejus, ut caecus nasceretur?*¹ (Joan, cap. 9.), I might inquire what sin was committed by these Indians and their ancestors that they should grow up in those remote lands of the north with such infelicity and unhappiness, in such nakedness and misery, and above all with such blind ignorance of everything that they do not even know the transitory conveniences of the earth in order to obtain them; nor much less, as it appeared to me from what I was able to learn from them, do they have any knowledge of the existence of God, but live like beasts, without making use of reason or

¹ "And his disciples asked Him: 'Rabbi, who hath sinned, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind?' " (John, IX, 2).

discourse, and being distinguished from beasts only by possessing the bodily or human form, but not by their deeds.

And this same question, and all the rest which I have said, is applicable to many other tribes who inhabit the unknown lands of the Arctic and Antarctic regions and other parts of the earth. But I know that the answer is, *Neque hic peccavit,¹ neque parentes ejus, sed ut manifestentur opera dei in illo.* And so, since God created them, His Divine Majesty knows the high purposes for which He wished them to be born to such misery, or that they should live so blind, and it does not belong to us to try to inquire into such high secrets, for *Judicia Dei abyssus multa.*²

But, considering that the mercy of God is infinite, and that so far as it is His part, He wishes that all men should be saved, and should come to the knowledge of the eternal truths, as says the Apostle St. Paul, *Qui omnes homines vult salvos fieri, et ad agnitionem veritatis venire*³ (Ep. I ad Timoth, cap. 2); therefore, I cannot do less than piously surmise, in favor of those poor Indians, that God must have some special providence hidden from our curiosity, to the end that they may be saved, and that not all

¹ "Jesus answered: 'Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him'" (John, IX, 3).

² "Thy justice is as the mountains of God: thy judgments are a great deep" (Psalm XXXV, 7).

³ "For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (First Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, II, 3-4).

of them shall be damned. For, as the theologians say, if there should be a man in the forest without knowledge of God and entirely remote from possibility of acquiring the necessary instruction, God would make use of His angels to give him the necessary knowledge for eternal salvation. And that man *in sylvis*¹ whom the theologians assume as an hypothesis, is typified without doubt by some of the Indians whom I saw, and by others who must be farther inland and whom I have not seen. For if God has permitted those people to live for so many hundreds and even thousands of years in such ignorance and blindness that they hardly know themselves, or, as I believe, that they are rational beings, what can we infer, especially in view of a God so merciful that *Misericordia ejus superexaltat judicium*?²

Shall we think that God created these men merely to condemn them to Inferno, after passing in this world a life so miserable as that which they live? By no means! Shall we say that the Devil is more powerful than God, and rules so many souls who live in the shades of a negative infidelity, and that God shall not communicate to them some light, in order that they may be freed from his tyrannical and eternal powers? Even less. Well, then, we must believe that God has some hidden means for saving those souls whom at such cost He redeemed by His most precious blood, an opinion which can

¹ "In the forest."

² "And mercy exalteth itself above judgment" (Epistle of St. James the Apostle, II, 13).

be supported by the text of the prophet Joel, chap. 2, verse 32: *Et erit omnis qui invocaverit nomen domini salvus erit quia in monte Sion et in Jerusalem erit salvatio, sicut dixit dominus.*¹ The . . . of the holy Church . . . for in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem there shall be salvation. And what is done to this end follows: *Et in residuis, quos Dominus vocaverit.*² This means to say that the rest of the fold of the holy Church shall be saved, God calling them by some other hidden means.

Moreover, if what is said by the enlightened and venerable Fray Joseph de San Benito is true, then those who are saved are more than those who are damned, and in the day of judgment we shall see many whom we had thought condemned but who entered heaven by a secret door, since this is more in keeping with the purpose of the creation of man. It is true that *Sine fide impossibile est placere Deo*³ (Ep. ad. Hebr. 11), and that *Nisi quis renatus fuerit ex aqua et spiritu sancto, non potest introire in regnum Dei*⁴ (Joan, cap. 3); but it is also true that

¹ "And it shall come to pass, that every one that shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved: for in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be salvation, as the Lord hath said" (The Prophecy of Joel, II, 32).

² "And in the residue whom the Lord shall call" (Joel II, 32). In trimming p. 65 of the MS. several words have been cut here, hence the gaps.

³ "But without faith it is impossible to please God" (Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, XI, 6).

⁴ "Jesus answered: 'Amen, amen I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God'" (Christ's discourse with Nicodemus, John, III, 5).

the law unavoidably unknown does not involve an obligation. The Apostle St. Paul says that whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. *Omnis enim, quicumque invocaverit nomen Domini salvus erit*¹ (Ep. Rom. cap. 10). Then the contrary proposition is true, assuming the knowledge of God, for now I say with the same Apostle, *Quomodo ergo invocabunt, in quem non crediderunt? Aut quomodo credent ei quem non audierunt? Quomodo autem audient sine praedicante? Quomodo vero praedicabunt nisi mittantur?*²

Then, if they lack knowledge of God, it appears they have some excuse for remaining in their negative infidelity, concerning which they have been given no reason to doubt, because in order that they may be obliged to accept holy baptism and to believe in the principal mysteries of our Holy Faith, it is necessary first to give them some light or knowledge of this obligation, by means of the preaching of the gospel. *Ergo fides ex auditu, auditus autem per verbum Christi.*³ And shall we be able to say perhaps that they have lacked this light and knowledge? *Sed dico: Numquid non audierunt?*⁴ It is true that the preaching of the gospel was extended to

¹ "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, X, 13).

² "How then shall they call on Him, in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?" (*Ibid.*, X, 14-15).

³ "Faith then cometh by hearing; and hearing by the word of Christ" (*Ibid.*, X, 17).

⁴ "But I say: Have they not heard?" (*Ibid.*, X, 18).

all the world by means of the Apostles, whereby the cause was justified on the part of God. *Et quidem in omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in fines orbis terrae verba eorum.*¹ But it is also true that when the Apostles divided the earth amongst themselves to preach the gospel to all the world, it does not appear that they took America into account, because it was then a region totally unknown and unheard of by anybody, even perhaps by the Apostles themselves, notwithstanding that they were so enlightened by the Holy Spirit. And although it is surmised by way of conjecture, and is held as certain, that the holy Apostle Thomas preached in the two Americas, it is not known that since that time there have been any other preachers except in the regions subdued since the time of the conquest; and in so many hundreds of years it is natural that the preaching of the doctrine by the holy Apostle should be entirely unknown and forgotten.

And now then, we may argue as follows. Total and unavoidable ignorance absolves one from guilt. Those Indians live in total ignorance even of God. Then it is not their fault that they should live submerged in the shades of their negative infidelity. That they should live in total ignorance it is not difficult to believe, if we bear in mind the dense ignorance seen among converted and old Christians of this America, even with the instruction which they have had, for their ignorance is such, not only

¹ "Yes, verily: their sound hath gone forth into all the earth: and their words unto the ends of the whole world" (*Ibid.*, X, 18).

of positive but likewise of the natural law, that it is not possible that the theologians of Europe could imagine that there should be such ignorance and so common. And since those Indians have such limited understandings and are entirely without instruction, it is a natural consequence that their ignorance should be incomparably greater.

And what shall we say in view of all this? Shall we say that God condemns them without guilt? This cannot be, because that would be contrary to His justice, and it is certain that *Perditio tua ex te*.¹ Shall we say that God saves them without merit? This appears to be repugnant, because *Hominis est praeeparare animam*.² Well, then, what shall we say? We may exclaim with the Apostle St. Paul: *O altitudo divitiarum sapientiae et scientiae Dei: quam incomprehensibilia sunt judicia ejus et investigabiles viae ejus!*³ (Ep. Rom. cap. 11). Indeed, this secret of predestination is so recondite that it would be temerity for man to try with his limited understanding to penetrate this sovereign arcanum. *Quis enim cognovit sensum Domini? Aut quis consiliarius ejus fuit?*⁴ I only say with David, *Homines et jumenta salvabis Domine: quemadmodum multi-*

¹ "Destruction is thy own, O Israel: thy help is only in me" (Osee, XIII, 9).

² "It is the part of man to prepare the soul" (Proverbs, XVI, 1).

³ "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways!" (Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, XI, 33).

⁴ "For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been his counsellor?" (*Ibid.*, XI, 34).

*plicasti misericordiam tuam Deus*¹ (Ps. 35). And I piously believe that those beasts whom God will save are these ignorant Indians and helpless heathen, who are without doubt the beasts of human kind, of whom God only knows how many will be saved, and how and when; *Cui soli cognitus est numerus electorum in superna felicitate locandus*.²

Friday, December 8.—I said Mass. It was decided to divide the people and the pack trains of the expedition into three divisions, in order to make the bad and long marches which followed. The first division, in which I went, and which consisted of the baggage of the commander, a pack train, twelve soldiers with their families, and some saddle animals, was led by the commander. The second, which consisted of twelve other soldiers and another pack train and some saddle animals, was commanded by the sergeant;³ and the third, which consisted of twelve more soldiers, another pack train, and the rest of the saddle animals, was commanded by the lieutenant⁴ in the rear guard. They were to set out from the camp a day apart; and the cattle, with the cowboys and the remaining soldiers, were to start on the 10th and go straight to the watering place

¹ "Men and beasts thou wilt preserve, O Lord: O how hast thou multiplied thy mercy, O God! "(Psalm XXXV, 7, 8).

² "To whom alone is known the number of the elect that is in supernal felicity" (Julián Garcés to Paul II. *Mexican Councils*, I, 19; *Missale Romanum*, p. 71 (Madrid, 1784).

³ Grijalva.

⁴ Moraga.

of San Sebastian,¹ crossing through the middle of the sand dunes.

A great mob of Indians came to camp with their watermelons, etc., and although it was impossible to see the whole body of the people together, I estimated from what I saw that the Yumas must comprise about three thousand souls and the Cajuenches somewhat more. In the afternoon Father Garcés assembled the people and distributed among them a few beads and a little tobacco. Then he showed them the large painting of the Most Holy Virgin with the Child Jesus in her arms. They manifested great and noisy delight on seeing the image, saying, according to the interpreters, that it was good, and that they wished to be Christians in order to be white and beautiful like the Virgin, and that they would gladly be baptized. To this it was replied that for the present it could not be, but that it would be done at another time. The painting, on the reverse of which was pictured a condemned soul, was now turned around, whereupon they raised a great outcry, saying that they did not like that. The same was done with the Gileños, the Opas, and the Yumas, and all replied in the same way, without manifesting any repugnance to Christianity. On the contrary, they greatly desire it, and have asked to be baptized; but no one has been baptized because they have not been catechized.

¹ A spring at Harper's Well, about four miles west of Kane Spring, at the junction of San Felipe Creek with Carrizo Creek.

Thus, it is seen that these people are greatly disposed to enter the Holy Church as soon as provision may be made for it, and that they are not repugnant to subjection to the law of God and of our sovereign, for they say they will be glad when Spaniards and fathers come to live with them. It seems to me that a great Christendom may be won among these tribes. However, in view of the inconstancy of the Indians I think that it will always be necessary to have a rather large presidio, in order that respect for our arms may restrain any outrage which they might attempt while we are establishing control over them. Since last year they have known how to say "Jesús" and "María," and the salutation of many is "Queyé, Jessús Marría," and they repeat it often, although noisily and with little reverence.

Father Garcés was now frustrated in his plan for going to the mouth of the river, for the interpreters did not wish to accompany him. Some Indians told them not to go down there because the people would kill them, for although they would not injure the father, they would harm them, and so, being afraid, they did not wish to go forward. Father Garcés told me this story and I counseled him not to go alone in case the interpreters would not go, since just to see the tribes which he had already seen was of no use, for the purpose of his journey was to go with the interpreters to ascertain their wishes in the matter of catechism and Christianity.

I said that since this was the present aim, and it could not be accomplished without interpreters, it would be better to return to Father Fray Thomás and after Christmas go to the Jalchedunes to ascertain their wishes, and to get notices of the adjoining tribes and other lands, for the tribes down the river could always be reached and seen when missions and a presidio should be established at the junction of the rivers.

Father Garcés was just about to act on this advice when the same night an Indian came saying that Palma and Pablo wished to go down the river on the other side, to watch secretly how the Indians received the father, and that they were going with some of their people on horseback, others on foot. I said that this was not good, because if Palma went in that fashion the people downstream would think that he was going as an enemy, and they might do the father some harm; and I told him that he should say to the Indian that he must go to Palma and tell him not to go, or if he wished to go he must accompany the father in the open, because any one who has a good heart does not need to hide.

While the interpreters were engaged in this talk the Indian relative of Palma who went out to welcome us on the 25th of November arrived.¹ After having agreed with Father Garcés to send to Palma a message by another relative of his, to tell him not to leave his village, he said that what he would do was to send ahead of Father Garcés two women,

¹ The Prince. See pp. 90-91.

either two of the slaves who were amongst the Cajuenches, or two of that tribe who were married there, and that they should take a message saying that the father who formerly came to visit them was coming to see them again, bringing things to give them as presents, and that he was going to establish peace with the Yumas. This plan was so agreeable to the interpreters that they immediately decided to go, wherefore Father Garcés consented to their plans.

Father Garcés is so well fitted to get along with the Indians and to go among them that he appears to be but an Indian himself. Like the Indians he is phlegmatic in everything. He sits with them in the circle, or at night around the fire, with his legs crossed, and there he will sit musing two or three hours or more, oblivious to everything else, talking with them with much serenity and deliberation. And although the foods of the Indians are as nasty and dirty as those outlandish people themselves, the father eats them with great gusto and says that they are good for the stomach and very fine. In short God has created him, as I see it, solely for the purpose of seeking out these unhappy, ignorant, and rustic people.

This night the Indians were having a merry-making, with their dances and hullabaloo, which sounded like a chant or some infernal thing. And the result was that they stole the clothing and whatever else they could from the soldiers who were careless.

VI

THE COLORADO DESERT

45. Saturday, December 9.—We set out from the Laguna de Santa Olalla at half past nine in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon arrived at Pozo Salobre del Carrizal, having traveled some seven leagues to the west-northwest.¹—Seven leagues.

This is a deadly place, with no pasturage except a little carrizo, and with extremely bad water, which appears to be permanent but very salty. For this reason a well was opened nearby and by means of it fairly good water was obtained. Father Fray Francisco Garcés went down the river by another road with the intention of going clear to the mouth. From this place, at a distance of some fifteen² leagues to the south, is seen a very long and rough sierra which Father Garcés called San Gerónimo. In front of it is the Cerro de San Jacome, and behind it, much farther away, one sees the very high Sierra Madre de California, which runs about from south-east to northwest. To the northwest and very far

¹ Camp was on Paredones River. Anza gives the distance as five leagues.

² This is apparently a slip, *cinco* (five) being intended instead of *quinze* (fifteen).

away rises the Sierra de San Sebastián, and to the north on the other side of the sand dunes, and likewise very far away, appears the rough range which comes from the Sierra de la Campana and goes to join the Sierra Madre.¹

On the road about a league after starting there is a salty lagoon without pasturage, and at about four leagues a little well of salty water which Father Garcés called El Rosario.² The road is level, but over bad, saline, and sterile country, which grows only chamiso, hediondilla and another shrub which they call parrillá, and other salty bushes. On account of the unfruitfulness of these lands, so level, and of the aspect of the sand dunes, and especially of the abundance of shells of mussels and sea snails which I saw today in piles in some places, and which are so old and ancient that they easily crumble on pressing them with the fingers, I have come to surmise that in the olden time the sea spread over all this land, and that in some of the great recessions which the histories tell us about it left these salty and sandy wastes uncovered. This view is supported by the signs of such a recession seen at the Rio Yaqui more than ten leagues from the sea, whose coast, with that of Pimería Alta and that of the Pápagos, also barren for many leagues, is the

¹ Chocolate Mountains.

² The salty lagoon without pasturage may well have been Laguna de los Nidos (now dry), near Rodríguez's store, at the Old Saiz Levee. Pozo del Rosario was on the same stream as El Carrizal, that is, Paredones River (see diaries of the first Anza expedition).

same as this country as far as the mouth of the Colorado. Indeed, going from the Real de San Marcial to Yaqui¹ one finds on the way many piles of oyster shells, mixed with the earth and half buried, and other shells and maritime signs. It is not possible that people should have made such mountains of shells by carrying them from the sea so great a distance merely to bury them in piles. All of which, although merely conjecture, has a high degree of probability.

46. Sunday, December 10.—I said Mass. We set out from the Pozo Salobre del Carrizal at half past eleven in the morning, and at half past five in the afternoon halted at a dry barranca² without pasture or water, having traveled some seven leagues to the west-northwest. In the barranca there were only a few dry mesquites, but with them we made a fire.—Seven leagues.

The commander, being forewarned by what he learned on his first journey, had ordered at Laguna de Santa Olalla that everybody should provide themselves with water in their bags, and that they should bring maize, and that each one should bring a little grass. We all did this, including the commander and myself, and with this grass and maize the animals had some supper. On the road, which

¹ San Marcial and Yaqui are places in Sonora.

² Anza called this Arroyo Hondo, and Font a Barranca Seca. It was evidently at New River, and camp was not far from Pascualitos. Both Anza and Font put El Carrizal half way between Santa Olaya and Arroyo Hondo, and Arroyo Hondo half way between Santa Olaya and Santa Rosa (Yuha Well).

is very level and without sand dunes, because we went around them on one side and the other, several gullies are encountered and crossed which apparently are formed by floods of water when it rains, although on the other hand it appears that it rains very little, for on the way we found remains left by the cattle and horses of the past expedition.

From this I infer either that the land, because it is so dry and soft, immediately absorbs the water when it rains, or that it rains very little, or that the gullies are caused by the water when it rains in the rugged and rocky mountain ranges which at a distance surround all this great plain and the sand dunes, the water finding its current through here and down as far as the sea toward which it runs; or, finally, that there is only now and then a very violent cloudburst, as in California. The road is seen scattered with small sea snails and mussel shells, which confirm the conjecture which I wrote down yesterday. Half way on the road in a gully we found the little well of Las Angustias¹ more than a vara deep and with very little and bad water, although not so bad as that of El Carrizal. All this land is difficult to cross because of the great scarcity of pasturage and water and because nearly all of it is very sandy.

47. Monday, December 11.—We set out from the Barranca Seca at seven o'clock in the morning, and at six in the afternoon arrived at the wells of Santa

¹ The diaries of the first expedition state that Las Angustias was on the same arroyo as El Carrizal, i.e., Paredones River.

Rosa de las Laxas, having traveled some fourteen leagues, about ten to the west-northwest, and the rest a little to the west, but mainly to the west-southwest.¹—Fourteen leagues.

These wells have good but scanty water, and to water the animals we worked at them from the time we arrived until the next day at noon. Six wells were opened and the horses were watered with coritas,² as is done in such places. At first we were worried because the water did not flow, but we labored hard to deepen the wells somewhat, and the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, our patroness, was pleased that the water should run, but if it had not been thus there was great risk that the expedition would perish for lack of water on the day of her feast, which was the next day. This place of Santa Rosa is an arroyo which appears to run under the sands, coming out from some low hills, which are spurs from the Sierra Madre which ascends from California Baxa. In the neighborhood there is some grass of the kind which they call galleta.

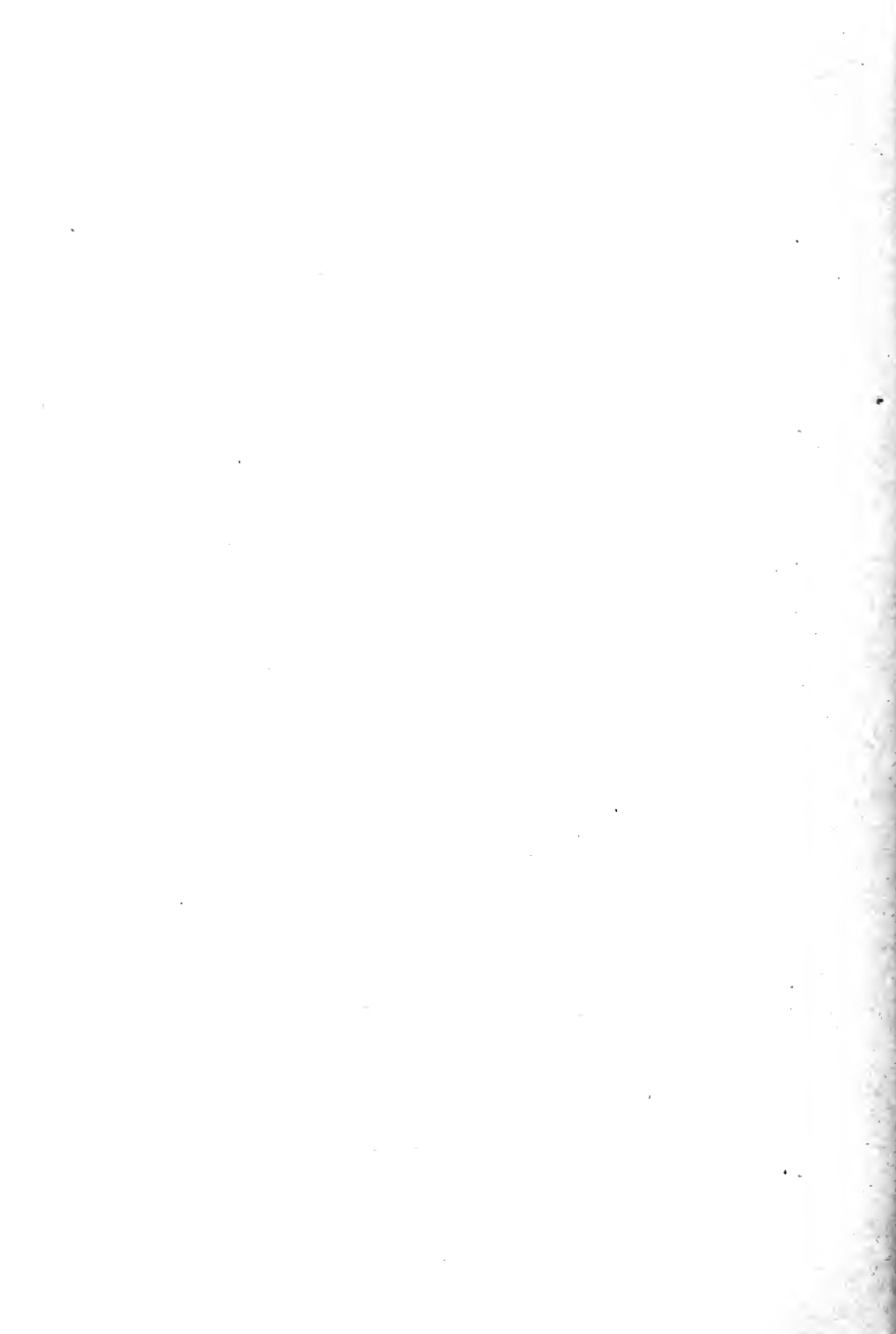
¹ The route lay from the vicinity of Pascualitos to the skirts of Signal Mountain (Cerro del Imposible) round which they swung a little more westward to Santa Rosa. The Wells of Santa Rosa were holes scooped out in the arroyo at Yuha Well, on the boundary between Sections 8 and 9, Township 17 South, Range 11 East, and about seven miles from the base of Signal Mountain. The arroyo runs eastward from Cerro Pinto Mountain or Sierra Juárez. Cerro Pinto is a small mountain which from Santa Rosa looks spotted black and white, the white being sand dunes blown up in the canyons. On this trip Anza left San Eusebio and Santo Tomás at his left.

² Baskets.



Photo by Havens

They still use the rabbit stick.



Far in the distance, about to the east-northeast, one sees a hill with a large head on it. The commander thought it was Bauquíburi, but to me this did not seem to be the case, for I doubted whether it would be possible to see Bauquíburi because it was now very distant. On the way, at the left and near here, is the Cerro del Imposible, which is a very high and rough peak, separated from the Sierra de San Gerónimo, behind which is the shoal of fish that was seen on the first expedition. The road would not be very bad if it were not so long, but for this reason we arrived very tired out. One sees along the way many piles of mussels and an infinity of sea snails, very small and spiral shaped, and in places as white as flour. This confirms my opinion that this is a sea beach, and although the sea has reached here sometime, yet no barrancas are found like yesterday. Only in the afternoon, when we came opposite the Cerro del Imposible (so-called since the last expedition, because the soldiers found it impossible to reach it) and which we passed at our left, did we enter a very difficult terrain, where all the country is full of little mounds of hard earth which they call *almondigones*, very apt for tiring the riding animals; after which we crossed a sand dune for about a league. This road from El Carrizal to Santa Rosa was discovered by some soldiers who were sent ahead by the commander for this purpose from the Gila River, on the 16th of November. By it the sand dunes are circumvented, leaving them on

one side or the other, for only a small piece now and then is crossed.

It is very cold in these plains at this season, and we had a cloudy sky. On the 9th the clouds were like cobwebs; on the 10th they were somewhat heavier; on the 11th the sky was covered all day with thicker clouds; on the 12th, day dawned with thick and low clouds touching the sierra, and I thought perhaps this was an indication that we were approaching a country where the rains come in the winter.

48. Tuesday, December 12.—I said Mass. We set out from the wells of Santa Rosa at a quarter to two in the afternoon, and at a quarter to five we halted at a dry arroyo, having traveled three leagues to the north.¹—Three leagues.

At Santa Rosa we left the six wells opened and with water for those who were coming behind. This dry arroyo comes from a range not very far distant, which appears to be a spur of the Sierra Madre, and runs through the plains and sand dunes, which we had on the right, the range being on the left. It has no water, but there is some galleta grass, some of which also is encountered on the way; and it has also some firewood with which to warm us, which was lacking at Santa Rosa. The road is fairly good, having only some ups and downs over some hills on leaving Santa Rosa, ridges of sandy and hard earth,

¹ Anza gives the distance as four leagues. Camp was about three miles north of Plaster City, at Coyote Wash. It was near Sackett's Well on the old stage road from Mexicali to Carrizo Station.

with many black, flat stones that are not very large.¹ After noon a west wind blew up very strong and cold, coming from the Sierra Madre de California, where apparently it was raining, for it was all covered with thick clouds, and the wind continued stiffer in the afternoon and almost in the same way all night until daybreak. This strong wind, which perhaps is usual in these plains, is what forms the sand dunes, with their various shapes. They are mountains of fine sand which the wind moves from one side to another, as I observed today; for with the wind they looked in the distance like clouds of very thick dust, low and even touching the earth.

49. Wednesday, December 13.—In the morning it was cold, as if it were going to snow, and it continued so and got even colder until afternoon, there being a light sharp wind which cut our faces. We set out from the Arroyo Seco at nine in the morning, and having traveled some seven long leagues to the north-northwest, with some inclination to the north,² at half past three in the afternoon reached San Sebastián, which is a small village of mountain Cajuenches, or more properly, of Indians of the Jecuiche tribe.—Seven leagues.

The road is level and without sand dunes, but the footing in places is treacherous, for on traveling across it the animals in some places suddenly buried

¹ These ups and downs over the small hills and the black, flat rocks last for two or three miles, past Yuha Drill Hole.

² The march was nearly north over the flat desert plain between Superstition Mountain on the east and Fish Creek Mountain and Coyote Hills on the left. The stumbling of the horses was due to rat holes with which the plain here is still honey-combed in places.

all four feet. This place of San Sebastián is a spring of water that is rather hot or warm when it emerges, deep and permanent, like a marsh, and flowing very little. It has its carrizo and some grass, although it is not very good, because the soil is so saline in all this flat that in places the salt whitens it like flour. But the water does not appear to be very bad, although near the spring there is a ditch which is very miry, with the worst kind of water and very injurious. There is also some firewood of scrubby mesquite.¹

Here live a few mountain Indians called Jecui-ches, who, I should judge from what I saw, must be about twenty or thirty souls. They are very miserable, hungry, weak, emaciated, and of degenerate bodies. They came out to see us when we arrived, although when they saw the soldier who went ahead of us as guide they started to run; but they stopped when they saw that the soldier was calling them. With the cold which is experienced here, it is a surprising thing to see these Indians naked, and so hardy that in the morning the first thing they do is to go and bathe at the spring, as we have seen. They use bow and arrows, although the latter are few and

¹ San Sebastián, where camp was pitched, was at Harper's Well, at the junction of Carrizo and San Felipe creeks, and some four miles west of Kane Spring on the highway that runs from Brawley to Indio. Harper's Well is a modern drilled well. About four hundred feet northeast of it, on the east bank of the creek, there is a natural well (now dry but active as late as 1915), with carrizo round about, and pottery and other signs of Indian occupation near by. To the west in the mesquite flat there are numerous salty springs, as Font states.

inferior. They have another weapon, a sort of *macana*,¹ which is made of hard wood, thin, about three inches wide, shaped like a crescent or a sickle, and about two-thirds of a vara long. With this stick they hunt hares and rabbits, throwing it in a certain way and breaking the animals' legs. They are accustomed to hunt them also with nets which they have, made of a thread very well spun and so soft that it appears like hemp; but I was not able to learn or understand how they make it, for lack of an interpreter, for their language is different from that of the Yumas, although somewhat similar to that of the Cajuenches, as it seems to me.

For food they have now and then a jack rabbit, when they catch one, for they are not plentiful, and sometimes mescal, which they go to hunt far away in the sierra; but regularly they live on the beans of the mesquite, and the tule which grows in the lagoon of the spring, for which reason their teeth are very black and rotten. They are so hungry that, with the dirt and everything, they gathered up in a hurry some grains of maize which remained on the ground from that which was given to some mules. These Indians, who I think must be of the Qûemeya tribe,² according to what Father Garcés said, and those which I afterward saw at the Pass of San Carlos,

¹ This was the rabbit stick, which mountain Indians sometimes still use. The Jecuiches are now known as Cahuillas or Kawias (Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California*, 692-708).

² Quemeya, by ethnologists now called Kamia, was evidently a collective name applied to Yuman tribes between San Diego and the Colorado River (Hodge, *Handbook*, I, 329; Kroeber, *Handbook*, 723-725).

appeared to me the most unhappy and unfortunate of all the people that I have seen. At nightfall there were clouds and it was very cold and threatened to rain.

Thursday, December 14.—In the morning the weather was very cold, and the sierra was covered with clouds. There was a very strong wind, and in the middle of the forenoon it snowed. While it was snowing arrived the cattle which set out on the 10th from the Laguna de Santa Olalla directly for this place, and since they had not drunk in all these days they made for the water like a streak of lightning. On the way eleven beeves had been lost. With them arrived the cowboys and soldiers who drove them, half dead with cold and hunger, for by now their provisions had become exhausted. It snowed for about an hour, the wind slackened, and then it rained all day until late at night. The second division of people under the sergeant ought to have reached here today, and seeing that it did not come we surmised that perhaps yesterday the rain had caught them at Santa Rosa, judging from the clouds which we saw in that direction while on the way, and that therefore they had not left that place.

When the cattle arrived I was in the tent of the commander, where I spent most of the day because it was more sheltered and had a fire in it. Seeing the severity of the weather I said to him that since the grass of this place did not appear to be very bad, and the water was abundant, it seemed to me better to wait here for the two divisions of people who were

behind and all reassemble here, than to go to wait at the arroyo of Santa Catharina three days farther on, as formerly had been planned; because in case of some necessity or delay it would be easier to aid them from here than from farther on. The commander replied that he had already planned to do this, and so it was decided to wait here until all the people of the expedition who remained behind in the two divisions should join us.

Friday, December 15.—In the morning the weather was good, although there were a few clouds. The Sierra Madre de California showed itself white with snow, the Sierra de San Sebastián¹ which we had in front of us was all snow-covered from top to bottom, and the rough range which we had on our right on the other side of the sand dunes and plains, which above here joins with the Sierra Madre, was likewise snow-covered, so that we found ourselves in this plain surrounded by snow, and the weather quite cold.

In the morning we found eight beeves and one of the vaqueros' mules frozen to death, for since they came so thirsty, and gorged themselves with water, the bitter cold of the night killed them. At noon the sergeant arrived with the second division of the people of the expedition and the second pack train. They came half dead with cold from the cruel weather which caught them yesterday on the way, several saddle animals remaining behind, used up, and out of commission. After noon the whole hori-

¹ The Santa Rosa Mountains.

zon was covered with the fog which came from the Sierra Nevada de California, and the day remained dark with threats of a bad night and of a repetition of the snow or rain.

Saturday, December 16.—In the morning the cold had abated somewhat, but all the sky was cloudy, and although it did not rain it continued dark all day. We expected that the third division would arrive today, but it did not get here because it was delayed by the snow. At noon the sergeant came and said that at least two horses were lacking from the horse herd, and that from the tracks it appeared that they had been stolen by some mountain Indians who came to see us yesterday afternoon, and drove them to the rough sierra which on the way we had on our right.¹ He added that the man who was in charge of the herd followed the trail for a good stretch, but the mule on which he was riding became tired out and he had to return. The commander at once ordered the sergeant to go with four soldiers to overtake them, with instructions that if he should not catch them today he should continue the effort until morning; that he should give the Indians to understand that they had done wrong, and be bold with them in order to instil in them fear and respect,

¹ The rough sierra of which Father Font speaks would seem to have been Chocolate Mountains, northeast of Salton Sea, but they are much more than four leagues from San Sebastián. This is about the distance of Santa Rosa Mountains from that place. The opening of which he speaks in the next paragraph is now followed by the Southern Pacific Railroad, through San Gorgonio Pass. It does not join with Cañada del Paraiso (upper San Jacinto Valley).

but that he must not resort to arms except to defend himself in case the Indians should make some resistance.

These Indians are in every respect in worse condition than those of the Colorado River. They were accomplices in the uprisings at San Diego, of which I shall speak at the proper place; and for this reason, and on account of what they did during the last expedition, the commander called them the Apaches of this region. The soldiers did not return until night-fall, when they brought three horses which they took away from the Indians, whose villages are in the rough sierra already mentioned and to which the soldiers went, the distance being some four leagues from this place of San Sebastián.¹

On this occasion the soldiers saw that this sierra is somewhat separate from the snow-covered one which we had in front of us, and that between the two there is a pass which perhaps will afford an opportunity to open a road, making it possible to come out at the valley of San Joseph by way of the Cañada del Paraíso,² and thereby to go around the bad stretches which followed in crossing the Sierra Madre, leaving at the left the Puerto de San Carlos. This could be ascertained by some men going in light order of marching, and then it would be possible to shorten the road, or at least to improve it. They saw also that at the foot of the sierra, by the villages of

¹ Evidently the Santa Rosa Mountains.

² The San Jacinto Valley above Valleavista.

the thievish Indians, there is a marsh with some car-rizo, and farther down an arroyo, although its water is bad and salty. They said that as soon as they saw the soldiers the Indians fled and hid, and they were able to catch only one Indian and three women, whom they threatened to punish if they should steal again. They asked them where the horses were; and although at first they denied complicity, the soldiers, following the tracks, came up with them and found two horses hobbled and one tied to a mesquite, all being somewhat distant from each other. Thereupon the Indians, seeing themselves discovered, made excuses for themselves, saying that the horses had come alone. They were very polite and obsequious, and said that if any horse should run away they would drive him to the camp. Sorry examples these Indians have given of themselves!

Sunday, December 17.—I said Mass, and afterward the commander sent some twenty mounts to meet the lieutenant and his people, persuaded that he had suffered some delay, since he did not arrive yesterday. I observed the latitude of this place and found it to be without correction in $33^{\circ} 10\frac{1}{2}'$ and with correction in $33^{\circ} 8'$, and so I say: at the Ran-chería de San Sebastián, December 17, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $33^{\circ} 10'$.

In the afternoon the lieutenant arrived with the third division of the people of the expedition, having had some delays on the way. These were due to the fact that the cold weather obliged them to spend

three days going from El Carrizal to Santa Rosa,¹ where they arrived on the 14th half dead from thirst and cold, because of the snow which caught them on the road. This, together with the cold, had such a disastrous effect on the mules and horses that fifteen remained on the road lost or dead. And may God be thanked that the people escaped with their lives, without anyone dying or becoming ill, for this was no small marvel. On the 15th they remained at Santa Rosa, whence they set out yesterday, and it has been a great pleasure to all that they should arrive today, whereby we have succeeded in being reunited to continue the journey, with the favor of God.

Perhaps these setbacks would not have been so great if we had remained some fifteen days to pasture at the Laguna de Santa Olalla, as the lieutenant and the soldiers had suggested, for there was plentiful and good pasturage and water there. I proposed this to the commander on the 1st of December, but he replied that in Mexico he had allowed only seventy days for the completion of the journey (which I found it difficult to believe), and so he did not wish to stop, in order that he might arrive quickly at Monterey. But in the end he did not succeed, because haste is never good in such cases. And it is not surprising that there should have been so many disasters among the animals, because, since the commander did not go to Tubac in August as he should have done, and as he formerly had planned to do, in his

¹ Anza's detachment made this distance in two days.

absence there was some disorder there, during which the Apaches fell upon the presidio and carried off all the horse herd, comprising some five hundred animals. With this and with the animals which he lost at San Miguel¹ in a stampede which took place there, he remained with too few mounts for so long a journey, with such shortage of pasturage. But he did not wish to purchase any more, saying that those which he had were enough, and that if all could not go on horseback they might go on foot. As a consequence most of the people have come from San Miguel to here on one horse only, without relay, and with a thousand hardships.

At night, with the joy at the arrival of all the people, they held a fandango here. It was somewhat discordant, and a very bold widow who came with the expedition sang some verses which were not at all nice, applauded and cheered by all the crowd.² For this reason the man to whom she came attached became angry and punished her. The commander, hearing of this, sallied forth from his tent and reprimanded the man because he was chastizing her. I said to him, "Leave him alone, Sir, he is doing just right," but he replied, "No, Father, I can not permit such excesses when I am present." He guarded against this excess, indeed, but not against the scandal of the fandango, which lasted until very late.

¹ San Miguel de Horcasitas.

² The list shows that there was only one widow in the colony.

VII

OVER THE MOUNTAINS

50. Monday, December 18.—I said Mass and in it spoke a few words about the fandango of last night, censuring the performance, saying that instead of thanking God for having arrived with their lives, and not having died from such hardship, as the animals did, it appeared that they were making such festivities in honor of the Devil. I do not think that the commander liked this very well, for he did not speak to me once during the whole morning. I suppose he was offended at me a good many times, for I spent most of the journey in this way; because, since he has a sensitive and proud spirit, he took offense at every little thing, appearing very much hurt and bearing an air of great seriousness. Sometimes he even went two or three or more days without speaking to me, or passing very few remarks with me, and sometimes he spoke somewhat gruffly without listening to what I said, even though he might have asked me a question. This, together with the illness which I suffered from flux, and which kept me very much prostrated, served me as a quite sufficient cross, thank God.

After Mass preparation for the march was begun. Because many of the mounts were tired out, the grass was removed from the pack saddles which

were now unused, and with the mules of the pack trains which now came without loads, some twenty in all, the people were supplied, although not all of them, for from today some began to go on foot. Two or three children, and even two children and a soldier, had come thus far on one horse, as a consequence of which the animals were used up and many horses and mules remained behind tired out, or died on the way.

We set out from San Sebastián at one o'clock in the afternoon, and at half past four halted at a flat with some galleta grass but without water, having traveled some four leagues west by north. The road is level, with sandy but firm soil, having some mussel shells and sea snails. Only on leaving San Sebastián are there some barrancas and some miry places, but all the flat is of soil so salty that it is as white as if flour had been scattered over it. After going about two leagues we came to a very small abandoned village, and on the whole march there is nothing more than now and then a scrubby mesquite and the hedi-ondilla. The road runs near some hills in order to get to a valley through which to cross the Sierra Madre.¹—Four leagues.

¹ Camp was on the flat east of the hills which bar the entrance to Borrego Valley. Just west of San Sebastián (Harper's Well) there is a flat, called an old lake bed, which in wet seasons is still very miry. As Font says, all the flat is covered with a white salt deposit. The abandoned village site was evidently in the mesquite flat where Anza had camped on his first expedition, after getting out of the marsh and mire. The hills near which the road ran were evidently those south of the trail.

51. Tuesday, December 19.—I said Mass. We set out from the flat at nine in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon we reached the well of San Gregorio, a place with little grass and less water, having traveled some five leagues to the west by north. The road is very level over sandy land like sand dunes, but firm and a little heavier. On the right run the high hills or range of San Sebastián, and on the left some hills and medium-sized sierras, both of which now belong to the Sierra Madre de California.¹ They are so dry that not a little tree or even brush is seen on them, and only in the flats is there a little hediondilla. The camp site has little grass, although it is good, and a well of good water, although scanty, which runs out from the foot of some small peaks which are on the left and form a little valley. The water of the little well quickly played out, and therefore the commander ordered other wells opened so that the saddle animals and the cattle might drink. But, although they worked at this task all the afternoon until night, it was not possible to obtain any water from the wells, and as a consequence the greater part of the animals went without drinking, and some from necessity drank some water found farther down that was salty or bitter and caused them great injury.—Five leagues.

¹ The march took them across the low clay ridge in front of Borrego Valley. Camp was in the valley, on San Felipe Creek, west of the two medium-sized sierras (Borrego or Red Mountains) that lie at the entrance to the valley. The good well of water was dug in the sand of the arroyo.

52. Wednesday, December 20.—I wished to say Mass but I could not do so on account of the intense cold, and more especially on account of the bad night which I had experienced with my flux. We set out from the well of San Gregorio at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon we halted on the bank of the arroyo of Santa Catharina at the place where it is lost and disappears, having traveled very slowly because the horses and mules were now in very bad shape, and having come some four leagues to the northwest by west.¹—Four leagues.

The road is level, although somewhat sandy, and in the whole distance there is nothing but chamizo and hediondilla, and in this place a little galleta grass and choya, with which the cattle entertained themselves. From San Gregorio the valley, which is formed by the dry sierras which I mentioned yesterday, gets narrower, but it continues forward until it reaches the top of the Sierra Madre. Last night part of the cattle stampeded for lack of water and went back to San Sebastián. In the morning the sergeant went with the cowboys and some men to recover them, and did not return during the whole day. The rest of the cattle arrived here at nightfall, all tired out, eight beeves and some other animals remaining on the way exhausted and abandoned.

¹ Camp was just above Beatty's Ranch in Coyote Valley. The march evidently followed the general direction of Coyote Wash, first westward then northwestward. To have cut straight across from Red Mountains would have necessitated crossing difficult barrancas.



Photo by Paden

At the mouth of Coyote Canyon.



Photo by Hanna

Santa Rosa de las Lajas.



The "sweepings of the world."

Photo by Paden



Ascending Coyote Canyon.

Photo by Paden

At this place there were three mountain Indian women of the Jecuiche¹ tribe, which lives around here. They were gathering a little seed like spangles which grows on a scrubby shrub and is somewhat fragrant. But as soon as they saw us, leaving their guaris and baskets, which were rather well made, they fled in a hurry, and although a soldier pursued them on horseback to bring them back, he was not able to overtake them, for since they have never seen soldiers they hide in the canyons, climbing like deer, and during the whole day not one appeared. The commander ordered that nobody should touch their things and that they should be left as they were. Afterward he assembled them near his tent so that if the Indians should come he could return them uninjured. They are people with degenerate bodies, and are very miserable and timid.—Four leagues.

Thursday, December 21.—I said Mass. We remained here because those left behind gathering up the cattle which had become scattered had not arrived. Two soldiers were sent with a relay of saddle animals to meet them, but they did not arrive during the whole day. This caused us some uneasiness. Since the pack trains left San Miguel so heavily laden and so large—for each one had forty loads, and the muleteers who managed them were so inexperienced that only one understood his business well, the rest learning it on the way—many of the mules were now badly used up. And so in order to save

¹ The Cahuilla or Kawia tribe.

salaries for good muleteers, the whole train now consisted of mules and horses played out or about to die, and because we had not stopped at a place where the horses and mules might recuperate and rest, we now had to stop in these bad places.

Perhaps these delays and losses irritated the commander. At any rate, today he stayed in his tent and I in mine, without talking together or seeing each other except at the dinner hour. Today I was a little relieved from my illness and likewise yesterday; and today the weather was a little milder, but after noon the whole horizon became overcast with clouds as if the weather were preparing for another snowstorm.

Friday, December 22.—The day continued very cloudy, although not very cold. I arose and was all day somewhat troubled with my flux, which got much worse. After noon three very timid, lean and dirty mountain Indians came, perhaps drawn by hunger and need. They were given something to eat, and one of them took the guari of little seeds which the women left as they fled when we arrived, and the other things belonging to them, and departed. A short time after this some other Indians permitted themselves to be seen at the tents of the camp, for perhaps they had now begun to lose their fear, seeing that we did them no harm.

In my opinion these are among the most unhappy people in all the world. Their habitation is among the arid and bleak rocks of these sierras. The cloth-

ing of the men is nothing at all, and the women wear some tattered capes made of mescal fiber.¹ Their food consists of tasteless roots, grass seeds, and scrubby mescal, of all of which there is very little, and so their dinner is a fast. Their arms are a bow and a few bad arrows. In fine, they are so savage, wild, and dirty, disheveled, ugly, small, and timid, that only because they have the human form is it possible to believe that they belong to mankind. A little before night the sergeant arrived with the men who remained behind gathering up the cattle, of which some were lost and one died.

53. Saturday, December 23.—Since last night a very fine rain had been falling at times. In the morning it was very cloudy and the clouds were close to the hills, but it was raining less, and so the commander decided to continue the march. We set out from the arroyo of Santa Catharina at one o'clock in the afternoon, and a little before three, having traveled a long league northwest by west, we halted near the source of this stream, at the foot of the willow on whose trunk Father Garcés wrote during the last expedition, telling of the attempt of the

¹ "In the mountain range bordering the Colorado Desert on the west there are two species of Agave, namely *Agave deserti* Engelm. and *Agave consociata* Trel. The latter appears to be the more common. Both grow in San Felipe Valley, and in Mason Valley (La Puerta) on the way to Vallecito. I have also collected the latter species in the cañons near Van de Venter. The flowering scapes of these plants become 10 to 16 feet high, but the rosette of leaves is only 7 to 18 inches high, usually" (W. L. Jepson, the distinguished botanist, in a note which he kindly wrote for me).

mountain Indians to wound the animals.¹—One league.

This place is in a canyon which continues to ascend, and along which runs the road that crosses the Sierra Madre de California. The canyon is formed by various high and very rocky hills, or better, by great mountains of rocks, boulders, and smaller stones which look as if they had been brought and piled up there, like the sweepings of the world. Consequently it is arid, fruitless, and without trees or any green thing. Of grass in this place there is none, and on the way there are only a few small willows on the banks of the arroyo. The road in places is somewhat broken and grown with shrubs or brush and a little hediondilla, for since this is a shrub of evil augury, it is not lacking in these salty and worthless lands.

We saw several Indians on the top of the hills, hiding among the rocks, totally naked, and so wild that they appeared like fauns. But since they saw that yesterday we did not do them any harm, and since today the commander, as soon as we arrived, went to a village to see them, two came, bringing a little firewood. To the commander, whom they and the Jeniguechis,² who are farther ahead, call Tomiár they gave as a present a piece of mescal head, which

¹ Camp was at Reed's Springs or Lower Willows. Font alludes to Garcés's experience during his return from the first expedition to San Gabriel.

² The Jeniguechis are identified by ethnologists with the tribes now known as Serranos, or Mountain Indians. In Anza's day this name would not have been distinctive (Kroeber, *Handbook*, 615-619).

I tasted and thought very good. Since this is the time for gathering mescal, perhaps this is the reason why more Indians were seen here now than formerly; but they were so distrustful that they did not come from behind their high, rocky fastnesses, and no woman permitted herself to be seen.

As soon as we entered the narrow part of the canyon a fine rain began to fall, and continued until we nearly reached the halting place. The rest of the day continued to be very cloudy, and at nightfall it again began to rain, and continued raining harder most of the night. The Indians who permitted themselves to be seen were unarmed, although they use their bow and worthless arrows, and their stick like a sickle, as I said at San Sebastián; and they are malevolent, bad-hearted, and evil intentioned, although very cowardly.

54. Sunday, December 24.—I said Mass. We set out from the foot of the willow¹ at half past nine in the morning, and halted about two in the afternoon in the same canyon, at a dry arroyo not far from a small spring of water, having traveled some four short leagues to the west-northwest.—Four leagues.

This place is short of water, has a little galleta grass, and less firewood. About halfway on the road there is a fair-sized spring of water² which runs down the canyon and is lost among the sands before

¹ Pie del Sauce. The march was up Coyote Canyon. Camp was at Upper Willows or Fig Tree Spring, near the upper end of the canyon.

² This spring is at the Middle Willows.

it joins the arroyo of Santa Catharina. The canyon continues up the slope with a gentle incline, and during all the day's march it was quite wide. In it there is some mescal and in places some hediondilla and galleta grass. We also saw some horns of wild sheep, but all the country is sandy and stony. The hills which form the canyon come to be like mountains of rocks, or boulders of all sizes, like stones which are found in the rivers, with some sand or dry earth, and so one sees in them neither trees nor anything of value.

Near the spring by the road we saw a village of Indians perched in the crags, from which they watched us pass. The commander called them and showed them glass beads but only one woman had the courage to come near. The commander gave her a string of beads. Shortly before halting near the little spring of water we saw another village whose houses were some half subterranean grottoes¹ formed among the rocks and partly covered with branches and earth, like rabbit warrens. The Indians came out of their grottoes as if they were angry, motioning to us with the hand that we must not go forward, talking in jargon with great rapidity, slapping their thighs, jumping like wild goats and with similar movements, for which reason since the other expedition they have been called the Dancers.² One especially, who must have been some little chief, as soon as he saw us, be-

¹ Caves with smoke blackened roofs and walls are still seen in this locality.

² Los Danzantes. Cf. Anza's diary.

gan to talk with great rapidity, shouting and agitated as if angry, and as if he did not wish us to pass through his lands, and jerking himself to pieces with blows on his thighs, and with jumps, leaps, and gestures. The women did not show themselves, but the men were unarmed, ugly, emaciated, disheveled, and dirty like all those who live in this sierra. Their language is entirely distinct from that of the Cajuenches, but is as ugly, precipitate, and ridiculous as theirs. The clothing of the men is nakedness; the women wear little skirts made of mescal or from the skins of deer.

The cattle were so used up with the snow that yesterday in so short a journey three beeves became tired out and today another one. They brought them dead to the camp and distributed them among the soldiers. Today it has not rained on us at all, but it has been so cloudy, and the fog so low and thick that it was not possible to see the hills of the canyon which were right at hand, or the road a short distance away. The cold has not been very severe, but there has been a great deal of humidity.

I learned at night that because it was Christmas Eve refreshments were being given to the soldiers; and in order if possible to prevent a drunken carousal, after dinner I said to the commander:

"Sir, although my opinion is of no value and I do not cut any figure here, I can do no less than to tell you that I have learned that there is drinking today."

"Yes, there is," he replied.

"Well, Sir," I continued, "I wish to say that it does not seem to me right that we should celebrate the birth of the Infant Jesus with drunkenness."

"Father," he said, "I do not give it to them in order that they may get drunk."

"Clearly this would be the case," I said to him, "because then the sin would be even greater, but if you know that they are sure to get drunk you should not give it to them."

He said to me then, "The king sends it for me and they deliver it to me in order that I may give it to the soldiers."

"This would be all right at the proper time," I replied. "But I understand that to be in case of necessity."

"Well, Father," he said, "it is better that they should get drunk than to do some other things."

"But, Sir," I replied, "drunkenness is a sin, and one who coöperates also sins, and so if you know that a person will get drunk on so much you should give him less, or none at all."

He did not say any more and I went to my tent without being able to prevent this disorder, because the commander had already made up his mind to distribute the liquor. And so he immediately gave it to the people, a pint to each one, saying in a loud voice:

"Be careful that you don't get drunk, because if any one is found drunk outside of his tent I'll punish him."

With this he satisfied his conscience, and the people that night were very noisy, singing and dancing

from the effects of the liquor, not caring that we were in so bad a mountain in the rain, and so delayed with the saddle animals and the tired and dead cattle. Such is the rule of those absolute lords, in evidence of which I have related this incident.

In the afternoon they called me to confess the wife of a soldier who since yesterday had been suffering childbirth pains, the one of the delicacy¹ which I mentioned on November 24. She was very fearful of dying, but having consoled her and encouraged her as best I could I returned to my tent, and at half past eleven at night she very happily and quickly gave birth to a boy.²

Monday, December 25.—Because a little before midnight on this holy night of the Nativity, the wife of a soldier, the one whom I mentioned yesterday, happily gave birth to a boy, and because the day was very raw and foggy, it was decided that we should remain here today. I therefore had an opportunity to say three Masses, and after them I solemnly baptized the boy, naming him Salvador Ygnacio.³ The day continued foggy until afternoon, when the sun shone a little, and the night began somewhat fair. Because the place is very short of water and pasturage the cattle went ahead on the trail. Today I was slightly relieved of my ills.

¹ Font refers to an incident that had occurred some days earlier. See p. 66.

² This was the third and last of the children who were born on the way and survived the journey.

³ From the list of colonists printed elsewhere I conclude that this child was Salvador Ygnacio Linares, son of Ygnacio and Gertrudis Rivas Linares.

So savage and wild are the Indians of these sierras that last night they left their huts and climbed up in the rocks, perhaps fearful at seeing that we had stopped and did not go forward as they signalled us to do. Although they have seen that nobody has done them the least harm, yet very rarely have they come down to the floor of the canyon; but some have permitted themselves to be seen on the tops of the hills among the rocks. From this I infer that although an attempt might be made to found in this neighborhood a mission for the Jecuiche tribe, in case it were possible it would be as difficult to reduce these Indians to a settlement as to confine wild sheep to a domestic fold; for it will not be easy to get them out from among the rocks, unless God does it all, for they climb with the ease and speed of deer.¹

Since this was so important a day, in the first Mass I gave a talk concerning the Mystery. And because of the drunkenness which had occurred I could not do less than say something, reprimanding such noise and disorders, especially in the circumstances in which we found ourselves. Apparently this did not sit well with the commander, judging from the asperity and ungraciousness which he manifested, for he continued angry with me all day. In order that it might be on record in case of need, I afterward made a few notes of what I said in my sermon, which in substance was as follows:

¹ Their descendants live on a reservation in Cahuilla Valley, and more than one has become a school or college graduate and a football hero.

"I well know the little profit which I shall get from talking, because I play no rôle here, and the little attention which will be paid;¹ and I may be able to say with St. John, *Vox clamantis*,² for the Holy Spirit tells me *Ubi non est auditus non effundas sermonem*.³ But St. Paul also tells me, *Ministerium tuum imple*.⁴ And there are days which, as San Gregorio says, although they may be occupied, because of their solemnity may not be passed without saying something. What day is this? You say, 'Christmas Eve.' And why is it so called? Was not Christmas Eve the night of the Supper, the Resurrection? Why do they say Christmas Eve? Is it because this is a night for much eating and drinking, and fandangos and drunkenness, and noise and lewdness? Oh, earth, earth, how you change everything! The most sacred days are turned into days of greatest profanity.

"No, my faithful, it is called Christmas Eve because this is the night when Christ, so much desired by the Ancients, was born, in order to free us from slavery, and to open heaven to us. We became slaves because of the original sin, and in order to show that He came to free us all and to save us, you see the circumstances of the time when he is born. He is born at the time of the edict of Caesar (the exposition of

¹ In this passage I have omitted "etc.," which he used several times to show that what he wrote was merely notes for a sermon.

² "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Isaïas" (John, I, 23).

³ "Where there is no hearing, pour not out words" (Ecclesiasticus, XXXII, 6).

⁴ "Fulfill thy ministry" (2 Timothy, IV, 5).

San Gregorio concerning the gospel of the first Mass). But just as the emperor wished to make a census of all the world, and many remained uncounted, so God *Omnes homines vult salvos fieri*,¹ nevertheless there remain so many heathen as we see outside of the Church and so many Christians. He is born in Bethlehem, *Domus panis*,² and being born like bread there are few who like it, for they are content to confess once a year and even less if they can (I said this to suggest that the people should confess, which I had not been able to induce them to do during the whole journey, having urged them ever since before starting out, and some had not complied with the church on account of the little regard which they showed for me and what I said).

"He was born not in His house, nor in His fatherland, in order that we may understand that all the world is His fatherland; or better, He was born in exile. *Non habemus hic manentem civitatem*.³ How many of you who have come sigh for your fatherland, for Sinaloa, for Culiacán, and do not sigh for your true fatherland, Heaven? Says St. Leo: *Agamus ergo gratias Deo patri per Jesum Christum in Spiritu Sancto*.⁴ And I concluded with the same St. Leo:

¹ "Will have all men to be saved" (1 Timothy, II, 4).

² "House of bread," the literal meaning of Bethlehem (St. Gregory I, Hom. 8, in Evang. See Migne, *Patrologia*, LXXVI, 1104; *Breviarium Romanum*, In Nativitate Domini, Lectio VII).

³ "For we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come" (Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, XIII, 14).

⁴ "Let us then, dearly beloved, give thanks to God the Father through His Son in the Holy Spirit" (St. Leo I, Sermo XXI. Migne, *Patrologia*, LIV, 192; *Breviarium Romanum*, In Nativitate Domini, Lectio VI).

*Agnosce ô Christiane dignitatem tuam et divinae factus consors naturae noli in veterem vilitatem degeneri conversatione redire*¹ (Explain and apply). With this I promise a happy Christmas for everybody, and that God may grant us grace in this world, in order that we may praise Him throughout eternity in the fatherland of glory. *Ad quam*, etc.”²

Since I was so ill, I was not able to conform to the regimen which the commander followed in the meals, which was chocolate in the morning, and then during the whole day nothing to eat until the day's march was ended, and at times not until night. I therefore many times asked for something to carry with me to eat during the day, although I might be traveling, and ordinarily I obtained it with a great deal of difficulty. Many times I went without supper because it consisted only of chile and beans and I was better off without it, going to bed early without waiting for such supper and so late.

When I was about to retire the commissary came to my tent with a message from the commander, as follows:

“His lordship wants to know if your Reverence has anything for San Gabriel.”

I replied, “For San Gabriel? Why?”

He answered, “Yes, because tomorrow, as soon as we reach camp he is going to send mail by some soldiers for that mission.”

¹ “Christian, acknowledge thy dignity, and becoming a partner in the Divine nature, refuse to return to the old baseness by degenerate conduct” (*Breviarium Romanum*, In Nativitate Domini, Lectio VI; Migne, *Patrologia*, LIV, 192).

² This occurs several times in the *Breviary*.

"Yes, I would like to write," I replied. "But why must I write now, when it is so late? The fact is that he must have decided to do this several days ago. As far back as at the Colorado River he decided to send that mail on our arrival at the Pass of San Carlos, but he did not tell me so, and now he lets me know about it at the last minute. Well, tell him that I will write when we reach camp tomorrow if there is time, and if not I'll have patience."

I note these things down in order that they may serve as light by which it may be seen that in such journeys and with such lords it is necessary to arm oneself with patience.

55. Tuesday, December 26.—I said Mass. We set out from the dry arroyo at a quarter past nine in the morning, and about two in the afternoon halted at a flat close to the rocks which form the pass of the Sierra Madre de California, called the Puerto de San Carlos,¹ having traveled some three long leagues to

¹ Puerto de San Carlos was at Fred Clark's corral at the eastern end of Cahuilla Valley. Camp was in the flat just below the corral, where there are some fine permanent springs. The march was up the canyon to the forks, where Horse Canyon comes in from the east, meeting Tule Canyon from the northwest, with Nance Canyon between. At the forks Anza climbed the ridge between Nance and Tule canyons. This was the only climb made by Anza in crossing the Sierras, and the principal pitch did not last more than half a mile. Camp was made near the head of Nance Canyon where it swung round to the trail. A few years ago I saw at this spot a magnificent young Cahuilla giant descended from the people Font describes, who weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds. Food had effected the transformation. On the basis of my identification, in 1924 the Pass was marked by the Native Sons of the Golden West, under the direction of Hon. J. R. Knowland. Eldredge errs in the location of San Carlos Pass.

the north-northwest, and having wound about on the slope for a distance of about a league until we reached the top of the sierra. The road follows the principal arroyo of the dry canyon, which gets rapidly narrower until one arrives at the foot of the ridge, on which there are now some small bad spots. The ascent divides itself into two parts. The first is somewhat bad and long, the second less so, and between the two there is a piece of fairly level ground. From the highest point one follows a dry arroyo for a short stretch, and on coming to some large round rocks one descends a gentle slope for a short distance to the flat where we halted.¹—Three leagues.

A little before we entered the narrow part of the canyon a fine sleet began to fall, and lasted until after we had halted. The day and the night continued very wet and cold, but the mother recently delivered had the spirit to continue the journey. The hediondilla, shrub of evil augury, for it can live only in such bad country, which is appropriate to it, lasted to the top of the ridge. Then at once I noted the change in the landscape, for now we saw some scrub live oaks and other small trees; and they said that in the sierra in this vicinity there were pines with pinenuts, though I did not see any.

This place has a spring of water and a small arroyo nearby, with plentiful and good grass; and the sierra hereabout appears to be very fertile and

¹ Font's description of the ridge is excellent. Even the large round rocks are still to be seen by the road just where he notes them.

moist, quite in contrast with the former, which appeared to be rather mountains of boulders and rocks than a sierra. In this flat we found an abandoned Indian village,¹ and from the signs it was evident that as soon as they sensed our coming they left their huts or warrens and fled, judging from their fresh tracks. Being so savage and wild, when they saw the cattle which went ahead, God knows what they thought they were. And so we were not able to see a single Indian. It must have been about five in the afternoon when we felt a tremor of very short duration that appeared to be an earthquake, accompanied by a short, sharp rumbling. After a short time it was repeated very indistinctly.²

Late at night when I was preparing to retire, the commissary came to my tent and said:

"Father, the letter."

"What letter?" I replied.

"For San Gabriel," he said. I answered him:

"Come in and listen. Was I given to understand that there would be time to write? You told me last night that today as soon as we arrived at camp the commander would send mail. To this I replied that if on arriving there were time I would write, and if not I would let it go and have patience. You have not told me whether there would be time or not, nor has the commander given me this information, nor

¹ Till recent times a Cahuilla village lived at the springs. Pictographs in the cliffs there show passing horsemen, probably Anza's.

² This region, and especially San Jacinto Valley, is in a well known earthquake belt.

has he spoken to me a word during the whole journey regarding it. Since two in the afternoon, when we arrived here, the courier could by now have traveled four or five leagues. I did not write because it would not be much satisfaction to me to think that the courier would wait a short time for my letter, seeing that I have not merited any more attention than that from the commander. Therefore, as he did not say anything to me concerning such a delay—because he never tells me anything, for his decisions are known by the servants and even the children of the expedition before I know about them—I supposed that the mail had already gone.”

“No, Sir,” he replied. “The courier will go in the morning at daylight.”

“Well, I will write a few lines to the fathers,” I said, “although it is so late and it will be so much trouble.”

I wrote my letter and went to deliver it to the commander. Because he heard what I said to the commissary he was more vexed with me than before, and so, having given it to him I went to my retreat without any words with him whatever.

56. Wednesday, December 27.—I said Mass. Very early in the morning the courier was dispatched to the mission of San Gabriel to give notice of our coming and to ask for saddle animals from there to relieve ours. We set out from the flat and pass of San Carlos at a quarter to ten in the morning, and at half past two in the afternoon we halted at the be-

ginning of the valley of San Patricio¹ near the source of its arroyo, having traveled some six leagues, about three to the northwest, and the rest to the west-northwest.—Six leagues.

Here the country is better than the foregoing, for after leaving the Pass of San Carlos this country completely changes its aspect, in contrast with that left behind on the other side. From a height near the place whence we set out, formed by large stones, rocks, and boulders, through which the road runs and which form the Pass of San Carlos, as if the scenery of the theatre were changed, one beholds the Sierra Madre de California now totally different—green and leafy, with good grass and trees, in the distance looking toward the South Sea, whereas in the distance looking toward the California Sea it is dry, unfruitful and arid, as I have said.

As soon as we reached the top of the rocky pass of San Carlos we entered level and good country, from which one sees to the north-northwest and northwest the same Sierra Madre, very high and white with snow; and this Sierra Nevada continues beyond the mission of San Gabriel. After going a league we entered a valley, which the last time they called Valle del Príncipe,² formed on the right by the Sierra Nevada which I have mentioned, with others, and on the left by another spur of mountains, very high and full of pines, which appears to run toward San Diego. All the valley has plentiful and good grass, with shrubs and fragrant herbs.

¹ Bautista Canyon.

² Cahuilla Valley.

After leaving this valley we entered a growth of low brush and then we came to the canyon, which is very narrow and is formed by the same hills and branches of the Sierra Madre. Near the camp site¹ we found three small huts of Indians with many shucks of acorns, which constitute their food, but we did not see a single Indian. In the canyon we saw many pretty and fragrant plants, and at the camp site there were many rose bushes, the first ones which I saw in those lands. Their roses are small and have only five petals, but they are very fragrant, although at this season they were withered, and they had only the red seed pods. I ate some of them and they had a rather agreeable taste. There are also live oaks and other trees. Today the weather was fairly good.

Thursday, December 28.—I said Mass. Perhaps because of the severe cold of last night and the shaking caused by the journey, the woman recently delivered was somewhat ill, and for this reason we remained here today. A soldier brought some rocks which showed signs of minerals, and some persons were inclined to say that in these sierras and lower down there were mines, since the soil indicated it. I observed the latitude of this place at the spring or

¹ Camp was at the head of Bautista Canyon, evidently near Tripp Flat. Immediately after breaking camp they emerged through the stony ridge that formed the pass to the table-land of Cahuilla Valley, known at its eastern end as Terwilliger Valley. Between the pass and Valle del Principe there is a small rise which forms the actual divide, water flowing from it eastward through the gap at Clark's corral. Laguna del Principe, which Font does not mention, is now Dry Lake, at Contreras's Ranch, about six miles from the pass.

source of the arroyo of the Cañada de San Patricio,¹ finding it to be without correction in $33^{\circ} 37\frac{1}{2}'$ and with correction in $33^{\circ} 37'$, and so I say: at the Cañada de San Patricio and the head of its arroyo, December 28, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $32^{\circ} 48'$.

57. Friday, December 29.—We set out from the camp at the Cañada de San Patricio at half past nine in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon we halted on the banks of the arroyo of San Joseph at the end of the canyon which we had followed, having traveled seven long leagues to the northwest by west, winding about with some turns to the north.² The canyon, or more correctly speaking, the ravine, is very narrow and quite rocky and grown with trees, in some places more and others less; and through it runs the little water which flows from the various little springs which are in some ravines or canyons nearby. After about four leagues the canyon becomes wider and the water of the arroyo, which at the end divides into two branches to open out into the Valley of San Joseph, is lost in the sand. The canyon is formed by hills which run out from the sierras which I mentioned yesterday, on the right side from the Sierra Nevada and on the left from the high sierra, both ranges having many pines and live oaks, which are also found in the canyon, together with the cottonwoods and sycamores. The

¹ At the western end of Cahuilla Valley.

² Camp was on San Jacinto River some three miles above San Jacinto. They emerged from Bautista Canyon near Vallevista.

canyon is very moist, fertile, and shady, and I saw in it many plants which I recognized as similar to those of Spain, many rose bushes, and many fragrant herbs which appear to be useful, among which I saw and gathered lavender. We saw in the canyon some abandoned little huts. Before we halted a few Indians who were camped on the banks of the river, armed with their bows and arrows, permitted themselves to be seen at a distance, but they did not wish to come near us although we called them. These Indians are of the Jeniguechi tribe and are very similar in all respects to the Jecuiches of the sierras.

58. Saturday, December 30.—In the morning the weather was fair and not so cold as we had expected, being so near the Sierra Nevada. And I was greatly relieved of my ills, for the very moment that I left the Pass of San Carlos I felt better; and I was very well pleased by the crystalline and beautiful water of this Arroyo de San Joseph, which runs from the Sierra Nevada and comes through a valley so leafy that because of its beauty and attractiveness we called it Paradise Valley.¹ Emerging from that valley it flows through the valley of San Joseph for a few leagues quite close to the low mountain or range of hills which is in front of the Sierra Nevada. According to the experts all this soil contains minerals. The arroyo has on its banks thick groves of cottonwoods until it is lost in a large lake which is

¹ Cañada del Paraiso. This was San Jacinto Valley above where they were camped.

formed in the valley. The camp site appeared to me to be very good for a settlement.

We set out then from the Arroyo de San Joseph at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at a quarter past two in the afternoon we halted in the valley of San Joseph at the foot of a hill, having traveled five leagues to the west-northwest.¹—Five leagues.

The valley of San Joseph is very large and beautiful. Its lands are very good and moist, so that although this was winter time we saw the grass sprouting almost everywhere in the valley. The land is very soft and when it rains it is somewhat miry. Here and there in the valley there are some hills with rocks and shrubby growths but without any trees, though the soil of the hills is soft like that of the valley. In all the valley there are no other trees than the cottonwoods of the river bottoms. In the high and snow-covered sierras one sees pines and live oaks, and it may be that on their skirts and in their canyons they may have other trees, because they are very moist.

In the valley there is a large lake formed by the San Joseph River, and by other arroyos which come from various springs and brooks in the sierras roundabout and which have no other outlet. Therefore, according to the signs, this lake rises very greatly during the rainy season. In it there are vast numbers of geese which at a distance are seen in

¹ The march was down San Jacinto River past San Antonio Lake (Lake San Jacinto, now drained), and camp was near Mt. Rudolph.

large white flocks. The valley is formed on the east by the sierras of the Cañada de San Patricio,¹ on the west by a range of low hills that are not very close together, on the south by a sierra of medium height called the Sierra del Trabuco,² which runs along the road to San Diego, and on the north by a low range which runs at a distance in front of the Sierra Nevada. Finally, it has a very clear sky and a very delightful view. And it seemed to me that on the other side of the lake and of the river there might be an excellent site for a large settlement, with good opportunities for large grain fields, and for the raising of horses, cattle, sheep and goats, which would be very advantageous in this place because it is in the midst of such desert country.

When we set out from camp a few Indians permitted themselves to be seen at a distance, but as soon as one of our Indians went toward them and called them they fled like deer. On the road we saw some ten who, although armed, were fleeing. The commander and I called to them and went toward them. They came near us and he gave them a few cigarettes, and told them by signs that they should come with us to the place where we were to camp, in order that he might give them glass beads, but they immediately withdrew and did not permit themselves to be seen any more. Their bows were very large and their arrows of medium length, although poor,

¹ The San Jacinto Mountains.

² The Coast Range south of Santa Ana. The name came from the incident of losing a musket (trabuco) just north of the site of Mission San Juan Capistrano during the Portolá expedition.

and without flint heads. This place has no firewood whatever, nor is there any in the vicinity to make fire with, but it was our good fortune that the cold was not very severe, although we were in sight of the Sierra Nevada.

Today I was on rather good terms with the commander, and we talked a little on the way, whereas it was customary for us to pass entire days without speaking except when it was very necessary. However, in the conversation which now arose he became somewhat miffed, because he maintained that the Sierra Nevada which we saw far away to the west was the same snow-covered mountain which we descried from the pass of San Carlos, while I made it plain to him that this could not be. For, although the Sierra Nevada which continues at a distance is the same as far as San Gabriel and beyond, the first snow-covered peak of it which we saw from the pass, we saw today at our right as we passed along. This was like another conversation which we had previously had, in which he told me that during the first expedition, when at the Pozo Salobre del Carrizal,¹ he discovered this Sierra Nevada. I told him that this would be very difficult, for it could not be that he saw it from there, not only because of the great distance, but especially because the great and high Sierra Madre which we crossed as far as the Pass of San Carlos intervened. He replied somewhat offended, saying: "You may have it as you wish, your Reverence, but I do not think so, and I know very

¹ West of Santa Olaya.

well what I am talking about." I note this down in order that one may know the confidence with which such persons and lords are in the habit of speaking, who wish everybody to believe everything that they say and not contradict them.

59. Sunday, December 31.—I said Mass. We set out from the foot of the hill at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at a quarter to five in the afternoon we arrived at the banks of the Santa Ana River, having traveled some eight leagues to the west-north-west, with some short turns to the west.¹—Eight leagues.

As soon as we started we left the road of the first expedition to avoid a detour and some bad places, crossing through a range of hills which here close in the valley of San Joseph, and going through a small pass. We traveled about a league over level country and then continued for about three more leagues in a valley which communicates with this one of San Joseph and is very extended and of good land. We soon came to some hills and ascended an easy pass, and then descended to a somewhat narrow canyon which gets wider until it comes out into the valley of Santa Ana, being about a league long. Afterward we traveled about three leagues, crossing this valley until we arrived at the banks of the river.

¹ Leaving camp at the turn of Mt. Rudolph, Anza swung west, through the site of Lakeview, then over Berasconi Pass and across Allesandro Valley through March Field, down Sycamore Canyon, then some seven miles to the Santa Ana River. Camp was four or five miles west of Mt. Rubidoux. The valley "which communicates with this one of San Joseph" was Allesandro Valley.

In the first and second range of hills and their canyons, which are of moist earth, I saw a great abundance of rosemary and other fragrant plants, and in the second long canyon many sunflowers in bloom, and grapevines and wild grapes of such good stock that it looked like a vineyard; and perhaps with a little cultivation they would yield good grapes. In short, all that country appears to be good, and if the small hills which are in these valleys only had some trees there would be nothing more to desire. On the road yesterday and today we found no water, although there is some on one side or the other, but somewhat distant.

Yesterday, right close by the road, I saw a very deep round hole full of water, and as it was in the middle of the plain I suspected that perhaps it might be the result of some earthquake by which that piece of earth was swallowed up, the water apparently having been left at the level of the water of the lagoon. Today I found on the road and gathered a few snail shells like those which grow in the woods of Spain, things which do not exist in the interior of this America and are unknown. On all the day's march we had on our right the snow-covered Sierra Madre and on the left the long and lower sierra which runs along the road to San Diego. This is the one which in the expedition of Commander Portolá, who a few years ago entered by land from California to these new discoveries, they called the Sierra del Trabuco.

The Santa Ana River¹ is a stream with plentiful water and a very deep channel, being only some four or five varas wide, or six at the most, in all this vicinity; but it is so deep that it has very few and difficult fords because of the rapidity with which the water runs. For this reason the cattle which arrived at the camp at midnight crossed over to the other side next morning with some difficulty, and one bull was drowned in the ford. Likewise, a horse which entered to drink was overpowered by the water, and he too was unable to get out and was drowned. The waters of the river are very crystalline and beautiful. It arises in the Sierra Nevada, and runs from northeast to southwest with some variation and declination to the west, until it reaches the sea, and most of the way it runs boxed in between hills. Some cottonwoods grow upon its banks, but they are the only trees in all these plains, for only in the Sierra Nevada are some pines seen. It may be that there are other trees in their canyons which, being somewhat distant, are not visible. During all this day we did not see a single Indian.

Monday, January 1, 1776.—I said Mass, and in it I said a few words to the people concerning the character of the holiday, exhorting them to renew their good resolutions, since we were now beginning a new year, etc. At daylight the ground was as white as if it had snowed, from the frost which fell early this morning. Because yesterday's journey was long

¹ The stream still has the same name.

and the cattle had arrived late, it was decided to do no more today than to cross the river, for although it is narrow it has a great deal of water, is very rapid, and has very high banks, as I said yesterday. Consequently the ford was repaired after Mass at the cost of considerable labor. About ten o'clock in the morning the courier who was sent on December 27 arrived with a reply from the mission of San Gabriel, a soldier from there, and seventeen saddle animals sent by the fathers to relieve those of ours which were badly worn. They also brought the distressing news that the Indians of the port and mission of San Diego rebelled in the month of November, killing a friar and wounding the soldiers. Of this event I shall speak more at length later on, in its proper place.¹

The ford being arranged, at two o'clock in the afternoon we began to cross the river; and in an hour it was successfully passed, halt being made on the other side near its banks. Most of the people crossed over on a bridge formed by a large cottonwood which had fallen and lay athwart the river. Near it was another cottonwood which the former expedition used as a bridge. This place is like all the rest, a fertile and beautiful country, with rose bushes, grapevines, blackberry bushes, and other plants which by their verdure are pleasing to the sight. In a word, all this country from the Puerto de San Carlos forward is a region which does not

¹ The crossing was not far from the Southern Pacific Railroad bridge across the Santa Ana River.

produce thorns or cactus. In fact I did not see in all the district which I traveled as far as the port of San Francisco any spinous trees or shrubs such as there are in the interior, except some prickly pears and some nettles which I saw near the port of San Diego; nor are any thorns encountered on the plants except on the blackberries and rose bushes. Finally, this country is entirely distinct from the rest of America which I have seen; and in the grasses and the flowers of the fields, and also in the fact that the rainy season is in winter, it is very similar to Spain.

60. Tuesday, January 2.—I said Mass. We set out from the Santa Ana River at a quarter past eight in the morning, and at a quarter past two in the afternoon halted at the Arroyo de los Alisos, having traveled six leagues to the west-northwest.¹—Six leagues.

The road is all very level except on leaving the Santa Ana River, where we crossed some long and low hills which, like all the rest on the way, were covered with good pasturage, both dry and green—a country very well suited for sheep and goats because it is very clean, without anything which might injure the wool. The sierras on the sides are those which I have already mentioned, and at the camp we were now nearer to the Sierra Nevada. In the morning the whole sky was very cloudy, and half way on the road a very fine gentle rain began to fall on us; but

¹ Arroyo de los Alisos was San Antonio Creek, and camp was near Ontario. The low hills crossed on starting were the Jurupa hills, which were crossed near Pedley.

it was not very troublesome, though it rained harder as soon as we halted, and continued this way until late at night.

The Rio de los Alizos is so-called because so many sycamores grow on its banks, this being the only timber and firewood in all these plains. Its waters are crystalline, most beautiful and good. It arises in the Sierra Nevada, and regularly carries very little water, but it is permanent. On its banks I found a very tender and very good plant somewhat similar to lettuce, although it had a thinner and longer leaf. I gathered a goodly quantity of it and took it to the tent of the commander. We ate it for salad and all liked it very much. There are other pretty plants, rosemary, etc. After leaving the valley of San Joseph I heard some birds somewhat larger than sparrows singing along the road. They say that they are larks, but they did not look like them to me. Their song is not long but is sweet. From here forward I afterwards saw a great many of these birds in all places. On the trunk of a large sycamore near which we halted, under an **IPIS** which on the last expedition was carved by the commander, I left carved with the point of a knife the record of our coming, with this inscription: IN THE YEAR 1776 CAME THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPEDITION.

61. Wednesday, January 3.—We set out from the Arroyo de los Alizos at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon, having traveled some six leagues to the west-northwest,

halted on the banks of an arroyo which joins others and forms the San Gabriel River.¹—Six leagues.

All the road is very level. About a league after leaving camp we went through a pass or opening formed on the right by the skirts of the Sierra Nevada and on the left by some low hills which turn to the west, and at whose foot there is a lagoon when it rains. The other time they called this pass the Puerto de los Ossos because here they saw a number of bears. Then one enters a country very level in all directions, which we found very green in places, the flowers already bursting into bloom. The earth is very moist, not only because here the rainy season is in the winter as in Spain, but also because of the great fogs which I have noticed falling in the night when it is fair. The rains are fine, gentle, and continuous, and without thunder. In some places live oaks are seen, and apparently in the sierra there are more of them, together with the pines. Before reaching the camp site we entered an open grove of various kinds of small trees. The river flows from the Sierra Nevada and runs almost west.² Its waters are very crystalline and beautiful, but small in quantity, although it is seen from the width of its bed that when it is in flood it carries a great deal of water.

¹ Camp was at San Gabriel Wash, north of Vineland. The Puerto de los Ossos and the lake were near San Dimas, between San José Hills and the main San Gabriel range to the north. The route lay past Laverne and San Dimas, with Covina and Vineland lying south of the route.

² Its course is southwest. Where it was crossed the Wash is a mile or two wide.

Having learned that the mission of San Gabriel had been moved to the place where it had its fields, somewhat closer to the Sierra Nevada than formerly,¹ halfway on the journey we left the old road followed the last time, and, opening a new road, directed the march to the new site; but because the saddle animals were tired we did not reach the mission today. This morning there was a heavy fog, and soon it rose in clouds which covered the Sierra Nevada, to which the clouds withdrew, leaving us a very clear day. Although we were so close to the Sierra Nevada we did not feel very much cold these nights. Perhaps because the sea is not very far away the temperature is mild, for although it is quite cold it is not so piercing as the weather which we experienced on the Gila and Colorado rivers.

¹ Between the two Anza expeditions the mission had been moved about a league northwest.

VIII

A CALIFORNIA WELCOME

62. Thursday, January 4.—I said Mass. We set out from the Arroyo de San Gabriel at nine o'clock in the morning, and at eleven arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, indicated on the map by the letter B, having traveled some two leagues to the west-southwest, inclining somewhat to the west.¹—Two leagues.

The mission of San Gabriel² is situated about eight leagues from the sea in a site of most beautiful qualities, with plentiful water and very fine lands. The site is level and open, and is about two leagues from the Sierra Nevada³ to the north, which from the pass of San Carlos we had on our right as we came along. It appears that here ends the snow but not the sierra, which is the same Sierra Madre de California; for it continues far into the interior, and according to all the signs is the same continuous sierra which Father Garcés crossed in his journey

¹ Evidently the route swung southwestward a little at the crossing of the Wash.

² Mission San Gabriel was founded on September 8, 1771, about a league southeast of its present site. See Palóu, *New California*, II, 321-328.

³ The San Gabriel Mountains.

hither and called the Sierra de San Marcos.¹ On setting out from camp we crossed the bed of a large river which was without water and has a thick grove of small cottonwoods. This is the river which runs to the old site of the mission, where there is always plentiful water.

At the mission we found the captain commander of Monterey, Don Fernando Ribera y Moncada, who, on account of the uprising of the Indians of the mission of San Diego, who destroyed it and killed their father minister, Father Fray Luís Jaume, had come from Monterey to go to the presidio, arriving at this mission on the night of the 2d. Shortly before we arrived Commander Ribera and the father minister of the mission, Fray Antonio Paterna, came out on the road to welcome us. Our coming was a matter for great rejoicing by everybody, the guard of the mission welcoming us with a volley, and the two other fathers who were here, Father Fray Antonio Cruzado and Father Fray Miguel Sánchez, with many peals of bells and with special demonstrations of joy.

Friday, January 5.—We remained here to rest, and the commanders conferred concerning the matter of the rebellion of the Indians of San Diego.

¹ In his diary for April 25, 1776, Father Garcés wrote: "I completed the passage of the sierra, crossed a valley, and came upon another large sierra which makes off from the Sierra Nevada and extends northeastward; to which I gave the name of San Marcos." This was the Tehachapi Range. (Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, I, 270-271.)

After dinner I went with Father Sánchez to see the creek from which they made the acequia for this mission of San Gabriel, and with which it has the best of conveniences. For, besides the fact that the acequia is adequate, and passes in front of the house of the fathers and of the little huts of the Christian Indians who compose this new mission (who must be some five hundred souls recently converted, counting large and small), it dominates all the plains of the immediate vicinity, which are suitable for planting or for crops, and for this reason the fields are near the pueblo. This mission has such fine advantages for crops and such good pastures for cattle and horses that nothing better could be desired. The cows which they have are very fat and they give much and rich milk, with which they make cheese and very good butter. They raise hogs and have a small flock of sheep, of which on our arrival they killed three or four wethers which they had. Their flesh was especially good, and I do not remember having eaten fatter or finer mutton. They also have a few hens.

The mission has plentiful live oaks and other trees for building timber, and consequently there is abundant firewood. It lacks only lime, which up to the present has not been found; but perhaps by careful search it will be found and will make possible the improvement of the buildings, which at present are partly adobe, but chiefly of logs and tule, and which for this reason are very insecure and exposed to fire.

At present the buildings consist of a very long shed, all of one room with three divisions, which serves as a habitation for the fathers and for a granary and everything. Somewhat apart from this building there is a rectangular shed which serves as a church, and near this another which is the guardhouse, as they call it, or the quarters of the soldiers, eight in number, who serve the mission as guard; and finally, some little huts of tule which are the houses of the Indians, between which and the house of the fathers the acequia runs.

In the creek celery and other plants which look like lettuce, and some roots like parsnips, grow naturally; and nearby there are many turnips, which from a little seed which was scattered took possession of the land. And near the site of the old mission, which is distant from this new one about a league to the south, there is grown a great abundance of watercress, of which I ate liberally. In short, this is a country which, as Father Paterna says, looks like the Promised Land, although the fathers have suffered in it many hardships and toils, because beginnings are always difficult, especially in lands where formerly there was nothing; and besides, they suffered want because for two years the supplies failed them.

The converted Indians of this mission, who are of the Beñeme tribe, and also of the Jeniguechi¹

¹ The Beñemé (Benyemé) and Jeniguechi are both classed by ethnologists as Serranos (see Hodge, *Handbook*; Kroeber, *Handbook*).

tribe, appear to be gentle, friendly, and of good hearts. The men are of medium stature, the women being somewhat smaller, round-faced, flat-faced, and rather ugly. The costume of the men in heathendom is total nakedness, while the women wear a bit of deer skin with which they cover themselves, and likewise an occasional cloak of beaver or rabbit skin, although the fathers endeavor to clothe the converted Indians with something as best they can.

The method which the fathers observe in the conversion is not to oblige anyone to become a Christian, admitting only those who voluntarily offer themselves, and this they do in the following manner: Since these Indians are accustomed to live in the fields and the hills like beasts, the fathers require that if they wish to be Christians they shall no longer go to the forest, but must live in the mission; and if they leave the *ranchería*, as they call the little village of huts and houses of the Indians, they will go to seek them and will punish them. With this they begin to catechize the heathen who voluntarily come, teaching them to make the sign of the cross and other things necessary, and if they persevere in the catechism for two or three months and in the same frame of mind, when they are instructed they proceed to baptize them.

The routine for every day is as follows: In the morning at sunrise Mass is regularly said; and at it, or without it if none is said, they assemble all the Indians. The father recites with all of them the

Christian doctrine, which is concluded with the *Alabado*, which is sung in all the missions and in the same key. Indeed, the fathers sing it even though they may not have good voices, since uniformity is best. Then they go to eat their breakfast of *atole*, which is given to everybody, making the sign of the cross and saying the *Bendito*¹ before eating it. Afterward they go to work at whatever they can do, the fathers encouraging them and teaching them to labor by their example. At noon they eat their *pozole*, which is made in community for all, and then they work for another spell. At sunset they again recite the doctrine and conclude by singing the *Alabado*.

The Christians are distinguished from the heathen in that an effort is made to have them go somewhat clothed or covered, so far as the poverty of those lands will permit. And in distributing the *pozole*² account is not taken of the catechumens unless it be that they are given some of what is left over. If any Indian wishes to go to the mountain to see his relatives or to hunt acorns, they give him permission for a specified number of days. As a rule they do not fail to return, and sometimes they come bringing some heathen relative, who remains for the catechism, either through the example of the others or attracted by the *pozole*, which they like better than

¹ Grace or Blessing.

² *Atole* is a name used in Cuba and Mexico for a sort of gruel made of ground maize or corn meal. In Perú it is called *mazamorra*. *Pozole* is an Aztec name for a porridge or stew made of barley, beans, or other ingredients.

their herbs and the foods of the mountain; and so these Indians are usually caught by the mouth.

The doctrine which is recited in all the missions is the short one of Father Castañi,¹ followed with complete uniformity, no father changing a single word or being permitted to add anything to it. It is recited in Castilian even though the fathers may be versed in the native tongue, as is the case at the mission of San Antonio, whose father minister, Fray Buenaventura Sitjar, understands and speaks well the language of the Indians of that mission. Nevertheless the doctrine is recited in Castilian, and although the father translated the doctrine into the native language,² the most that is done is to recite once each day in the vernacular and once in Castilian, thus conforming with what so many times has been ordered since the first Mexican Council, as is set forth by Señor Solórzano, to the effect that the Indians shall be taught the doctrine in Castilian, and that effort shall be made to have them speak Castilian, since all the languages of the Indians are barbarian and very lacking in terms.

In the missions an effort is made to have the large unmarried girls sleep apart in some privacy. In the

¹ The reference is evidently to Father Bartolomé Castaño. In 1840 Juan Romualdo Amaro printed in Mexico the *Doctrina Extractada de los Catecismos Mexicanos de los Padres Paredes, Carochi y Castaño, autores muy selectos: traducida al Castellano para mejor instrucción de los Indios, en las Oraciones y Misterios principales de Doctrina cristiana*. I have not learned the exact title of the work by Castaño on which this catechism is based.

² *Vocabulario de la Lengua de los Naturales de la Mision de San Antonio, Alta California* (New York, 1861).

mission of San Luís¹ I saw that a married soldier served as the mayordomo of the mission, thus giving the father some relief, while his wife looked after the unmarried girls, they being under her care and calling her *maestra*. In the daytime she had them with her, teaching them to sew and other things, and at night she locked them in a room where she had them secure against any insult, and for this reason they called them the nuns. This appeared to me to be a good arrangement.

In short, this method which the fathers observe in those new missions appeared to me to be very good; and I may note that what is done in one is done uniformly in the others, which is what pleased me most. The mission of San Diego is an exception. Here, since it is the poorest, and the country, because of its few villages, does not permit it, there are no common fields or even private ones, nor is *pozole* distributed there in common. There the Indians have been permitted to live in their *rancherías* with the obligation to come to Mass on Sundays in their turn, the same as is done in Baja California; and this is the reason why this mission is so backward, aside from the fact that its Indians are the worst of all in those new missions.

Saturday, January 6.—I said Mass, and afterward another was sung as an act of thanksgiving for our arrival, I accompanying with my instrument.² At the altar Father Paterna sang the Mass, and after

¹ San Luís Obispo.

² His *salterio* or psaltery.

the gospel he preached a sermon on the mystery of the day, very good and very much to the point.

Commander Ansa offered to accompany Commander Ribera to the port and presidio of San Diego with twenty soldiers of the expedition, to coöperate in the punishment of the rebellious Indians, if this should be necessary in order to pacify the country. He decided to set out for San Diego on the next day, and I accompanied him, the people and the rest of the expedition remaining at San Gabriel until we should return. This journey had been decided upon since yesterday, but they said nothing to me, nor let me know to see whether I wished to go or to remain here, and I learned something about it only this morning through a servant.

At night, then, a little after vespers, Commander Ansa came to tell me that the next day he was going to San Diego, for which reason he was delivering to me the key of the astronomical quadrant, and to tell me that if I needed anything I should request it of the commissary, Don Mariano,¹ who was remaining. I replied that it was very hard that I should be the last one to know of his decisions with regard to halting or marching, and that he never took me into account for anything, although I had said to him at San Miguel before we set out that during the whole journey I should not leave his side, and should accompany him wherever he might go, since this was my wish; but since it was his wish to leave me here

¹ Mariano Vidal.

I would abide by the decision and would have patience, as I had done on other occasions.

Thereupon we two alone engaged in a long conversation. It was in terms of friendship and peace; but I spoke to him very plainly about his manner of procedure with me, and of the slight attention which he had paid to me hitherto, as if I had come on the expedition by grace of his favor and not by superior order, the same as he.

And as to the key of the quadrant, I declined to accept it, since he had not delivered the instrument to me from the beginning as he was ordered, and had even forgotten that I came with the duty of making observations. I told him I was able to do this only when he wished, as if he controlled everything, and I was only causing him hindrance and trouble; and so he was doing well to leave me behind in order to free himself of such rubbish. The commander tried to mollify me as best he could; and finally, besides the fact that he thrust the key upon me almost by force, so that I had to receive it in order not to appear stubborn and ill-mannered, he concluded by several times begging my pardon for whatever offense he might have given me, excusing himself by saying that it was inadvertency on his part, and that if I wished to go to San Diego he would be very glad to have me, and so I should think it over tonight and decide in order to advise him in the morning.

I replied that I decided nothing, and did not need to think concerning the matter, for my wish was to

accompany him in everything and to all places, as I had said from the beginning, except on the campaign if perchance he should go out against the rebels of San Diego; and so I would conform to whatever he wished, for I would not be missed by the people of the expedition who remained at San Gabriel, as they had in that mission three ministers for whatever they might need. With this we agreed that I should go and carry the quadrant to observe the latitude of that port. And the commander was now so changed that the fathers of San Gabriel noticed the difference from that very hour, he comporting himself with me thenceforward somewhat more affably and very differently, although without losing his seriousness and his superiority. I note this down in order that it may be seen that with such gentlemen it is well to speak plainly when the occasion arises; for if it is done properly and in appropriate terms, usually nothing is lost thereby. On the contrary, many times much is gained, for submission and dissimulation never pay, since as a result they usually become more haughty.

IX

THE REBELLION AT SAN DIEGO

63. Sunday, January 7.—I said Mass, and then exhorted the people who remained at the mission, telling them all goodbye and charging them all to observe good conduct in their proceedings, in order not to set a bad example to those new Christians, and encouraging them to have patience in their trials, etc. Afterward arrangements were made for the journey, preparing what was necessary for those who were to go to San Diego, namely, Commander Ribera with ten soldiers, Commander Ansa with twenty soldiers of the expedition, myself, and an empty pack train to bring provisions.

We set out from the mission of San Gabriel at noon in light order of marching, and a little after seven at night we halted on the banks of the Santa Ana River after fording it, having traveled some ten long leagues, five to the southeast, three to the east-southeast, and the last two almost due east with some turns to the northeast.¹—Ten leagues.

¹ They went through Paso Bartolo (the gap made by San Gabriel River west of Puente Hills), past Whittier, Fullerton, and Anaheim to the Santa Ana River about at Olive. The hills crossed were those between Whittier and Fullerton.

The road is almost entirely level, except for some hills about halfway on the journey, and all very green and covered with grass and various herbs, among which is found a species of very small wild onion which in shape and taste is the same as the garden onion, and some of which I ate at the mission of San Gabriel. After going a league we passed the site of the old mission, where the huts were still standing. At three leagues one crosses the San Gabriel River, which here carries plentiful water and runs almost straight west to the sea. Afterward follow the hills, and in one of their canyons there is a little well. Then follows the level land clear to the Santa Ana River, which here is wide and has a great deal of water, and runs to the sea about to the west-southwest, although apparently, from what I saw next day, without reaching the sea it forms great lagoons near the beach. The Santa Ana River is so-called because the expedition of Commander Portolá reached it on Santa Ana's day, and he gave it that name, it being he also who gave the rest of the names all along the road from San Diego to Monterey. The mission of San Gabriel they called San Gabriel de los Temblores because the earth trembled on the day when they arrived at that site.

Today the weather was clear, but the northwest wind, which is prevalent here and on these south seas, was somewhat unpleasant. Night fell, calming the wind but very cold, and we had very little firewood because all the country and the river is greatly lacking in trees, which is the "but" of this country.

64. Monday, January 8.—We set out from the Santa Ana River at seven o'clock in the morning, and, having traveled some fourteen leagues, at a quarter past four in the afternoon we halted at the Arroyo de Santa María Madalena,¹ this being the name given it by the Portolá expedition. It is also called La Quema, because of a somewhat dangerous fire which occurred in the grass patches, caused in part by accident and in part by the heathen. Going about five leagues to the east-southeast, we came to the place called Los Ojitos, where we ate a bite of breakfast and drank some water. Then we went four to the southeast, winding around in all this stretch on account of the hills of this sierra, of which I make mention on December 30 and 31, until we came to El Trabuco. They gave it this name in the first expedition because at this place, where there is a small arroyo, they lost a blunderbuss. The rest of the way was to the southeast by south, over country fairly level like a wide canyon, in the middle of which we encountered some heathen Indians hunting mice and gathering tunas in a small tuna patch which is there. Ordinarily the tunas are very bony. They offered one to me and I ate it. All the rest of the way consists of hills with ups and downs. From the top of the hills one sees the ocean in places, and also the island called Santa Cathalina, which is some six leagues out in the sea, and the bay of San Pedro, which is directly opposite the mission of San Gabriel.

¹ For Portolá's expedition through this region see Crespi's diary in Bolton, *Fray Juan Crespi*.

Near this place of La Quema, between it and the sea, is the site of the new mission of San Juan Capistrano, which they were beginning to establish when it was abandoned because of the uprising at San Diego two months ago.¹—Fourteen leagues.

65. Tuesday, January 9.—We set out from the Arroyo de la Quema at half past seven in the morning, and at five in the afternoon we halted at San Juan Capistrano River,² having traveled some fourteen leagues. The route was very winding, with many turns on account of the hills; but to me it appears that the general direction was halfway to the east-southeast and the other half to the southeast. The road is all hills and valleys, and for this reason very rough, although without stones. The land is very moist and green, and several arroyos are found, although without water, for they contain water only when it rains. After going seven leagues we came to a small lake in which there is an arroyo. They call it Las Flores, and it appears to be permanent. After going two leagues more, at two in the afternoon we came to the Santa Margarita River, where we saw many white geese which had come perhaps from the Laguna de San Joseph,³ of which I spoke on December 30. Before reaching the camp site we passed

¹ Camp was three quarters of a league above the abandoned site of Mission San Juan Capistrano (Anza).

² Camp was at San Luis Rey River. Santa Margarita River is still so-called. The arroyo of Las Flores was apparently either the San Onofre or Las Pulgas. This region was later embraced in the famous Santa Margarita y Las Flores Ranch.

³ He means San Jacinto Lake.

near another lake that was fairly large. At the camp site there was scarcely any water although the river usually carries a great deal when it rains. During the night we were very cold for want of firewood, which is the thing most lacked in all these lands and hills. We were so near the sea that all night we heard the sound of it, and on the way it was frequently seen from the top of the hills. Likewise, from a height we very clearly saw the rocks which form the Puerto de San Carlos,¹ through which we passed on December 27, and also the Sierra Nevada.—Fourteen leagues.

66. Wednesday, January 10.—We set out from the San Juan Capistrano River at half past seven in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted at the village of La Soledad, having traveled some twelve leagues in various directions, about three leagues to the southeast, two to the south-southeast, four nearly to the south to San Dieguillo, and the rest of the way to the south-southeast, the last part being almost to the southeast.²—Twelve leagues.

As soon as we left camp I saw a village of Indians downstream. About six leagues on the way is the place called Los Batequitos, a small watering place somewhat apart from the road on the side away from the sea. Two leagues farther on is the

¹ I suspect that Father Font was mistaken on this point.

² Camp was in Soledad Valley, apparently about at Sorrento. The route was quite well inland, to escape the large estuaries along the coast. Los Batequitos, San Alexos, and San Dieguillo are now represented respectively by Batequitos Lagoon, San Elijo Lagoon, and San Dieguito River.

village of Indians and the place called San Alexos, and before it and beyond it are encountered two estuaries of the sea. Afterward the road enters some hills covered with a scrubby growth composed of rosemary, small live oaks, cactus and similar growths, and from them it descends to the arroyo and the site of San Dieguillo. The road is broken, the same as yesterday, all hills and valleys, ups and downs, without trees and lacking in firewood; but the country is green like the rest, with a great deal of grass. It is seen that when it rains this road is very heavy and almost impassable, because it is miry on account of the water carried by the many arroyos which we now found dry.

The village of La Soledad belongs to the mission of San Diego. In it there are some Christians whose governor showed me three wounds, telling me that they were arrow wounds which the wild Indians had inflicted during the uprising, but afterward I learned that they were bullet wounds which he received in the fray because he was among the rebels as an accomplice in the affair, as he was, with all the rest. He remained with us for a while and some Indians brought firewood, but Señor Ribera showed great distrust of them, and he appeared to be afraid. After supper the Indians came from fishing, shouting "Cassau! Cassau!," their name for all kinds of fish, and they brought to the tent for us some very fine sardines which they had just taken from the water. They were so large that they looked to me like salt

sardines which in Spanish they call *arenques*. I immediately took a few and at once set about cleaning them, and we tasted them. I ate one roasted on the coals and three fried, and they were very savory. Señor Ansa ate only part of one because it was now late.

67. Thursday, January 11.—We set out from the ranchería of La Soledad at half past seven in the morning, and about half past ten arrived at the presidio of San Diego, indicated on the map by the letter C, having traveled four long leagues, the two first almost south-southeast with some declination to the south, and the remaining two to the southeast and south-southeast, during most of these last two leagues following the beach of the Puerto Anegado.¹—Four leagues.

Great was the joy felt at the presidio on the arrival of Commander Ribera and Commander Ansa with the soldiers, on account of the reinforcement that came to it with this troop. The presidio of San Diego is situated in a very bad place on a hill dominated by others, small and uneven, at the foot of which flows the river, which is dry most of the year, and from which is obtained by means of the wells dug in the same sand hardly enough water for drinking. The river comes from the Sierra Madre de California, which is not far distant. Flowing from nearly northeast, and bending around the hill, it

¹ From Sorrento to Old San Diego it is ten miles by air line, and farther by the road. Puerto Anegado is now False Bay.

empties into the port, which is distant from the presidio some two leagues to the south.¹

Here we found Father Fray Vicente Fuster, the father minister of the destroyed mission of San Diego, which was situated about a league up the river, and Father Fray Firmín Lazuén and Father Fray Gregorio Amurrio, the two father ministers of the mission of San Juan Capistrano, which they were beginning to found near the site of La Quema, abandoning it on the uprising of the Indians. They and all the presidio welcomed us with especial satisfaction at our arrival. On the shores of Puerto Anegado and about a league from the presidio is the village of La Rinconada.² This presidio has no advantages for raising crops nor, consequently, has the mission any. For this reason very few Indians are maintained in it. They permit most of them to live in their villages, although they may be Christians, as is done in California Baxa; and for that reason they communicate freely with the heathen, and are even more heathen than Christian.

With this attack and destruction everything was left very poor and backward. At the mission, which was established up the river, they were beginning to raise some crops. With this in view, and in order not to live in such discomfort at the presidio, the fathers had separated the mission from it, for, not to mention its lack of water, the presidio is not capa-

¹ Father Serra founded Mission San Diego in the summer of 1769. See Palóu, *New California*, II, 265-274.

² North of Moreno, near the angle of False Bay.

ble of any expansion. But on account of what happened they returned to take refuge at the presidio, where at this time they were suffering many hardships and necessities for lack of buildings and habitations, and even more for lack of provisions, for in the store there was nothing more than a little rice and some wormy maize.

The harbor is very good and safe, being formed on the land side by a low tongue of land which comes from the Sierra Madre and runs from east to west; and on the sea side by a low sierra which runs from southeast to northwest to the Puerto Anegado. This port sometimes communicates with the harbor, leaving almost an island the sierra whose point or extremity is called the Punta de Guijarros.¹ Near this point is the entry or mouth of the harbor, which is very large, of great depth, and almost round. In front of the mouth of the harbor, at a distance of some six leagues, are seen some islands called Los Mártires or Los Quatro Coronados; and to the west-northwest, far away at a distance of about fifteen leagues from land, is seen the rather large island called San Clemente.

On the land there is plenty of grass, although not so good or so abundant as in other places; and the site is very short of firewood and very much shorter of timber. In fine, the mission of San Diego is the worst of all those which the fathers of San Fernando² have in these new establishments, and likewise its

¹ Pebble Point.

² The College of San Fernando, in Mexico City.

Indians are the worst. They belong to the Quemeya tribe, and are very much like the Jecuiches,¹ both in their perverse intentions and bad hearts, as well as because they are of degenerate bodies, ugly, dirty, disheveled, filthy, ill-smelling, and flat-faced. They showed what they were in the first entry made into those lands by the expedition of Commander Portolá, for a short time after the fathers established that mission they revolted and wounded Father Fray Juan Vizcaíno in one hand by an arrow;² and they have always shown that they are no good.

Friday, January 12.—In the morning I awoke somewhat badly off from my infirmity; but the day was rather mild and not like yesterday, when as soon as we arrived a north wind came up that was so violent that it was a very extraordinary occurrence and lasted until nightfall. I observed the latitude of this presidio, and I found it to be without correction in $32^{\circ} 38'$, and with correction in $32^{\circ} 44\frac{1}{2}'$,³ and so I say: at the presidio of the port of San Diego, January 12, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun $35^{\circ} 24'$.

¹ From the Kamia the *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico* specifically excludes "the Diegueño about San Diego" (I, 329), but it is seen that Font includes them in that stock. The Jecuiches are now known as Cahuillas or Kawias. Font has in mind the attacks of the Jecuiche Indians in Coyote Canyon on the horses of the Anza party. See Kroeber, *Handbook*, 709-725.

² Father Paláu recounts this incident in his *New California*, II, 261-262.

³ The latitude of the Old Town of San Diego is about $32^{\circ} 45\frac{1}{2}'$, Font being in error to the extent of about one-sixtieth of a degree, amounting to about a mile on the surface of the earth.

This port abounds in fish of various kinds, all called by the Indians *cassau*, and including sea bream, flounders, mojarras, viejas, large sardines, and a great many others, and all very good. The Indians fish for them in their little tule canoes with hooks and harpoons, and since they eat a great quantity and without regard to cleanliness, they are even more ill-smelling than others. And they are so ungrateful toward the fathers and so ill-mannered that in order to obtain fish the fathers find it necessary to pay for them with beads or maize, etc., for which they ask; and they ordinarily sell only what they have left over.

Saturday, January 13.—I climbed a hill near the presidio, and from it got a better view of the harbor, the sea, and the islands, of which six or seven small ones are seen nearly to the south, and that of San Clemente nearly to the west. The commanders began to make investigations concerning the recent uprising, the destruction of the mission, and the murder of its father missionary, Father Fray Luís Jaume,¹ examining some petty Indian chiefs who were imprisoned in the presidio, five in number, whom they had been able to capture, and taking testimony of their misdeeds.

I relate here the story of the uprising and the fatal event as it was told to me by Father Fray Vicente Fuster, noting that since this presidio and mission of San Diego has no advantages for raising crops, for it has scarcely water enough for the most

¹ More commonly spelled Jaime, or Jayme.

necessary uses, although the ministers baptized many reduced heathen, more than five hundred, I believe, they permitted them to live in their villages with one who knows how to say the prayers, in order that they might pray, and with the obligation that the villages should come in turns to Mass on feast days, according to the practice in California Baxa. As a result the Christians were such only in name, and were more or less the same as the heathen, being so new in Christianity, living in such liberty, and being so little instructed, because the fathers were unable to do any more.¹

The Indians, then, discontented with the subjection, as is usually the case with Indians, and perhaps desiring to steal what there was in the mission and take what they wished of the things which a short time before had come in goodly supply, like house spies agreed with the heathen of the sierra to destroy the mission and the presidio. And when they saw the small forces of the Spaniards divided they thought they could succeed, especially when the few soldiers went as guard for the new mission of San Juan Capistrano, which Father Fray Firmín Lazúen and Father Fray Gregorio Amurrio went to found near La Quema, of which I make mention on the 8th.

The heathen, then, arranged to divide themselves, some to attack the presidio and others the mission. The latter were not to begin the attack until they should see the presidio on fire, for since the distance is short it would be possible to see the fire or the

¹ The story of the massacre is told in full by Palóu in his *New California*.

light. At the presidio the soldiers were so careless that the Indians would have succeeded in the attack and would have destroyed everything if they had executed the deed as they had planned. The presidio is overlooked by a hill very close by, where they were to give the war cry, and, taking possession of the cannon or swivel guns, set fire to the buildings, an easy thing to do because they were of tule. But God willed that the Indians at the mission should not wait for the signal, for they began to attack and burn the mission before the presidio was fired. As a result those who came to the presidio feared that they would be discovered; so they immediately withdrew to join those at the mission, although the soldiers were so sleepy that they did not hear the shots or the war cry, or see the light of the fire which was in plain view.

The sentinel on duty at that hour in his declaration excused himself by saying that it was true that he saw the light, but thought it was the light of the moon. But it is to be noted that on that night the moon was one day before full moon, and consequently, at the hour when it happened the moon was in the west, whereas the light of the fire must have been to the east of the presidio, for the mission was in that direction. But it is nothing new for soldiers to fulfill their obligations thus; for it is usually this way on these frontiers of Sonora, where occur many disasters from the Apaches, who take the soldiers of the presidios by surprise, careless, and unprepared, or sleeping, or gambling.

Well, then, on November 5, 1775, about one o'clock at night, the mission of San Diego was attacked by all the Indian mob appointed to assault it, and by those who joined them—those who were to attack the presidio but did not do so because they had not awaited the signal, as I said above. Although it is known that some forty villages assembled there, uniting for this attack, it was not possible to ascertain the exact number of the enemies. It was very large, however, for even though there might not be more than ten Indians for each village there would be four hundred, whereas many villages might send twenty or thirty combatants. All of them belonged to the Quemeya and Jecuiche tribes, although it may be that some others joined them.

Since it was night and the soldiers of the guard of the mission were in the quarters sleeping (for thus they performed their duty there, those evil vagabonds!), the Indians first stole what they wished from the church, breaking in pieces with a stone the chest of the vestments, which they carried off, and likewise two images of the Purísima Concepción and Señor San Josef, dispatching their women to the mountain with the plunder. Then taking some firebrands from the guardhouse, they began to set fire to the same guardhouse, to the church, and to the houses of the fathers which, being built of tule and logs, easily caught fire.

On hearing the noise Father Fray Luís Jaume left the house and then he realized that an uprising was taking place. Of it they had given him warning

several times previously, but he always refused to believe them, thinking that it would be impossible that his Indians would do such a thing to him because he loved them greatly and favored them in every way he could. Indeed, he even became angry with the Indian who last told him of it, threatening that if he ever came again with such a tale he would order him punished. But it is not good to have too much confidence in the Indians, for in the end they are a faithless, ungrateful people, and without consideration.

Father Jaume then went to the arroyo where the Indians were. They seized him, and having taken off his habit and his small clothes, leaving him with only a reliquary which he wore around his neck, they wounded him to their complete satisfaction, driving into his body more than twenty darts or arrows, and then with the sticks like a sickle or saber which they use and with stones they pounded his head and face so that he was recognized as the father only because of the whiteness of his body and somewhat from his tonsure or crown.

Of the four soldiers of the guard who awoke with the firing of the guardhouse, one who was without his leather jacket¹ went out to see what was the matter, and he and another immediately were wounded and made unable to take arms, although they did not die. The other two fortified themselves near the house between some adobes and some bales which Father Fray Vicente Fuster dragged out from among the

¹ The *cuera*.

flames. He had taken refuge among them, and with his habit and mantle protected the bag of powder from the shower of burning brands. It was a great prodigy that the powder did not take fire, and that although they shot darts into his mantle he did not receive any other wound than a blow from a stone on his back. In the combat died the carpenter and the blacksmith, who were artisans maintained at the mission and paid by the king. The two soldiers defended themselves and succeeded in placing some very good shots.

The fight having endured for a long time, God willed that at daybreak this multitude of Indians should withdraw without being able to overcome two soldiers. This is proof enough of their degeneracy and that they would not have made such havoc if the soldiers had been awake. In short, they withdrew, fearful that with daylight help would come from the presidio. But the garrison, far from sending aid, did not even know what had taken place until the dead were brought to it.

Against the four soldiers of the guard, either because they were wounded in the fray or because Commander Ribera was very partial to them, no charge was made on the ground that they had been asleep. I have already stated above the excuse given by the sentinel, saying that the light which he saw looked to him like the moon. When he was asked why he did not recognize the difference, seeing that the light came up from the east, he replied that he did not notice that, because when he was put on

sentinel duty he was charged only with looking after the prisoners, and since he was facing them and watching them, and therefore the light was at his back, although he saw it at one side, he did not turn to see where it came from. This alone would be good proof of the care with which the soldiers fulfill the orders given them, even if we did not know in other ways the little attention which they pay to fulfilling not only incidental orders like that, but superior orders, and orders very important and sometimes of great consequence.

But when men desire it so, everything can be arranged;¹ and so this defense appeared to Señor Ribera to be sufficient, and he exonerated the sentinel and did not even arrest him, but charged the uprising to the lieutenant of the presidio, Don Antonio Francisco Ortega, and to his bad conduct, although in the matter he was not at all to blame, for at the time he was occupied in the founding of the mission of San Juan Capistrano. But since he was on very good terms with the fathers, he was very much disliked by Señor Ribera, who pays more attention to the soldiers than to the fathers. And so on this occasion there was opportunity for passions to rise. That Señor Ribera likes the soldiers better than the fathers is proved by his own words, for, having received in Monterey the news of this uprising, he went immediately to the mission of Carmelo to report to the father president. Entering, he spoke to him in this way:

¹ Father Font had not lived in the world for nothing.

"Father President, I have just received an ominous report from San Diego which obliges me to set forth immediately on the road for that place, for it is that the Indians have rebelled, burned the mission, and killed Father Fray Luís. But one thing pleases me greatly, and that is that they did not kill a single soldier, thank God."¹

This same thing I heard said on the road, and he very well confirmed it afterward by the efforts which he made in order that the soldiers might be cured, especially the one who was most seriously wounded. He was accustomed to say that he would be very sorry if he should die; and at times, speaking of the Indians and of what had happened, he would say,

"Thank God, thank God, I have the consolation that thus far they have not killed any of my soldiers."

This serves as an illuminating example of what ministers ordinarily suffer with the lords who rule in these remote lands and who have no one to check them, as has happened to those poor friars in the midst of such trials, the greatest one being the little regard shown for them by Commander Ribera.

In the morning Father Fray Vicente Fuster withdrew to the presidio with the dead and wounded, and with the spoils of the fire, which was such that everything was reduced to ashes, and that the censer,

¹ Font no doubt got this story from Serra, Palóu, and Crespi, at Mission Carmel.

chalice and the wedding coins¹ (I saw them), were melted and fused. And so this mission remained destitute and the three fathers in very grave need of everything; for they had left only the ashes of the mission, and of their supplies, books, papers, etc. For everything was consumed and the fathers were left attached to the garrison of San Diego, which is a presidio of misery and unhappiness.

It is to be noted that although many of the rebellious Indians were heathen, many also were reduced Christians. And it is known that these mountain Indians,² who are very similar to those whom we saw from San Sebastián forward until the mountain was crossed, are the most degenerate people of all in that country. And I would almost dare to say that just as the Sierra de California, because of its unfruitfulness and rockiness, looks like the wastebasket of the world, so the Indians who inhabit it are the dross of human kind.

Sunday, January 14.—I said Mass. Another was sung in honor of the sweetest name of Jesus for the successful pacification of the rebellious Indians. At this I sang, accompanying myself on a bad spinet which was left at this mission by Father Fray Angel Somera when he was at this presidio.

Monday, January 15.—The investigations concerning the matter of the uprising and of the rebellion which occurred among the soldiers were continued.

¹ *Monedas de las arras*. These are the coins given by the groom to the bride as a symbol of endowment.

² *Indios Serranos*.

I may note that besides the five petty Indian chiefs who were imprisoned in the presidio, they arrested two of the mission who went to join the heathen, who planned to make a third attack on the presidio. The lieutenant ordered them whipped, and the blows were so hard that one of them died and the other was very sick. Father Fray Firmín undertook to cure this one, doing it with great charity and patience; but the Indian, little thankful and less attentive, finding himself now somewhat better, disappeared today, and they say that he went to his village.

Tuesday, January 16.—I said Mass. Last night after dark Commander Ribera dispatched the sergeant of the presidio with fifteen soldiers and an Indian interpreter to go to the village of San Luís, fall upon it this morning at daylight, and capture some revolted petty chiefs, headmen and Christian apostates whom he knew to be there from a report given by an old Indian woman. This afternoon it was noted from the top of the hill of this presidio that in the sierra many smokes were being sent up, a method by which the Indians communicate with each other when they have any news.

Wednesday, January 17.—The weather was fair in the morning, but in the afternoon the sky became overcast with a great fog which arose from the sea and formed in it since morning. For this reason we suspended the journey which we wished to make to see and examine the site of the destroyed and burned

mission. Although I felt somewhat relieved of the flux, I myself was very much afflicted by some very painful little sores which came out on my mouth and tongue, scarcely permitting me to talk or eat except with great difficulty. It is the disease which in California they call *fuego marcial*.

Thursday, January 18.—The day continued very damp and dismal from the fog, and I expelled much humor from my sore mouth and tongue without relief, and talked with great difficulty. In the afternoon came a report that in the Puerto Anegado a whale had become beached, and later on that there were two; however, they were not whales, but two large fish about three varas long. It is to be noted that on those coasts it regularly happens each year that some whale is beached. When this occurs the Indians notify each other immediately and assemble like flies to eat it, and there they remain on the coast until they finish it. And since it usually is so fat and they so vile, on eating it they oil and smear themselves with the fat, which is foul, and then they are so malodorous that with the bad scent which they exude they are a veritable pest.

Friday, January 19.—The day continued very foggy and moist, and I sick. At night the sergeant and the soldiers came with four heathen malefactors under arrest, and with the report that the rebellious Indians and their petty chiefs had gone up into the sierra, where, they said, through the interpreter, they even had intact the images and other things which they stole, but that among them an apostate

Indian called Pablo, head of the rebels, was impudent, making fun of the sergeant, trusting to the roughness of the sierra up which they climbed. From this it is surmised that those Indians will be difficult to subdue.

Saturday, January 20.—The day was dreary and cloudy, like the preceding ones. The commanders began to examine the new prisoners, to get the information which they desired to enable them to compose and secure the country, giving them as a welcome fifty lashes each. In the afternoon I saw a vivid illustration of the burning of the mission of San Diego. By accident fire was set to a fair-sized tule hut which served as a forge, and it was not possible to put it out, try as hard as they might, although all the people rushed to the spot; and then I realized, as I had already known, how dangerous are buildings of tule or grass and logs. For this reason, when a mission is founded it is of first importance not to be content with any sort of building or hut, as were the fathers of those missions, although they could do nothing else for lack of preparations which ought to have been made for building and other things from the beginning. On the contrary, at the outset a church and suitable habitation for the ministers should be provided, with at least a building well made and safe from fires; for, being among heathen and recent converts, who must be regarded as enemies, one can not feel secure. Moreover, there is not lacking at times some malicious person who may take advantage of the occasion, seize a brand, and in one night destroy

the mission and everything else; and this does not take into account the accidents which may happen to such buildings.

Commander Ribera continued with the inquiry and investigation concerning the uprising of the soldiers of this presidio who had rebelled against their lieutenant, Don Antonio Francisco Ortega. The cause of this rebellion was that when he informed them that someone must go to found the mission of San Juan Capistrano, and indicated those who were to go, although they did not flatly refuse, they manifested great opposition, either because they are a lazy and vagabond people, or because they concluded that in the mission they would suffer greater hunger and need than in the presidio. For the supply which was prepared and arranged as a start and beginning of the mission was so small that, subtracting the provisions which they ate during the days while they were there, it amounted to only four pack loads, including vestments and other things of the church and house; for I saw them in the presidio where they had deposited them in the corner of a little room.

Here in passing I wish to note what a great inconvenience it is to go to found a mission without the necessary supplies. From so-doing it results that it is ill-founded and in a bad manner, and with double labor. Since the ministers in such circumstances need more of the help and favor of the soldiers and on the other hand have nothing with which to reward them, the little regard in which the soldiers hold them is a natural consequence. And it

usually happens in such a case that in many years the mission makes little or no progress, and even is exposed to the risk that in the end, because ill-founded, it will be lost, as happened with this one of San Juan Capistrano; and that in order to save a few necessary expenses at the outset, afterward it is necessary to spend twice as much and with less fruit. All this is taught by experience in those missions, where the friars, although they desired to have what was necessary, and to have adequate provisions made for the founding of the missions, nevertheless, in their anxiety to have missions there, contented themselves for the time being with such arrangements as were made for them, all of which were directed toward saving expenses. And for this reason in more than seven years they have made little progress, and have suffered extraordinary trials and need. That the provisions both for the buildings as well as for the promotion of the missions were meagre is a matter of great certainty. And as proof of it, without attempting to specify all cases, it is sufficient to know that as a beginning of stock only nine cows and one bull were sent to each mission.

The lieutenant, then, considering that to found the mission it was necessary to build at least a hut which would serve as a church and a habitation for the fathers, and seeing that there was no one to make it except the soldiers, informed them that they must work at the building; but this they flatly refused to do. The lieutenant now told them that to go there and not work on the building was to do nothing,

because merely to be there in the field in no way founded the mission; and so, since the fathers offered to labor, he also would labor, and with their example it would be necessary for everybody to labor. The soldiers objected, and the lieutenant proceeded to command them on the point. Then they refused obedience, saying to him that the king did not pay them for that, thus refusing to recognize him as lieutenant. Finally he made them some threats, but afterward composed the difficulty as best he could, and in the end went with the most docile of the soldiers.

This insubordination or rebellion Señor Ribera began to investigate as soon as we arrived at the presidio; but in the end, as a partisan of the soldiers and an enemy of the lieutenant, he failed to declare a single soldier guilty or to punish anybody, attributing the guilt in the case to the lieutenant, who was inclined to favor the fathers, and characterizing his conduct as bad; for in all places the ancient proverb of Spain is verified, *Alla van leyes á dó quieren reyes*.¹

Sunday, January 21.—I attended Mass, which I was unable to say on account of my ill health, and likewise because the fathers had so little wine that they only said one on each feast day, taking turns; but I gave them an alimeta which I carried, to last them a little longer. It began to rain last night and continued to do so all this day, but gently and with thunder, which is very seldom heard there. The rainy season is in the winter, the same as in Spain,

¹ "Laws are enforced only when rulers wish."

and usually lasts from November to March; and in that time the roads become very bad from the mud-holes and mires which are formed.

Monday, January 22.—This day was very damp and cloudy, although it did not rain; and I was somewhat better from some remedy which Señor Ortega, the lieutenant of the presidio, got for me.

Tuesday, January 23.—I said Mass. The weather continued cold and it rained almost all the time. They have labored during these days to secure the presidio, which was so dilapidated that there were neither separate quarters nor guardhouse for the soldiers, nor even a complete stockade for its security and protection.

Wednesday, January 24.—During these days the investigations concerning the uprising, etc., were continued. The weather was cold and misty, but I continued to improve, although I was somewhat troubled by the sores on my mouth and tongue.

Thursday, January 25.—This morning an Indian reported that a whale was stranded on the beach; and since the morning was fair, and we desired to see that marine monster, after eating we went to the beach to see it, Commander Ansa and the four fathers, with an escort of soldiers and the storekeeper, Don Rafael. But we made the journey, which was a jaunt of two long leagues, in vain, because the thing which had stranded was not a whale but another species of fish, some three varas long. The Indians fell upon it immediately to cut it up into meat, so that when we arrived at the beach there remained nothing but a piece of rib bone. We therefore re-

turned to the house without accomplishing the purpose of the journey. On this occasion I saw the spouts or streams of water which the whales blow up through their noses. Of these there are many in those seas, and they are called *ballenatos*. Likewise I noted the peculiarity of that beach, which for a long stretch is not of sand but entirely of loose, medium-sized, and small stones, such as are found in rivers. For this reason it is not possible to walk on it; and the sea made such a noise with the waves which continually break on that infinity of stones that when nearby we could not hear or understand each other even though we talked loud.

At nightfall Commander Ribera, with great secrecy and dissimulation, dispatched the sergeant of the presidio with fifteen soldiers and a heathen Indian, one of those whom they brought on the 19th, to go to the village of San Lu s to capture some Indian malefactors who were there, falling upon them in the morning.

Friday, January 26.—Perhaps from yesterday's journey, which was rather strenuous, the affliction in my mouth was worse and I was very sick with the *fuego marcial*. At nightfall the sergeant and the soldiers returned with nine Indian prisoners, of whom two were petty chiefs, and with some women, among them being one from the presidio who had fled a few days before. They captured them without resistance, although the Indians of the village at sight of the soldiers seized their arms, but seeing that the number was large they turned to flee and took refuge in the sierra, with the principal chiefs called

Carlos and Francisco. With the Indians the sergeant brought half of a stole, an almaizal, and a piece of palio with its lining torn out. Señor Ribera then began to examine the prisoners. Most of the malefactors he ordered secured in good prisons, and as a welcome ordered them all given their quota of fifty lashes. Although it was not possible to ascertain where they kept the images of the Purísima Concepción and San Joseph which they carried off, from the prisoners the commander learned that another principal chief had gone to the village of La Soledad,¹ and immediately he dispatched the sergeant and soldiers back there to capture him in the morning.

Saturday, January 27.—The weather continued fair; but I was worse with the disease of the mouth, and my tongue was swollen so that I could scarcely talk, even with difficulty. At midday the sergeant and the soldiers returned without any prize, because the Indian whom they went to seek had fled the night before.

Sunday, January 28.—Nothing in particular happened. I awoke without any relief for my tongue and mouth, for I could scarcely eat or drink anything except liquid, and that with difficulty. But in the afternoon I had an evacuation; and thereupon the swelling of my tongue went down and I was very much relieved, although the sores were still painful. From this I was confirmed in the suspicion which I had already felt that my disease of the mouth had been due to constipation.

¹ In Soledad Valley, about at Sorrento.

Seeing that the two commanders did not go out on a campaign, and that in so many days the only expeditions made were those of the sergeant, mentioned above, and not having heard them discuss the question as to whether they would go out or not, this night I asked Señor Ansa what he had decided to do. I showed him that by staying in the presidio without going out on a campaign and terminating this matter of the uprising, aside from the fact that we were eating the little which the fathers had, and thus causing me sorrow, the days were passing and we still had before us the long journey to Monterey. To this Señor Ansa replied that up to the present Señor Ribera had not talked to him about going out on a campaign; and so he had decided, if nothing else offered itself, to depart on the Sunday following, which was a week from this day; and leaving the people of the expedition at San Gabriel we would go in light order of marching to Monterey, to explore the river called the very large river of San Francisco. I asked the commander this question for this reason: Although we had been running more harmoniously since the 6th, and in San Diego we had both slept in the same little room (more from necessity than from friendship, 'tis true, since there were no other rooms), I never so much as merited that perhaps by way of conversation he should communicate to me his plans or his intentions, although he talked about them with others; whereas at times I desired to know them, if not out of curiosity, for my own guidance and in order not to be unprepared.

Monday, January 29.—Nothing in particular occurred, and I continued with the improvement which I began to enjoy yesterday afternoon.

Tuesday, January 30.—Today passed without incident. I wrote a letter to the reverend father guardian of my college and another to the father president of Sonora, Fray Juan Díaz.¹

Wednesday, January 31.—The day passed without any special occurrence. I saw one of the Indian prisoners whom they whipped, and noted how ill he had become from the blows. In fact, on this occasion I witnessed and learned from what has been experienced in that district of San Diego that it is a very bad climate for curing sores and wounds. The Indians even from childhood are afflicted with sores, scabs and pimples, as if they were rotten, these things perhaps coming from infected blood and from the dampness. I noticed the same thing among the heathen Indians of the sierra whom I saw. This, and the bad complexion due to the anger which the prisoners showed, and their being unused to such blows, explains perhaps the bad result that black and horrible sores had formed on the body of the Indian whom I saw, and who came to see if the fathers would give him a remedy.

Thursday, February 1.—At noon the courier and six soldiers were dispatched by way of California²

¹ Father Díaz was with Anza on his first expedition, and had visited San Diego at that time. Father Font's college was that of Santa Cruz de Querétaro.

² That is, by way of Baja California.

to Mexico with a report to the viceroy of what had happened, and of the condition of this presidio, enclosing the report of the inquiry and the depositions.

Friday, February 2.—The day dawned fair and I awoke very much improved. I said Mass, and the candles were blessed with the little wax which they had there. I may note that the church was a very bad and old hut of tule which formerly had served as a storehouse. I again observed the latitude of this presidio to see if it agreed with the former one which I made, on January 12, and I found it in the same latitude of $32^{\circ} 44\frac{1}{2}'$ with correction, and without correction in $32^{\circ} 37\frac{1}{2}'$, and so I say: at the presidio of the port of San Diego, February 2, 1776; meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $40^{\circ} 14'$.

According to the report given by the sergeant, it appears that this presidio is almost on the same parallel as the mouth of the Colorado River;¹ for he says that on the occasions when he has made journeys to the Sierra de California toward the east, seeking heathen and for other purposes, he has noted that the river fell straight in his path, although he did not see it; and it appeared to him that the Colorado River might be distant from the presidio some fifty leagues by a not very bad road. Father Fernando Consag in the journey which he made to the mouth of the Colorado River by way of the Sea of California from the cape and port of San Carlos,

¹ The mouth of the Colorado is a long distance south of the latitude of San Diego. His estimate of distance from San Diego to Yuma is fairly accurate.

situated in latitude 28°, says that the mouth at the extreme head of the sea is in latitude 33°, as is stated in the *Afanes Apostólicos*,¹ book 3, chap. 8, page 388.

Saturday, February 3.—In the morning three soldiers came as messengers from San Gabriel with letters for Commander Ansa from Lieutenant Moraga, reporting that the fathers of that mission had reduced the rations of the people of the expedition and were now only giving them half rations, as a result of which the soldiers were dissatisfied. They reported also that the mission of San Gabriel did not have provisions for our people, the message being sent in order that Ansa might deliberate concerning the matter. He also reported that an Indian of the mission and three heathen were imprisoned there for having stolen and killed two cows and two hogs of the same mission. Thereupon, arrangements were made with regard to taking supplies from the storehouse to be carried thither by the pack train which came with us empty, and we also began to prepare for our march for Monterey. Since the 1st, when the courier was dispatched, it had been decided that Commander Ribera was to remain at San Diego, whence he would not depart until he had the country secured and pacified, and that in consequence Señor Ansa on his return should deliver the expedition to him in San Gabriel, where they agreed to meet then if it were not possible to do so sooner.

¹ Father Consag made a sea voyage to the mouth of the Colorado in 1746. Font's reference is to José de Ortega's *Apostólicos Afanes de la Compañía de Jesús* (Barcelona, 1754).

Sunday, February 4.—I said Mass, after which the large pack train of the expedition set out for San Gabriel loaded with provisions, consisting of wormy maize, for the people who remained at that mission. It was decided that we should start tomorrow morning for Monterey, although nothing was said to me about it nor was I informed of this decision to march, for I was never able to succeed in learning about such things as this beforehand. But from his reply to the question which I asked on the 28th of January, the march ought to have begun today.

Monday, February 5.—Yesterday at noon it began to rain and continued most of the night, and it was still raining this morning. For this reason our march, which had been decided upon, was suspended.

Tuesday, February 6.—I awoke again suffering from my mouth, but I was somewhat relieved afterward by touching the sores with a little powder of verdigris.¹ The animals were rounded up for our journey, but we suspended the march and remained here because the day was very cloudy and unpleasant. The wind blew fiercely and threatened rain, and after noon rain began to fall. At night, after supper, I saw a light in the room in which Señor Anza and I slept, and I went to see who had lighted it, because in the presidio there was such a scarcity of candles, as of everything else, that we were careful not to light candles unless it was necessary. I found that the cook had lighted it because he was awaiting Señor Ansa, to ask him if he should prepare the olla

¹ *Polvo de cardenillo.*

to march next day, as had been ordered, though he did not prepare it because it was raining. I returned to the room where we all were, in which the three fathers and Señor Ribera slept, and where we ate and passed most of the day because in the presidio there was no other habitation. I asked who had lit the candle and why, and right here and in front of everybody I made my complaint to Señor Ansa, telling him that it was hard on me that he should never tell me what he had decided, when he told it to the servants, with whom he talked about these and other things, sometimes very intimately, whereas with me he always maintained great haughtiness and reserve. He replied to me:

“Well, why do you wish, your Reverence, that I should tell you what I decide? I am under no obligation to do so.”

“Yes, I know that you are not obliged to do so,” I replied, “nor I to demand it; but it appears to me natural that you should tell me, as a companion, what you decide, in order that I may not be caught unprepared, for I also have to travel. It is for this reason that I would be glad to know about it, and not to interfere in your decisions. Indeed, you know very well that up to now I have not interfered in delays or marches, because it is your business to decide them, as I said to you the day when we arrived at Santa Ana, the 6th of October, when you asked me my opinion as to whether we should remain at the pueblo or at the river, after you had given orders to halt at the river. I understand you, and I know you

do not like to take counsel with anybody; and I also know that you are under no obligation to do what I may ask of you, as I experienced on the 1st of December, when I requested you to move the camp to Palma's ranchería and you did not wish to do it. And yet, although you do not communicate your plans to me in order that I may give my opinion, since it is not my business and I know that you do not have to accept it, at least it would be pleasant if, as a friend, you should tell me what you decide by way of conversation and for my guidance."

To this he replied that I was complaining without reason, for he was now telling me what he had decided. I answered:

"It is true that you are telling me of it, but only at the last minute when everybody already knows it, and when I see it, as happened with the messenger whom you dispatched from the Puerto de San Carlos on the 25th of December; and with the decision to come to San Diego of which you told me on the night of January 6th, after everybody else already knew about it."

"Well, Father," he said, "your Reverence must know that my having been delayed here is because I saw that your Reverence was ill, for so far as I was concerned I would have started."

I replied that I was grateful for this favor, although up to the present he had not intimated any such thing to me; and that he must understand that I did not wish him to be delayed on my account, for since before leaving San Miguel I had said that I

did not wish him to retard his marches on my account for a single day. And so I concluded:

“If we are waiting only for that let us start now at once, or tomorrow morning, even if it rains.”

I said this because at San Miguel¹ he several times decided to begin the journey and failed to do so on various pretexts that arose, under cover of which the march was delayed, because his wife wished it and he had the opportunity to give her this pleasure. In fact, I became ill during those days, and Señor Ansa, having decided to begin the journey on September 28, asked me if I were ready to travel, saying if not he would suspend the march until I should recover. I replied that he must not wait on my account, for I trusted in God that I should get better on the way.

Now, the Señora wished a little further delay, and thought she would obtain it through my being ill. For this reason she charged Doña Cathalina Ortiz, wife of Don Manuel Monteagudo, in whose house I was lodging, to persuade me to object to traveling until I was better. To this suggestion I replied that if Señor Ansa had decided to begin the march it must not be delayed on my account. Doña Cathalina said to me:

“Father, Doña Ana Regina Serrano² would be very glad if they would wait at least one day more, and this could easily be brought about if you would say so, for you are ill.” To this I replied:

¹ San Miguel de Horcasitas, in Sonora, where the expedition rendezvoused.

² This was Anza's wife.

"I also would be glad, not so much because I am ill as for another reason; but assuming that the decision has been made I do not wish to say anything." Doña Cathalina agreed with me and said:

"Well, Father, tell me plainly what your opinion is."

Thinking that this was a private conversation which we were having, I said to her:

"Señora, my opinion is that since we are now at the presidio of San Miguel, and that we have already delayed so many days, for other reasons we might as well delay one day more. Then we would set out from the presidio and begin the march on the day of that Holy Prince,¹ after the people have heard Mass, which perhaps we might sing; and I perhaps might be able to say a few words to the people. To me this would seem better, as I already have suggested to Señor Ansa. But if he has already decided on something different and paid no attention to my suggestion, I have nothing more to say except that I do not wish it said that we have delayed on my account."

This conversation ended, Doña Cathalina went straightway to Ansa's house to relate to him what I had said; and in a short time Señor Ansa came to see me, saying:

"So your Reverence has decided that we should start on the feast of San Miguel?"

"Señor," I replied, "why should I decide that? Doña Cathalina, in a casual conversation, asked my

¹ San Miguel or St. Michael.

como los que hacen los Pimas Sileños, y inflexi que la havzia adquirido de tan lejos por medio del comercio que ellos tienen con otros: y me enseñaron y señalaron un Indio que allí estaba, y me dixeron que era de la isla grande de la canal llamada la isla de Santa Cruz, y que havia venido á passax, que es maravilla ver como ellos navegan aque llos mares; y aunque tenía el cabello entre zopo, me pareció muy semejante à los Indios de la canal. La isla Santa Cruz es quasi triangular, y tendrá unas veinte leguas de largo, y dicen que está muy poblada, y que es muy frondosa; pero yo por la neblina apenas la pude distinguir: y me dixeron los Padres, que el Sr. Virrey les havia encargado, y havia mandado à los Jefes, que se procurase que las islas no se despoblasen, particularmente esta, y que no se solicitase que los Indios se saliesen de ella por causa de la reduccion, y conversion al christianismo.

Día 25. Domingo. Dipe misa. Salimos de la Rancheria de la Rinconada à las nueve de la mañana, y à las tres de la tarde paramos en un parage llamado las inmediaciones de la Rancheria de Mescalitan, haviendo caminado unas nueve leguas con rumbo, como seys al oeste quaxta al noroeste, dos al noreste, y al ultimo una legua coxa al sudoeste para descabexas unos esteros que hay alli cerca. El camino fue como ayex dipe, siguiendo la playa; à los dos leguas llegamos à la Rancheria de San Buenaventura, que son dos, una en cada lado de un llano como de una legua de largo, en donde se intento fundar la Mission de San Buenaventura, que está dotada, y no se fundó por falta de providencias, y hay en él algun pasto, y bastantes encinos, pero poca agua: con otra legua llegamos à otra Rancheria: y con una legua mas llegamos à la Rancheria de la Laguna, en donde se tomaron por abaloix algunas coxitas, y nos proveímos de pescado, porque en la ocasion llegaba à tierra una lancha que venia de pescar, y traía varios y diversos pescados muy buenos, y de distintos colores y hechuras que no conoci: y con esta ocasion vi como sacan las lanchas del agua, y fue que al llegar à tierra se aximaron à ella diez ó doce hombres, y cogiendo la lancha en hombros con la pesca, la llevaron à la casa del Patron ó capitán de la lancha, distingui:



opinion, and I told her what I thought, but without opposing myself to your decision."

"Well, Father," he said, "we will do as your Reverence says."

"You will do what you wish," I replied, "and let us understand that this is not my decision; nor do I wish that you should delay the march a single day on my account."

"No, Father," he said, "but I also think that what your Reverence says is best."

Señor Ansa then left, and in a short time Doña Cathalina returned and said to me:

"Doña Ana and I thank you, because they are waiting one day more."

"Well, what have I got to do with that?" I replied.

"Much," she answered, "because Don Juan did not wish to wait, but now he is waiting because your Reverence desires it so."

"Señora," I said, "I wish neither this nor that, but only what Don Juan may wish."

"Well, Father," she replied, "as soon as Don Juan arrived at his house he said, 'Oh, dear, now I am going to wait one day more, because I must please the father; and he has decided it thus, because he wishes to have his say before setting out,' alluding to the sung Mass and the exhortation which I had suggested and he had opposed.

I have related all this at length in order to show how these lords are accustomed to resort to pretexts

with the friars, making friends of them when it suits their convenience, but paying no attention to them at other times, when they do not need them.

In virtue of my reply, all now began to urge me not to go to Monterey, but to remain where I was, for the season was bad and I would expose myself to danger of death from illness. But the urging came from distinct purposes. The fathers were moved by pity because they were sorry at seeing me ill; Señor Ansa advised it because he foresaw little pleasure in taking me in his company; and Señor Ribera because he did not want Señor Ansa and me to go to Monterey and to the port of San Francisco, as I afterward learned, for the reasons which I shall state in my entry for the next day. But I combated that proposal, saying that I wished to fulfill the orders that had been given me, etc.; and finally, after various arguments, I concluded by saying:

“Spare your pains, gentlemen, for I have no intention of remaining. If Señor Ansa leaves me and gives me no supplies, I shall have to remain because I have no saddle animals nor any place to get them from, but if Señor Ansa wishes to furnish me provisions I will go with his Grace wherever he may go. I will accompany him in all his labors and throughout his journey, for I still can ride on horseback; and if on the way I play out and can go no further I shall be content even though he may leave me somewhere.”

The conversation ended and we retired in the harmonious spirit which we had been observing, al-

though at variance because we had spoken plainly, for it is usually thus.

Wednesday, February 7.—It was impossible to start because it rained all night and continued in the same way for most of the day. All these days we talked much of Monterey and more of the port of San Francisco, Señor Ribera saying that we might spare ourselves this journey because we would not succeed in the purpose of our going. On this point it is necessary to remember that in virtue of the exploration of the port of San Francisco made by Captain Don Pedro Fages in company with Father Fray Juan Crespi¹ in the year 1772, in the month of March, and of the report which was given of it, accompanied by a map in which they delineated a great river which they said they had found and called the Rio de San Francisco, an order came from Madrid to the effect that that port should be occupied and settled immediately. With this in view the viceroy ordered Commander Ribera to go to examine the port and seek there a good site in which to found a presidio and settlement, to serve as a start or beginning for subsequent plans; and to this purpose the present expedition for the escort of families by Commander Ansa was directed, as is evident from his Excellency's decree given in Mexico, November 28, 1774.

In consequence of that order Commander Ribera, accompanied by Father Fray Francisco Palóu, went to explore the port in the latter part of the same year of 1774. Since it was then raining they stopped

¹ See Crespi's diary in Bolton, *Fray Juan Crespi*.

a few days near the Punta de Almejas, until one morning Señor Ribera went alone to explore the port, which was near there, going as far as the outside of the mouth, where he set up a cross, as I shall show in the proper place. All that stretch which he crossed consisted of sand dunes, and without having seen another thing he returned to Monterey. Then he wrote to Mexico informing his Excellency that in the port and all its vicinity there was no place to found a presidio or to establish the two missions which had been endowed and decided upon for that port.

To this it is to be added that Señor Ribera from that time on was an avowed opponent of the new foundation, and it was for this reason that he made the report declaring that the place was impossible. Furthermore, he stubbornly opposed executing a new order which he received, to the effect that as soon as Señor Ansa should arrive the two should go to inspect the port and jointly select the best site for the settlement and presidio; and that then the people of this expedition should go to it immediately. Indeed, in this matter of not taking advice Señor Ribera is worse than Señor Ansa, because he is so satisfied with himself and the experience which he has had, as he himself says, that he does not like to take suggestions from anybody about anything.

For carrying out this idea, then, the uprising in San Diego played right into his hand; for as a result of it he had the pretext that, even assuming that the port of San Francisco might be suitable for what was

planned, it was impossible for him to go there until he had secured and pacified the port of San Diego. Therefore, as early as the 1st he had decided that he would not leave San Diego even though we might go to Monterey, and that in such case, on our return he would receive the expedition, which Señor Ansa was to deliver to him, at the mission of San Gabriel, where they agreed to meet at that time. But he always urged us not to go there, perhaps fearful that we would explore the harbor better than he, and therefore would give a report in conflict with the one which he had made. He kept saying to us:

“Why do you want to go there to tire yourselves out, when I have already told you that I have carefully examined all that region, and have reported to the viceroy that there is nothing there for the purpose in mind?”

At that time I thought this insistence was candid and founded in truth; for I did not understand his ulterior motives until later, when I learned many things at the mission of Carmelo and had the experiences which I shall go on relating. Nevertheless, I was always of the opinion that we ought to go there, even before coming to San Diego. For example, on the second day after we arrived at San Gabriel the commissary came to me and said:

“Father, we are fortunate in having found Commander Ribera here, for now we shall be relieved of traveling any further.”

“Indeed, why?” I said to him, and he replied:

"Because, after delivering the people of the expedition here to Señor Ribera there is nothing more to do."

"Well, and why are we to be excused from going to Monterey," I said, "if these are Señor Ansa's instructions?"

"But what is the necessity for doing so," he replied to me, "since Señor Ribera is here? Is it not better to deliver the people to him here and to return, for thereby in a month from now we shall be in Sonora?"

I replied:

"No, Señor, it is better to comply with our instructions and do our duty, which is to go to Monterey and from there go and explore the port of San Francisco."

At first Señor Ansa was somewhat inclined to go no further. Nevertheless, he always made it appear that he desired to continue the journey. To this, perhaps, my views contributed; for although he did not ask me for my opinion, I think that he was not ignorant of it, because doubtless the commissary had reported what I told him when he came to inquire as to my wish. And so we were always talking about the matter, asking Señor Ribera various questions as to what he knew and had seen, and insisting on the continuation of the journey. Therefore, Señor Ribera at last agreed that Señor Ansa should go to Monterey with the people, except ten soldiers and their families, whom he was to leave in San Gabriel, as I learned yesterday, ascertaining at the same

time that we were not going in light order of marching as Señor Ansa had told me on January 28.

Concerning the Rio Grande de San Francisco even a greater dispute arose; for Señor Ribera assured us that there was no such river, contrary to the report which was now so generally accepted and which all the soldiers from there confirmed. And Señor Ribera was right, as we afterwards saw and as I shall demonstrate. He said that this was asserted by Don Joseph Cañizares, the pilot of the frigate *San Carlos*, the bark which entered the port at the end of last year.¹ Several times he recounted the story, as follows: The bark *San Carlos* arrived at the mouth of the port of San Francisco, and having anchored it sent its pilot, Cañizares, with the launch to go inside and explore everything. At the end of a week he returned, and when his captain asked him about the Rio Grande he replied that he had found no such river. The captain then asked him if he had reached the head of the harbor, and when he told him that he had not, he replied, "Well, take supplies for two weeks and go back and explore everything without leaving anything unexamined."

Cañizares went again, and during this time one night the bark raised anchor to make itself safer because it was drifting ashore, for without their noticing it the very currents were driving it within the harbor. When they looked they found themselves already inside, and so they anchored near the Isla del

¹ Ayala was in command of this expedition, which was made in 1775. Font is inaccurate as to details. See H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, I, 244-248.

Angel,¹ where Cañizares found the bark when he returned. Cañizares reported that he had followed all the coast of the harbor, and nowhere had he found any great river, but had seen only several arroyos and small rivers. It is to be noted that Cañizares, perhaps in order not to make himself disliked by the fathers, who were biased, having given a report of the river, and drawn the map for the report and diary of Father Fray Juan Crespi, told them in Monterey and El Carmelo that there was such a river and that he had entered it, and that within it he had taken on water. Such are we human beings, that many times in order to humor others we hide the truth.

And so a long discussion took place as to whether or not there was such a river, in which, although they did not give me much opportunity, I also expressed my opinion. Once I said:

"Señor, it may be that the river is very large in the time of the floods, since it comes from the Sierras Nevadas, and that it was in that season when Señor Fages saw it, but that in its natural course it is an ordinary river, and that Señor Cañizares saw it at that time."

Señor Ansa replied to me very dryly, still miffed on account of what had happened the night before:

"Father, I do not know."

"I see that you do not know," I said to him. "But I say this in order to harmonize these two conflicting reports." Señor Ansa then said to Señor Ribera:

¹ Angel Island.

"Please do me the favor of sketching the harbor on a piece of paper."

Now, during these days I had copied a map of the port of Bodega which the pilot of the goleta¹ gave to Señor Ribera after they discovered the port, and likewise a sketch which Señor Ribera had not seen of the port of San Francisco. It was made by the same pilot and very badly drawn, but to it I added my ideas, according to what Señor Ribera had explained to us, in order that it might serve me as guide. Señor Ansa knew of this because he saw me make it. Señor Ribera began to draw lines, but his hand and arm trembled so violently that he did not draw very accurately what he wished. Thereupon, although they did not ask me for it, I brought out my sketch and learned whatever else I could regarding the matter.

It was now decided that we should have to go to see the port and settle this question of the river. Señor Ansa said:

"Is there not some soldier here who went with Captain Fages?"

Señor Ribera replied: "Yes, there is. The sergeant is here, and if you wish to satisfy yourself we will send for him."

"Well, call him," said Señor Ansa.

Thereupon Señor Ribera sent for the sergeant and as soon as he came he said, very angrily:

"Here you have the sergeant, talk with him until you are tired."

¹ The *Sonora*.

The sergeant was asked if he had seen the great river. He replied that he had seen it, had been on its banks, and had drunk water from it, and he ended by saying that he would swear to it. This was a mistake of the soldiers who found the water of the tulares fresh, as I shall show in the proper place, for, without reflecting whether it flowed, or upon any other matter, they called it a river. Finally, Señor Ansa concluded this matter by saying:

“Friend, I am going there, and if we find the river I will take from it an alimeta of water, and will seal it very carefully. And right now I beg Father Fray Pedro¹ to promise to write me a certificate at that time that the water in that alimeta is from the Rio Grande de San Francisco, in order that I may present it to the viceroy; but if there is no such river we will confirm the report of Cañizares.”

Señor Ansa still insisted that the people should go to the port of San Francisco, saying that the viceroy had urgently charged him with this, and had told him that if no suitable place were found near the mouth of the port, the settlement should be made wherever he might think best, even though it might be some leagues from the port, in order that thereby it might be seen that the harbor already had been occupied on the part of Spain. Señor Ribera replied that this was a very different matter, for he had been ordered that the settlement should be established near the port, and for this reason he had reported that this could not be, because there was no

¹ Fray Pedro Font.

good site there; but that he would not deny that places might be found at a distance from it, and this being the case he felt very much better. Finally, seeing that Señor Ansa was determined to go to examine the port, and that he could not prevent us, Señor Ribera concluded by saying:

“Well, friend, go ahead, go ahead, and explore to your satisfaction and do what to you seems best. On the return you will tell me what you have seen, and I from this moment agree to whatever you may decide.”

From that night Señor Ansa was very much offended at Señor Ribera because he was so hostile to the new establishment; and this decision of Señor Ansa, with whom I, as his companion, made myself a participant in the hatred of Señor Ribera, was the beginning of the tilts and encounters which we had afterward, as I shall say later on.

Thursday, February 8.—Although in the morning it was not raining, it was decided that we should remain here today because the weather was not settled. And yet, this delay was attributed to me in this manner: The saddle animals were brought in, and since the day was very unsettled, with a very troublesome and cold wind, when they were going to saddle up, the two commanders asked me what I thought, whether to start or to wait, saying that I must decide. I made some mild excuses, but finally I said that although I favored starting, if the weather should stop us on the way we would gain

nothing by starting. Thereupon Señor Ribera, who was inclined to have us wait—and Señor Ansa did not oppose it—said, “Well, the Father has declared himself, and his opinion is that we should wait.” And so they ordered the animals taken away, and we remained here until next morning.

X

DESERTERS

68. Friday, February 9.—This morning, on account of the previous rains, the river of this presidio, which comes from the Sierra Madre nearly to the southwest and after passing the hill of the presidio turns to the south and empties into the port, was very high. The three fathers bade me and the gentlemen goodbye, and I tried as best I could to console Lieutenant Ortega, who was very much offended by the insults shown him by Señor Ribera with little or no reason.

At a quarter to nine in the morning we set out from the presidio of San Diego, Commander Ansa and the rest. Commander Ribera remained, as I said above, having decided not to move until he should finish capturing the malefactors and leave the presidio secure, although, since I was then ignorant of his intention, I urged him strongly to come with us. At a quarter past five in the evening we arrived at the place called Agua Hedionda,¹ having traveled some thirteen leagues by the same roads and in the directions opposite those in going, mainly to the northwest.—Thirteen leagues.

¹ This estuary, just south of Carlsbad, still has the same name. Los Batequitos is the next estuary south of Agua Hedionda.

On the way I said to Señor Ansa:

"Señor, where shall we stop tonight?"

"At Los Batequitos, or at whatever point we reach," he replied.

"That is all right," I said. "But aren't we going to eat a bite? When you are on horseback you never think of eating anything, or of what we shall eat."

He replied, "Since we ate breakfast this morning I have been so well satisfied that I am not hungry."

We had made breakfast of a couple of eggs and it was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Well, what are a couple of eggs?" I replied. "I must confess I am a man and that I eat because I am hungry. Isn't there something at hand?"

At the presidio they had put up some provisions for the road, and a servant now replied:

"Here are some bread and cheese."

"Well, bring them along," I said. "That's fine."

I took some and ate, and Señor Ansa took some bread, although he had just told me that he was not hungry, and then he wanted some cheese. He was somewhat angry with what I had said, but he got over it, and from here forward he always arranged that a servant should have at hand boiled meat, bread, and cheese. About noon he would ask me if I wished to eat something, and although we might be traveling we would eat a mouthful, which formerly had not been done.

69. Saturday, February 10.—We set out from Agua Hedionda at seven o'clock in the morning, and

at a quarter to six in the afternoon halted at a small arroyo a league before reaching La Quema,¹ having traveled some sixteen leagues, the principal direction being to the northwest, but with some variation as on going. The arroyos now all had water and the river at the site of San Juan Capistrano was very high. We surmised that its waters came from the slopes of the valley of El Príncipe and the pass of San Carlos in the sierra, which lies straight east of that place, and which, viewed from the hills, is seen to be not very far away. There are so many hills to be crossed on this road that yesterday I began to take the trouble to count them, and, not counting the smallest, we ascended and descended twenty-one hills, and today we went up and down fifty-four.—Sixteen leagues.

70. Sunday, February 11.—We set out from the small arroyo at seven in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Santa Ana River after fording it, having traveled some fifteen leagues in varying directions as on going, the principal one being to the northwest. Here we overtook the pack train, which had set out from the presidio on the 4th, and, being delayed by the rains, had reached this river only a little ahead of us. Today I counted twenty-seven hills which we ascended and descended. Among the infinite variety of flowers, such as tulips and others of very diverse colors and very pretty, with which from now on the fields, groves, and valleys of those lands begin


¹ Near the site of San Juan Capistrano.


to be clothed, I saw several like those in Spain. Among them are some very pretty and small ones with five petals, which look like a face, exactly like those which I saw in some gardens in Cataluña and which are there called *pensamientos*,¹ with only the difference that those are yellow and somewhat brown on the edges of the petals, while these are entirely yellow and have no odor.—Fifteen leagues.


71. Monday, February 12.—We set out from the Santa Ana River at seven in the morning, and at two in the afternoon arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, having traveled some ten leagues, with the same variation of directions as on going, but traveling principally to the northwest. Before sunset the pack train arrived. Today we went up and down twenty-three hills which, together with the rest, make a hundred and twenty-five.—Ten leagues.


At this mission we heard the news that last night a soldier of Monterey who was in the mission guard, and four others, two servants and two muleteers of the expedition, deserted with thirty saddle animals belonging to the mission and to some private individuals, taking other things which they stole at the camp; and that the lieutenant of the expedition had set forth with nine soldiers in pursuit of them. This was very disconcerting to Señor Ansa and me, because we had come here planning to continue at once the journey to Monterey, but now this occurrence would detain us, especially since the mission did not have provisions to enable the people to remain here

¹ Heartsease.

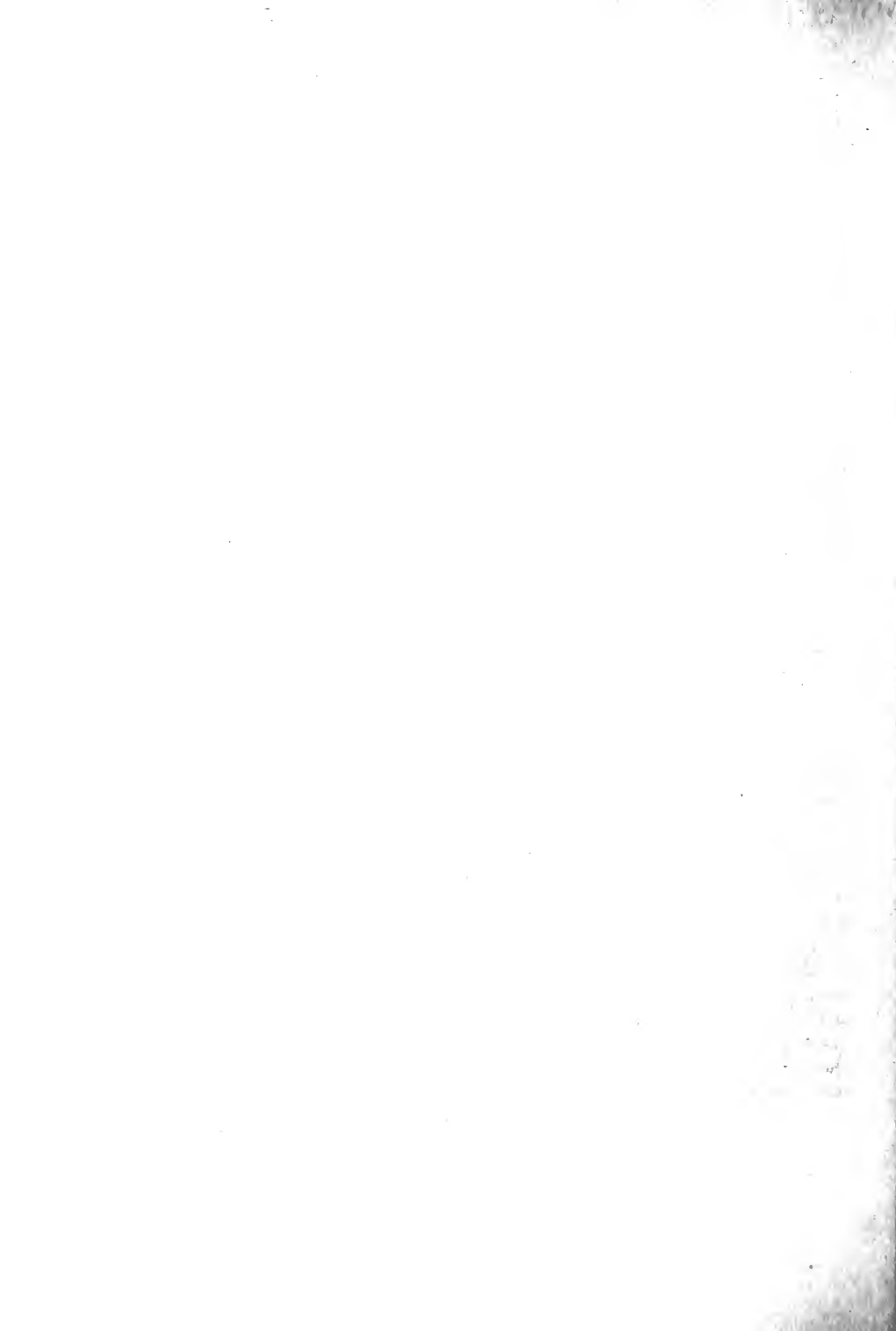
adelante. Dentro del Puerto conté ocho islas, y no puedo asegurar si hay mas. La primera que se ofrece al entrar al Puerto, cuyo centro mirado desde la Punta exterior de la Boca de este lado cae respecto de ella al nordeste quaxta al norte, y está como á una legua de la Boca, se llama la Isla del Angel, ó de los Angeles, detrás de la qual dio fondo el Barco San Carlos, segun dixe día 7. de Febrero, la que tenía de largo una legua corra, y mirada desde la Boca parece esta figura: 

Enfrente la Boca hay una muy pequeña como faxallon, y otra no tan pequeña, y como al sudeste otra mas grande. Otra bien larga se mira al extremo del sudeste muy pegada á tierra, la qual demarque despues al pasar cerca de ella, y me pareció formaba esta figura: 

Otra como de tres leguas de largo, tambien pegada á la tierra, se ve de la Boca para el noroeste, y cerca de ella hay otras dos pequeñas, las quales vi quando dimos buelta al Puerto, y desde el camino demarque la grande, que hacia esta figura: 

las quales parece que por esse lado empiezan á formar la gran Bahía, en que remata todo esse inmenso pielago de aguas, que por encerradas y rodeadas de sierras, están tan quietas como en una taza. Finalmente en la Bahía, y enfrente la Boca del Puerto dulce hay una isla mediana á mas de las dichas, la qual hace esta figura: 

Luego que llegamos del reconocimiento dixe al Sr. Ansa: señor ya que Usted mañana quiere poner la cruz en el Puerto, mandela hacer ahora luego, para que mañana despues de misa la bendiga, si á Usted le parece bien, antes de ir á poner. Respondiome: ai se haga Padre: y volteandome la espalda se metió para su tienda bufando, y diciendo entre dientes: siempre viene con si le parece, si le parece: y era que no podia sufrir que le dierse pareciera en cosa alguna, y todavía le duraba algo el enfamamiento de ayer causado de lo que voy á decir. Es el caso, que yo llevaba los diarios del P. Exsperi, y del P. Palon, que ellos hicieron en sus viages, y el mapa del Puerto que copie, los quales no quise llevar el Sr. Ansa diciendo que le bastaba lo que en conversacion le havian dicho. Despues que paramos en el Arroyito, segun los diarios, y me fui para donde él estaba, que por el dolor que todavía sentia en la ingle se havia medio xecostado, y me puse á leer, y



any longer, and Father Paterna did not wish to furnish rations or anything else. Moreover, we found the soldiers of the expedition very much dissatisfied, claiming that Señor Ansa had deceived them. They objected to going any further, saying that, having been promised the pay of three hundred and sixty-four pesos and rations, now they found themselves without food, dying of hunger, lacking the cows and other things which were promised them when they enlisted, and the salary paid in inferior goods and charged at a hundred and fifty per cent of their value.

Señor Ansa now found himself very much put to it by the shortage of provisions, for he had scarcely what was necessary to escort so many people. And here was confirmed what I said to him on the 1st of December, at night, during the talk which we had, and when he became so angry, telling me that only as a favor to the fathers was he delaying a day to build them a hut, because he now had very few provisions and could not remain any longer. I replied that this was his duty, and that they had entrusted him with this commission in order that, being experienced, he might provide what was necessary, and be prepared for whatever might happen. I told him that he ought to remember that in this expedition he was like a ship captain, who, having to make a journey of four months, ought to provide supplies for six; and that he not only ought but might have done so, for they had opened to him the royal chests for anything that might be necessary.

Tuesday, February 13.—On account of what had happened it was decided to wait a few days until the lieutenant should return. I observed the latitude of this mission, but because the day was cloudy I was not satisfied with the result. In the afternoon I went with Father Paterna and Señor Ansa to view the mission's very good new field of wheat, and I was pleased to see how those recently converted Indians applied themselves to the plow and to their tasks, and to witness the manifest success of the labors of these fathers, who with their own example are showing them how to work, Father Paterna putting his own hand to the plow.

Wednesday, February 14.—The day was dark until afternoon, when it cleared up. Father Paterna assembled all the neophytes of his mission and asked me to play for them a little on the musical instrument,¹ with which they were very much pleased. At night arrived two of the soldiers who went with the lieutenant, he having sent them back because their horses had become tired out; and they told how the lieutenant was going determined to overtake the deserters, whose fresh tracks he was following.

Thursday, February 15.—In the morning it was raining and it continued until noon. In the afternoon it cleared up a little. Nothing particular happened.

Friday, February 16.—We continued without any special occurrence, except that Señor Ansa, from the

¹ His precious salterio.

day when we arrived at the mission, was indisposed in the stomach and every afternoon vomited his food.

Saturday, February 17.—In the morning the weather was clear and good. I again observed the latitude of this mission, and found it without correction to be in $33^{\circ} 58\frac{1}{2}'$ and with correction in $34^{\circ} 51\frac{1}{2}'$,¹ and so I say: at the mission of San Gabriel, February 17, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $43^{\circ} 42'$.

Sunday, February 18.—I said Mass, and after the gospel I preached a few words to the people of the expedition, exhorting them to have patience in their trials and be resigned to them, after the example of Jesus Christ, who gladly bore the agony which he knew he had to suffer in Jerusalem, because after suffering and death, resurrection and rest follow. The day continued fair and nothing new happened, except that Don Juan was worse today from his indisposition, which came from the nausea caused by the food prepared at the mission, whose cooks were some boys who were so slovenly that not only did they prepare things without cleanliness, and not at all carefully, but as outlandishly dirty as themselves. Besides, we ate without tablecloths on the top of an old door which served as a table and was so greasy and dirty that one could scrape off the filth which was on it with a knife. But I think this vomiting came upon him especially because he had become despondent over the setback caused by the

¹ This latitude is nearly exact.

deserters; at finding the people of the expedition discontented with the hundred and fifty per cent charged for the goods given them for their pay (an arrangement which was unknown to Señor Ansa when he set out from Mexico, according to what he said, for he understood that they would be paid in cash¹); and because the people were asking him for food, since they were suffering from hunger, and were selling to the mission whatever they had to provide a remedy, as he had no means of getting provisions to give them, since all that could be obtained from the store at San Diego had come with the pack train. For all these reasons, then, Don Juan during these days was very sad and melancholy, and I even tried to cheer him up a bit by drawing him into conversation and diverting him a little while with the instrument.

Monday, February 19.—I said Mass. It continued to be fair today, and Don Juan was better. I again observed to satisfy myself, and the same latitude resulted as on the 17th, $34^{\circ} 51\frac{1}{2}'$, with correction, and about a half a minute less without correction, $33^{\circ} 59'$, and so I say: at the mission of San Gabriel, February 19, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $44^{\circ} 24'$.

It was decided not to await the lieutenant any longer than tomorrow, because the days were passing and the conclusion of the journey of the expedi-

¹ This claim could hardly have been candid, for Anza himself recommended paying the colonists in supplies.

tion to Monterey was being delayed. In this decision I had a large part, for this morning after Mass I went to visit Señor Ansa, and, finding him somewhat better, at which I was greatly pleased, I approached him and said to him that if this delay should retard the improvement of his health it would be wiser for us to go forward, because his health was the first consideration; for if he became sick what would we do? For then everything would be set back and lost. I said that it was better to start, because when once on the road the people would be contented and would stop complaining, but if we should delay any longer they would be more discontented each day and would keep using up the few remaining provisions, and then we should find it impossible to go on to Monterey. Thereupon we agreed that whether the lieutenant should return or not we would start on Ash Wednesday after Mass; and from this day forward Señor Ansa conducted himself toward me more affably than formerly.

Tuesday, February 20.—I said Mass. The lieutenant did not return, so it was decided to resume the journey tomorrow, leaving at the mission of San Gabriel ten soldiers and two settlers, with their families, as was ordered by Commander Ribera in San Diego, they being selected today in order to continue the journey in the morning with the rest.

XI

THE SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL

72. Wednesday, February 21.—I pronounced the blessing with ashes and said Mass, and in it spoke a few words to the people who were remaining and to those who were going, for some of them wept and were displeased with this separation. With the gospel of the day I confirmed all that from the beginning of the journey I had said to them in the talks which I had made to them; that is, that they came to suffer and to set an example of Christianity to the heathen, etc. It all reduced itself to exhorting one and another to repentance for their sins, and to patience in their trials, etc., etc.

We set out from the mission of San Gabriel at half past eleven in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon we halted at the Puertezuelo, having traveled six leagues, two to the west with some turns to one side and the other, and the rest to the west-northwest. At two leagues we crossed the Porciúncula River, which carries a great deal of water and, running toward the Bay of San Pedro, spreads out and is lost in the plains a little before reaching the sea. The land was very green and flower-strewn. The road has some hills and many

mires caused by the rains, and for this reason the pack train fell very far behind. At the camp site there is permanent water, though little, and plenty of firewood. On the left at a distance runs the chain of hills which form the Bay of San Pedro in the sea, and on the right the Sierra Nevada, and another rough and long one which is in front of it.¹—Six leagues.

73. Thursday, February 22.—We set out from the Puertezuelo at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted at the place called Agua Escondida, having traveled some ten leagues, about seven to the west by north, and the rest to the west-southwest. A little after leaving the camp site we entered a very spacious valley called Santa Ysabel,² in the middle of which is the place called Los Nogales. This is a small spring of water, like a little lake, which rises in the middle of the plain and near which there are small walnut trees. At about seven leagues we came to the foot of the sierra which, together with the one which yesterday we passed through by the Puertezuelo and which today ran at our left, and the one which from the other side of San Gabriel runs in front of the Sierra Nevada and has been at our right, forms this valley, which ends here. We entered by a canyon which has little water, and then we went for about

¹ The march was west to the Porciúncula River (the Los Angeles), then northwest up the river through the gap to the turn of the mountains west of Glendale, where camp was made.

² The San Fernando Valley.

two leagues, ascending and descending ridges, to the camp site, which likewise is a valley, with little water and plentiful live oaks, formed by various hills of a spur of a range which extends from the Sierra Madre and runs to the sea. On the way we saw some heathen, although few, and these naked and unarmed; but they did not wish to come near.¹—Ten leagues.

74. Friday, February 23.—I said Mass. We set out from Agua Escondida at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past six in the afternoon arrived at the Santa Clara River, having traveled some fifteen leagues, three to the west-southwest, five to the west, one to the northwest in order to reach the long grade² and finally, having descended the slope, some six west to the river.³—Fifteen leagues.

The road in parts is level, and in parts one goes up and down the ridges until one reaches the long grade, from which one sees the sea and the first islands of the Channel of Santa Barbara. Descend-

¹ Leaving the Puertezuelo they entered San Fernando Valley (the Santa Isabel), and swung west along the foot of the mountains. Los Nogales was near Encino. At seven leagues they entered the Simi Hills at Calabasas, and continued to Las Virgenes Creek, in whose vicinity camp was made. Agua Escondida means water that is hidden, or off the road.

² Cuesta Grande.

³ The route was through Russell Valley, past Triunfo, Newberry Park, Conejo Valley, down Conejo Grade, to Camarillo, Springville, and Santa Clara River beyond El Rio, where camp was made. The route was a little more northwesterly than Font estimates.

ing this ridge, one finishes crossing the range which, as I said yesterday, extends from the Sierra Madre and ends at the sea. Then one enters a plain extending more than five leagues to the river and beyond. The range has many oaks and live oaks and other trees, and likewise some watering places, like those of El Triunfo and Los Conejos, and in it we saw four small villages. The camp site is somewhat lacking in firewood and the river is very miry and bad when it rises, but is was now low. Near it there was a fairly large village whose Indians had fish, because it is near the sea; and on the river there were many geese, ducks, cranes, and other fowl. We saw in the plain a very large drove of antelopes which, as soon as they saw us, fled like the wind, looking like a cloud skimming along the earth.

In the course of today we saw several Indians, all unarmed and naked. The women were very cautious and hardly a one left their huts, because the soldiers of Monterey, since they were not married, had offended them with various excesses which the unbridling of their passions caused them to commit with them. This shyness I observed in all the villages of the Channel. At the foot of the Cuesta Grande, near a small village, there is a spring of water like a well; and at twelve paces from it there is a good-sized spring of asphalt¹ which rises right there, and I learned afterward that near the mission of San Gabriel there is another one. At sunset a

¹ This spring of asphalt is right by the automobile road, at the bottom of Conejo Grade.

very thick fog arose from the sea, with which the day ended very much clouded over, and the night was very dark. This matter of the fog is very common and continuous on those seas and coasts, but it is not injurious.

75. Saturday, February 24.—We set out from the Santa Clara River at half past nine in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted on a small elevation on the shore of the sea near the village of La Rinconada, having traveled some nine leagues. After starting we went three to the west, reaching the sea beach and the village called La Carpintería, situated near the Rio de la Asumpta, the first village of the Channel of Santa Barbara, unless one counts as the first one that of the Santa Clara River. The rest of the way was west by north, with some minor turns to the west at the headlands along the coast, which are numerous.¹—Nine leagues.

After going three leagues, all the way over level country, we came to the sea beach and the village of La Carpintería, so-called because the first expedition saw them building launches there. Two leagues beyond is the village of Los Pitos, so-called because of the whistle which the men of the first ex-

¹ The route was from the Santa Clara to the Ventura River (Rio de la Asumpta) where Carpintería was situated. Font's Carpintería was further east than that so-named by the Portolá expedition. Los Pitos was at Pitas Point. La Rinconada, where camp was made, was at Rincón Creek, near Rincón Point, on the western boundary of Ventura County. The day's march was close to the beach where the highway now runs.

pedition of Commander Portolá heard blown there all night. For this reason Señor Ribera, who then was going in the vanguard, fearful of some trick on the part of the Indians, kept the men on their arms all night, only to discover in the morning that it was a very small village of four little huts and without people.

All this road as far as the camp site runs along the sea beach, almost touching the waves. For this reason it is a very diverting way, and it would have been more so if the day had been clear and good, and not so murky from the fog. The people of the expedition who had never seen the sea found many things to marvel at. The Channel of Santa Barbara, which is very long, is so-called because out in the sea at a distance of some six or eight leagues there are several islands which with the mainland form a strait. And I would say that it also might be called a channel because the road runs all along the beach between the sea and the land; for there the land ends in very steep cliffs, as if they had been sliced off, so that it is almost impossible to climb up them because they are so high and broken, although they are not rocky but are composed of land well grown with good pasturage. In places there is no other way except along the beach, and in other stretches although there is a road which they call "along the heights," it runs on the edge of the sliced-off part of the hills, with great precipices over the sea, which is visible there below.

The Indians of the Channel are of the Quabajay tribe.¹ They and the Beñeme have commerce with the Jamajab and others of the Colorado River, with their cuentas or beads, consisting of flat, round, and small shells which they hunt for in the sands of the beach, and of which they have long strings hung around the neck and on the head. The dress of the men is total nakedness. For adornment only they are in the habit of wearing around the waist a string or other gewgaw which covers nothing. For a head dress they are accustomed to tie in the hair a cord, as I said of the Gileños on November 7, in which they put a little stick or feather, and especially the *cuchillo*. This is a thin stick about two inches wide and a third of a vara long, at the end of which they fix with pitch a rather long flint, pointed and sharpened to cut on both sides, or a knife blade, or some similar piece of iron if they are able to obtain one. This *cuchillo* they all wear across the head, fastening it with the hair.

They are also accustomed to carry a sweat stick, which is a long and somewhat sharp bone or similar

¹ The Quabajay and Beñemé, and the Jeniguechis mentioned below, are all identified with the Serranos. The Jamajab were the Mohaves. Fages wrote of these Channel people: "The Indians of all these villages are of good disposition and average figure; they are inclined to work, and much more to self-interest. They show with great covetousness a certain inclination to traffic and barter, and it may be said in a way that they are the Chinese of California. In matters concerning their possessions, they will not yield or concede the smallest point. They receive the Spaniards well and make them welcome; but they are very warlike among themselves, living at almost incessant war, village against village" (Fages, *Historical, Political and Natural Description of California*).

thing, with which they scrape the body when they are perspiring, to remove the perspiration. They say that this is a very good thing because by doing so they cease to be tired. Some of them have the cartilage of the nose pierced, and all have the ears perforated with two large holes, in which they wear little canes which look like two horns, as thick as the little finger and more than half a palm long, in which they are accustomed to carry powder made of their wild tobacco, or some other gewgaw.

Their language is entirely distinct from the others. The captain whom they recognize in the villages they call Temí, just as the Jeniguechis and Benyemé call him Tomiár. The women cover themselves with a deer skin hung round the waist, and with some sort of a beaver skin cape over their backs, yet I saw very few women close at hand, for as soon as they saw us they all hastily hid in their huts, especially the girls, the men remaining outside blocking the doors and taking care that nobody should go inside. Once I went near a hut which I saw open, to examine its structure, for among all the huts which I saw in all the journey these are the best. They are round in form, like a half orange, very spacious, large and high. In the middle of the top they have an aperture to afford light and to serve as a chimney, through which emerges the smoke of the fire which they make in the middle of the hut. Some of them also have two or three holes like little windows. The frames of all of them consist of arched and very strong poles, and the walls are of very

thick grass interwoven. At the doors there is a mat which swings toward the inside like a screen, and another one toward the outside which they ordinarily bar with a whalebone or a stick.

I went to the door, and although I did not ask permission to go in, knowing their dislike for it, nevertheless two minutes could not have passed when they shut the inner door on me and I withdrew unenlightened. This is the result of the extortions and outrages which the soldiers have perpetrated when in their journeys they have passed along the Channel, especially in the beginning. Among them a certain Camacho was outrageous, and his fame became so wide among the Indians that they call every soldier *Camacho*. In fact, they all kept asking us for Camacho, and where was Camacho, and if Camacho was coming. Among the men I saw a few with a little cape like a doublet reaching to the waist and made of bear skin, and by this mark of distinction I learned that these were the owners or masters of the launches.

The Indians are great fishermen and very ingenious. They make baskets of various shapes, and other things very well formed, such as wooden trays and boxes, and things made of stone. Above all, they build launches with which they navigate. They are very carefully made of several planks which they work with no other tools than their shells and flints. They join them at the seams by sewing them with very strong thread which they have, and fit the joints with pitch, by which they are made very

strong and secure. Some of the launches are decorated with little shells and all are painted red with hematite. In shape they are like a little boat without ribs, ending in two points somewhat elevated and arched above, the two arcs not closing but remaining open at the points like a V. In the middle there is a somewhat elevated plank laid across from side to side to serve as a seat and to preserve the convexity of the frame. Each launch is composed of some twenty long and narrow pieces. I measured one and found it to be thirty-six palms long and somewhat more than three palms high. In each launch, when they navigate or go to fish, according to what I saw, ordinarily not more than two Indians ride in each end. They carry some poles about two varas long which end in blades, these being the oars with which they row alternately, putting the ends of the poles into the water, now on one side and now on the other side of the launch. In this way they guide the launch wherever they wish, sailing through rough seas with much boldness. In this place of La Rinconada I counted nine launches, besides one that was to be mended, and I concluded that with some instruction those Indians would become fine sailors.

All the settlements or rancherías of the Channel have a community place for playing, consisting of a very smooth and level ground, like a bowling green, with low walls around it, in which they play, rolling a little half-round stick. Likewise, near the villages they have a place which we called the cemetery, where they bury their dead. It is made of

several poles and planks painted with various colors, white, black, and red, and set up in the ground. And on some very tall, straight and slim poles which we called the towers, because we saw them from some distance, they place baskets which belonged to the deceased, and other things which perhaps were esteemed by them, such as little skirts, shells, and likewise in places some arrows. Over the deceased they place the ribs or other large bones of the whales which are customarily stranded on those coasts.

They also have a common temescal. This is a hot, closed room for sweating, made somewhat subterranean and very firm with poles and earth, and having at the top, in the middle, an opening like a scuttle, to afford air and to serve as a door, through which they go down inside by a ladder consisting of straight poles set in the ground and joined together, one being shorter than the other. I peeped into a temescal and perceived a strong heat coming up from it. In the middle of them they make a fire. The Indians enter to perspire, seated all around, and as soon as they perspire freely and wet the ground with their sweat, they run out and jump into the sea, which is close by, to bathe themselves.

These Indians are well formed and of good body, although not very corpulent, on account of their sweating, as I judge. The women are fairly good looking. They wear pendants in their ears and have the front hair short and banged like a tupé, the rest falling over the shoulders. The arms used by these



The coast west of Ventura.

Photo by Bolton

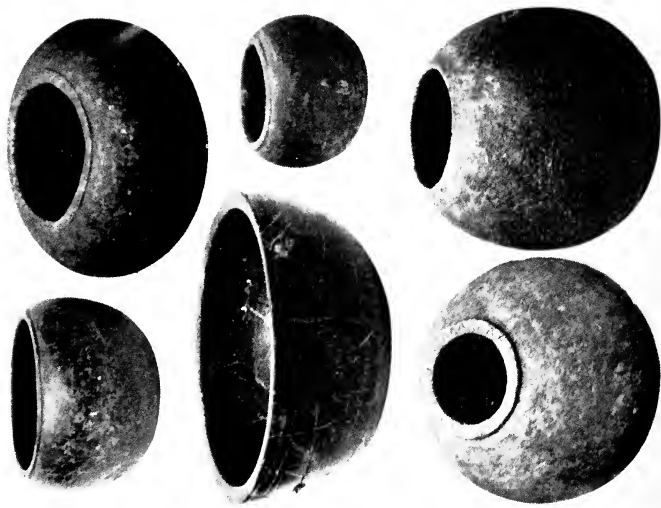


Photo by Harrington
Stone vessels made by Channel Indians.

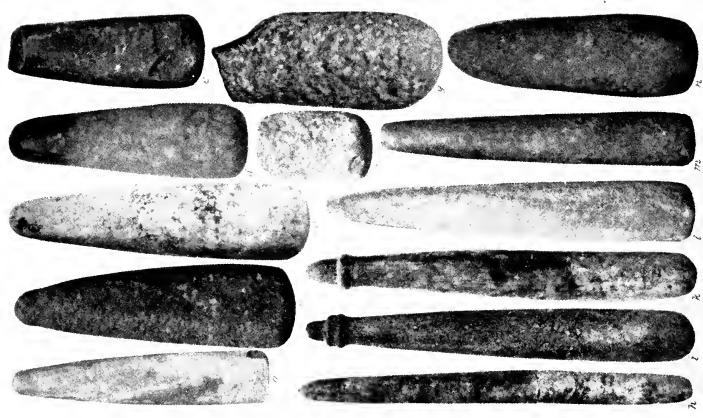


Photo by Harrington
Stone pestles made by Channel Indians.

Indians are the bow and arrow, like all the rest, but their arrows are of wood and very well and carefully made, and not of reeds like those commonly used by the Apaches, Pimas, and the others. Their bows are small, being only about a vara long, but very strong, and all are wound with tendons and are graceful in form. Their customs are the same as those of the others. They live without law or king, and especially without knowledge of God, so far as I was able to ascertain. They devote themselves to fishing, by means of which, together with the seeds of grass, they maintain themselves with much misery and hunger. They are also clever and not very dull, as it appeared to me; for although we did not have an interpreter through whom to talk to them, we were able to understand them by signs like those used by mutes, with which they explained themselves well.

But they are very thievish, a characteristic of all Indians. On passing through the village of La Carpintería we stopped for a while because it was the first one, to see the launches, cemetery, etc. Señor Ansa, I, and others dismounted, and right there in front of so many people an Indian was clever enough to take from the saddle of Señor Ansa a linen sun-cloth which he left on it when he dismounted. We remounted and a little after we started Señor Ansa missed the cloth. A servant of his went back to the village to look for it. He asked for the cloth, and they denied knowledge of it, but told him to go to a certain hut where he might find it. From

there they sent him to another hut, and from this one to still another. Seeing that they did not intend to give it to him, and were hiding it, the servant took his musket and told them that if they did not give him the cloth he would kill them. This was only a threat, but immediately an Indian, frightened, told him that he would look for the cloth, and without delay he found it and gave it to him.

Everywhere they appeared to us to be gentle and friendly, and they did not seem to be very warlike. But it will not be easy to reduce them, for they are displeased with the Spaniards because of what they have done to them, now taking away their fish and their food to provision themselves when they pass along the Channel, now stealing their women and abusing them, as well as because they are very much attached to living on the coast. In all this coast, although there are more than thirty arroyos, there is no place to establish a good mission¹ because of the small amount of water which the arroyos carry, for many dry up in the course of the year, and especially for lack of sufficient level lands suitable for crops, although as for pasturage, in all places it is plentiful and good, and in some places there is an abundance of timber and trees.

Finally, the tribe which occupies the Channel is very large, and the land is the most thickly settled of all that I saw, judging from what could be gathered from the villages which I shall proceed to

¹ Two fine missions were founded on the coast, San Buena-ventura and Santa Barbara.

name. But I do not agree with the estimate of the population which was made at first, putting it at more than twenty thousand souls; for although it is true that there are villages which may exceed a thousand persons, most of them, I judged, contain less than a thousand, and there are some small ones which I think do not reach five hundred souls.

At this place of La Rinconada there is an arroyo in the very ravine where the village is located.¹ Having crossed it we halted on a little elevation very close to the sea, with a very extensive view, although the fog prevented us from seeing the islands which were in front of us. Among the Indians who came to the camp I saw one who wore a cotton blanket like those made by the Gila Pimas, and I inferred that he must have acquired it from that great distance by means of the commerce which they have with others. They pointed out and showed me an Indian who was there, saying that he was from the large island of the Channel called Santa Cruz, and that he had just come for pleasure; for it is a marvel to see how they navigate those seas. Although his hair was reddish he looked to me very much like the Indians of the Channel.

The island of Santa Cruz is nearly triangular, and must be some twenty leagues long, and they say that it is very thickly settled and very well wooded, but because of the fog I was scarcely able to make it out. The fathers told me that the viceroy had instructed and ordered the officials to see to it that

¹ Rincón Creek.

these islands should not be depopulated, especially this one, and that efforts should not be made to have the Indians leave it for the purpose of their reduction and conversion to Christianity.

76. Sunday, February 25.—I said Mass. We set out from the village of La Rinconada at nine o'clock in the morning, and at three in the afternoon halted at a place called the vicinity of the Rancherías de Mescaltitán, having traveled some nine leagues, about six west by north, two to the northwest, and finally a short league to the southwest, to get around some estuaries which are near there.—Nine leagues.

The road was the same as yesterday, along the beach. At two leagues we came to the villages of San Buenaventura,¹ which are two, one on each side of a plain about a league long, where it was planned to found the mission of San Buenaventura, which is already endowed, but was not founded for lack of orders. It has some pasturage and plentiful live oaks, but little water. A league farther on we came to another village, and going still another league we arrived at the village of La Laguna. Here we obtained some baskets in exchange for glass beads, and supplied ourselves with fish, because just then a launch which had been fishing arrived at the shore and brought several very good fish of different kinds

¹ These villages of San Buenaventura were about at Carpintería Landing. Cf. The Portolá expedition. (It would seem that the names Carpintería and San Buenaventura got interchanged some way). The next village was near Ortega Hill. La Laguna was the lagoon in eastern Santa Barbara. Camp, near Mescaltitán, was northeast of Mescal Island, which preserves the name.

and of different colors and shapes, which I did not recognize. At this time I saw how they beached the launches. It was as follows: When it arrived at the shore ten or twelve men approached the launch, took it on their shoulders still loaded with the fish, and carried it to the house of the master or captain of the launch, distinguished by the bearskin cape. The implements with which they fish are very large nets, and hooks which they make of shells, and likewise an occasional small net made of a very strong thread like hemp.

At the camp Señor Ansa offered me some of his baskets, telling me to choose the ones I liked; but as I had no place in which to carry them I replied that if at the end of the journey he would give them to me I would take them then. He said he would give me as many as I wanted; but afterward he gave me none, because at the end of the journey I was out of favor with him.

77. Monday, February 26.—I said Mass. We set out from the vicinity of Mescaltitán at a quarter past eight in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted at a small elevation on the shores of the sea near Ranchería Nueva, having traveled some ten leagues, most of the way along the beach, about one league being to the southwest, two to the west-southwest to go around the estuaries of Mescaltitán, and the rest nearly to the west-northwest, with some declination to the west.—Ten leagues.

At a league we came to Mescaltitán, a pretty place which appeared to be a good site for a mission. Here there are three large villages, two somewhat apart, on the banks of the estuary, the largest one being on the road which we were traveling. With two leagues more we came to the two villages of San Pedro y San Pablo. They are situated on two little elevations, and between them passes one of the many arroyos which I mentioned on the Channel. They come from the quite high sierra that ran along our right, where there are seen many pines which bear good and large pine nuts, with shells so soft that one can break them with the fingers. And finally we came to Ranchería Nueva.¹ From the camp site I saw various waterspouts thrown up by the whales which were swimming around there. Beyond the villages of San Pedro y San Pablo much tar which the sea throws up is found on the shores, sticking to the stones and dry. Little balls of fresh tar are also found. Perhaps there are springs of it which flow out into the sea, because yesterday on the way the odor of it was perceptible, and today from Mescaltitán forward the scent was as strong as that perceived in a ship or in a store of tarred ship tackle and ropes.

The Indians whom we saw today are just like those I described yesterday; but the women, who

¹ Mescaltitán was just west of Goleta and north of the estuary in which Mescal Island is situated. It was two leagues before coming to San Pedro y San Pablo, which was near Naples, on Dos Pueblos Creek. The sierras on the right were the Santa Ynez Mountains. Ranchería Nueva was evidently at Tajiguas Creek, halfway between the camp east of Mescaltitán and El Cojo.

are not ugly featured, immediately hid with their little children, and only now and then did one permit herself to be seen. Today, in exchange for glass beads, the people obtained at the villages several baskets and stone cups very well shaped, and wooden trays of various forms, and other curious pieces. I surmise that these Indians, who are so ingenious and so industrious, would become experts if they had teachers and suitable tools or implements, for they have nothing more than flints, and with them and their steady industry they make their artifacts.

All the road today was very diverting, and it would have been more so if it had not been for the fogs, which are very continuous here. This morning it was foggy at daybreak, and we got as wet as if it had been raining. A little after we started it cleared up, but there remained on the sea a low line of fog which prevented us from seeing the islands. At noon another fog arose, and came out on the beach between our feet as if it were smoke, so thick that we could not see even the people who were coming behind. At one moment it was dispelled and the next it again took form; but in spite of this the day was very pleasant.

78. Tuesday, February 27.—I said Mass. We set out from camp near Ranchería Nueva at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted on the sea beach near the village of El Coxo, having traveled some ten leagues nearly to the west-northwest, or with some deviation to the west.—Ten leagues.

In the morning there was a fog which wet us like mist. It lasted on the land until noon and still continued on the sea, not permitting us to see the islands. The road during the forenoon was heavy because we went along the top of the hills, for all of them end at the sea in cliffs, and so all the way was up and down for the first half of the journey, after which we took to the beach. A little after starting we came to the abandoned village whose Indians went to *Ranchería Nueva* because of war which their enemies made upon them. Afterward we passed through a small village, then followed another abandoned one which had nothing but the cemetery.¹ Still farther on, descending a slope, we came to the village of *La Gaviota*, where we took to the beach. Then followed another small village. Afterward we came to the village of *El Bulillo*, where the launches had just returned from fishing. They came filled with large sardines about a palm long; and all the people provided themselves with fish in such abundance that we left there a part of what *Señor Ansa* had obtained for everybody, because there was nobody who wished to carry it. Finally, we passed through the village of *El Coxo*, and soon afterward halted at a small arroyo carrying very little water and very much lacking in firewood, having passed through five inhabited villages and two abandoned ones.²

¹ Cementerio Creek, just east of *Gaviota*.

² The name *La Gaviota* (the Sea Gull) is preserved in *Gaviota* and *Gaviota Canyon*, *El Bulillo* in *Arroyo el Bullito*, and *El Coxo* (The Lame) in *El Cojo Canyon*, where camp was made, just east of *Point Concepción*.

This place is near the Punta de la Concepción, where the Santa Barbara Channel ends. The Indians whom we saw, in their customs, application to fishing, etc., are like those whom I have described above. Some came from the village to the camp and offered to clean the fish which we had with their knives. The commander loaned to one of them his pocket knife, which had a silver handle and sheath. The Indian, who doubtless liked the knife better than his flint one, waited until nobody was looking, and then departed with it unnoticed by anybody. Señor Ansa afterward missed the knife, and calling another Indian who was there, told him to go to the village and say that unless they returned the knife he would have to go and punish them. The Indian went and a short time afterward returned with the knife, excusing the person who had carried it away, saying that he had taken it away innocently, thinking that it had been given to him, and that he was afraid to return. This incident is proof of the inclination which every Indian has to steal, and it likewise proves that these Indians are not very warlike.

79. Wednesday, February 28.—I said Mass. We set out from camp near the village of El Coxo at eight o'clock in the morning, and at four in the afternoon halted near the Santa Rosa River, having traveled some twelve leagues, about one northwest, two north-northwest, two northwest, two west-northwest, following a semicircle formed by the coast here, until we doubled Punta de la Concepción, which is the last point of the Channel and the most

extended. Then we made about a league to the north, two north-northwest, and two northwest, halting near the beach.—Twelve leagues.

After going about three leagues we came to the village of La Espada, and after two more to the village of Los Pedernales. These two villages are somewhat poor, have fewer people than the others, and are the last on the Channel, which ends at the Punta de la Concepción, following the sea and its coast to the west, for from here it turns to the north and northwest. All the forenoon the northwest wind was very strong and somewhat cold, with some fog; and then the wind turned to the north and the day was very dark, with a high fog which caused us a very cold and unpleasant afternoon. All the way the road runs along the top of the hills, for it is not possible to travel on the beach because of the reefs. But the road is in sight of the sea and not far from it until one gets very near the river, when one goes right down to the beach. Before reaching the river one travels for a good stretch through sand dunes and sandy hills.¹

At Punta de la Concepción the range which we have had on our right ends, and from this point the country sharply changes its appearance. All the land is thickly covered with flowers, and green with

¹ Camp was near Surf. La Espada was at Espada Creek, so-named because a sword was stolen here during the Portolá expedition. Los Pedernales was east of Rocky Point. From Font's words one would infer that La Espada and Los Pedernales were east of Point Concepción, but this was not the case. Santa Rosa River, where camp was made, was the Santa Ynez.

a great variety of grasses, good pasturage, and fragrant and useful plants. Today from the time when we left the camp I saw much samphire,¹ just the same in leaf and in taste as that grown on the rocks and on the walls along the coast of Cataluña, with the difference that the trunk rises from the earth about half a vara, and that it has a thinner leaf. Today it was in full bloom, with yellow blossoms like small sunflowers, which were so abundant that they provided a very pleasing sight all the way.

The Santa Rosa River is not large, but it is so overgrown with brush on its banks and in the middle of the stream, and has so bad a channel, that it does not afford a passage except near its mouth, and this at low tide. For when the tide rises it overflows and floods a great plain or tule marsh along the banks of the river between the hills on one side and the other, but when it goes down the tide recedes with great rapidity. For this reason we were not able to ford the river today, and we had to wait at this place, which is very short of firewood and of good water, because that of the river is salty and roily. The soldiers told me that the tulares, of which I shall speak in the proper place, reach as far as this river; or that this river, which is so miry, is a part of the tulares.

¹ This was the golden samphire (*Crithmum maritimum*). It grows among the rocks and cliffs along the sea coast.

XII

SAN LUIS AND SAN ANTONIO

80. Thursday, February 29.—In the morning it was foggy, having been so all night; but in the middle of the forenoon it cleared up, though before noon it again became so thick that though we halted on the shores of the sea it was not visible. We set out from camp near the Santa Rosa River at noon, for it was not possible to start earlier because it was necessary to wait for low tide in order to ford the stream. At a quarter past three, having traveled some four leagues to the north with some deviation to the northeast, we halted at Laguna Graciosa, so-called because it is small and of very fine water, although it is in pools almost between sand dunes and near the sea. Before reaching the river the road runs along the beach, but afterward it recedes a little from the coast, which is full of rocks and reefs. Some sand dunes or sandy hills are passed, and likewise a fairly wide flat between two hills and half closed in by a pool of water which is there, having no exit toward the sea, but not very miry. In this flat we saw a band of six bears, of which many large ones are found in those lands.¹—Four leagues.

¹ The route was close along that of the Southern Pacific Railway. Laguna Graciosa, where they camped, was at San Antonio Creek, near the mouth of which there is still a small lake, hemmed in by the littoral sand dune. The name is preserved in Cañada de la Graciosa.

81. Friday, March 1.—I said Mass. We set out from Laguna Graciosa at eight o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter past five in the afternoon halted at the site of the village of El Buchón, having traveled some thirteen leagues, about three to the northeast, one to the north-northeast, two to the north, two to the north-northwest, three to the northwest along the beach, and two to the north-northwest. —Thirteen leagues.

In the morning it was foggy and continued so all day, with scudding clouds, and with the very strong cold west wind which afterwards arose we had a very unpleasant day. The road runs somewhat away from the sea, and for about three leagues through sandy hills or sand dunes with ups and downs. Afterward it descends a long slope to the Laguna Grande, which to me looked like some estuary, and near which there is a village. Then it continues for some three leagues over level land, after which follow other hills and sand dunes until the beach is reached. In the dunes there are some lagoons of not very bad water, which is in pools and cannot flow out to the sea, except a little when it rains and the pools overflow. In these last sand dunes it is necessary to guess at the road, because, since the wind continually moves the sand, there is no sign or trace of a trail in this stretch. Then follow some three leagues, after which one comes near the point of a range which runs toward the sea. It is the very high, rough and long Sierra de Santa Lucía, which begins here and ends at the mission of

Carmelo near Monterey. At this point also one leaves the sea.¹

The village of El Buchón is so-called because when the first expedition of Señor Portolá came, there lived in this village a very high Indian chief called Buchón, famous in all the Channel for his valor and for the damage which he had done there with his wars. I learned that one of his principal wives still lived there, recognized by the heathen, who paid her tribute of a portion of their seeds; but he is now dead. Another of his concubines became a Christian and lived at the mission of San Luís, married to a soldier. This place has very fine water, and much firewood, which supplied us very well. The beach which we followed on all this road is almost lacking in shells, and I saw very few there, although there were some rather rare and exquisite ones. I think that perhaps this scarcity may be due to the fact that the sea is very wild on the coast and has very high tides.

82. Saturday, March 2.—I said Mass. We set out from the village of El Buchón at eight o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter to twelve arrived

¹ The route ran close along that of the railroad. Three leagues took them about to Casmalia (cutting off the detour made by the railroad). The route then followed the railroad through Schumann Canyon, northwest past Guadalupe Lake (Laguna Grande, called by Anza Laguna Larga), northwest to the sand dunes at the county line and west of the railroad, over the dunes to the coast above Oso Flaco Lake, so-called because here a lean bear was killed during the Portolá Expedition. The "point of a range," the Santa Lucía, was encountered near Pismo. The village of El Buchón where camp was made was in Price Canyon, about two miles north of Pismo.

at the mission of San Luís Obispo, indicated on the map by the letter D, having traveled some four leagues, one to the north, and the rest to the north-northwest and northwest, swinging somewhat to the west a little before arriving.¹—Four leagues.

The day was quiet but cold, for after leaving the Punta de la Concepción the land very greatly changes in aspect and in climate, although it is healthful. At daybreak a messenger was sent to the mission to announce our coming. On emerging from a canyon about a league from the camp site, we traveled along the foot of a hill, between whose rocks we saw right on the road some springs of tar which rise there. Afterward we entered the plains which they call the Llanos de San Luís, where there are some mires, with water in pools. In the worst of these the mules bogged down and some of the people fell off, as a result of which we suffered some delays. The father ministers of the mission of San Luís, Fray Joseph Caballer and Fray Pablo Mugártegui, came out on the road to welcome us, and on our arrival Father Fray Juan Figuer, vested with his cope and bearing a censer, was awaiting us at the door of the church. The fathers welcoming us with peals of bells and the guard with volleys, we entered the church chanting the *Te Deum*, and thus our arrival was a matter for very great and mutual joy.

¹ The first league took them out of Price Canyon. The springs of tar were at the asphalt mines near Maxwellton. The whole day's march was close along the line of the railroad.

The mission of San Luís is situated in a beautiful site, on a small elevation near a stream¹ of the finest of water, near the Sierra de Santa Lucía and three leagues from the sea. It has very fertile lands and pretty fields. The mission buildings consist of a large quadrilateral shed, with a square hall in the middle, and four rooms or divisions, one at each corner of the hall. The hall has two doors which give the light, one opening into the hall and the other leading out to a small patio where the kitchen and the corrals are located. Separate from this one there is another shed which serves as a church; and at one side there are some small huts or divisions which serve as another habitation, in which sleep, locked in, the converted girls, whom they call nuns. They are under the instruction and care of the wife of a soldier, who is rather old and whom they call *maestra*. She teaches them to sew and to keep clean; and they already do so very nicely, as if they were little Spaniards. In front of the mission are the guardhouse and the little huts of the village, which they call the *ranchería*, of the Christian Indians. With all this a half plaza is formed, but the entire structure, although carefully made, is of tule, logs, and partly of adobe, because there have been no provisions for anything else; and consequently it is in danger of fire.²

¹ San Luís Obispo Creek, now in the heart of the city of San Luís Obispo.

² Mission San Luís Obispo de Tolosa was founded personally by Serra on September 1, 1772. See an account of the founding in Bolton, *Palóu's New California*, II, 359-367.



Down Kent Canyon.

Photo by Bolton



San Antonio de los Robles.

Photo by Bolton

The Indians of this mission are neat and clean, and are better featured and comelier than those of any other tribe of all those that I have seen. The women wear a tupé which they make by cutting the hair in front, leaving it short, so that it falls a little over the forehead. The rest of the hair they tie behind or leave loose down the back, as I said of the Indian women of the Channel. But those Indians are not so good featured and clean as these of San Luís, for these, besides having good features, have well rounded eyes, lively, bright, black, and rather large. Their color is between dark and light and is agreeable, and they are Indians with almost as good features as the Spaniards. They are neat and clean, the men as well as the women, so far as is possible to such a class of people; and they are not so offensive to the smell as the other Indians. Moreover, the women are affable and friendly with the Spaniards and are fond of them, a reason why the soldiers were so disorderly with them when they remained in this vicinity for a time, killing bears to conquer the hunger which they suffered there in the time of Captain Fages because the supplies failed to reach them. The men have their ears pierced, although they do not wear very many pendants, but the women wear them.

These Indians are of the Nochi tribe,¹ and they appeared to me more jovial and attractive than others. The dress of the men in heathendom is complete nakedness like the rest, while the women wear

¹ San Luís Obispo was in Chumash territory.

capas of deer and beaver skin. They know how to make baskets with a great variety of designs and of any form which may be requested of them—even the shape of sombreros, one of which they made for Señor Ansa when he asked them to do so. I was not able to find out with full certainty where such abundance and diversity of baskets as are seen on the Channel are made, but I am inclined to think that most of them are made by this Nochi tribe, which is the one that lives in the tulares near this mission. What is certain is that on the Channel I did not see them make a single basket, which perhaps I would have seen if they made any; unless it be that they make them inside of their huts, which I was not able to enter because they did not permit it, as I said. Some fathers are of the opinion that they make them on the Island of Santa Cruz, whose inhabitants bring them to the Channel and mainland for trade. Some soldiers who went to the other side of the tulares¹ in search of some deserters (whom they could not capture, being able only to take their arms away from them), said when they returned that in that country they had seen more baskets and finer ones than on the Channel. If this be the case it follows that they are made by these Nochi Indians, who are the ones who live in the tulares, of which I shall speak in the proper place.

Sunday, March 3.—I said the last Mass, and preached a few words to the people on the gospel,

¹ The tulares in the San Joaquin Valley, east of San Luis Obispo.

which was that of the Transfiguration, comparing the glory of Mt. Tabor¹ to the joy which we all felt in reaching that mission, which is so pretty, and to rest in it for a day; and encouraging them all to persevere and have patience in the trials yet to come, since this was no more than a transitory rest to renew the spirit in order to persevere to the end, just as Christ gave his disciples that day of glory to encourage them to begin the career of the apostolate to which he had destined them and to suffer the trials which awaited them. After Mass I solemnly baptized an Indian boy about seven years old, whose godfather was Commander Ansa, the baptism being made with all the ceremony of the ringing of bells and the firing of muskets. We remained here today. I observed the latitude of this mission, and found it to be without correction in $35^{\circ} 8\frac{1}{2}'$, and with correction in $35^{\circ} 17\frac{1}{2}'$,² and so I say: at the mission of San Luís Obispo, March 3, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $48^{\circ} 4'$.

83. Monday, March 4.—I said Mass, and bade goodbye to my fellow countrymen, Father Cavaller and his two companions, who were in every way very demonstrative. We set out from the mission of San Luís Obispo at nine o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter to five in the afternoon halted at a place called La Assumpción on the banks of the Monterey River, below its junction with the Santa Margarita

¹ The Transfiguration is believed to have taken place on Mt. Tabor (see Matthew, ch. 17; *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, XV, 19).

² This is not far from the exact latitude.

River, having traveled some ten leagues, about one to the northeast, four to the north, one to the north-northwest, two to the northwest, and two to the west-northwest.¹—Ten leagues.

On setting out we at once entered a long canyon through which flows a pretty arroyo. It is very shady and all along it there are various trees, among which I saw some beautiful laurels. Ascending the canyon we crossed a spur of the range which runs out from the Sierra de Santa Lucía and joins another range which we kept on our right, and behind which are the tulares. This last range continues clear to the mouth of the Puerto Dulce at the extremity of the Puerto de San Francisco, where it ends. Then we descended among some hills and very green meadows with their arroyos, which form the Santa Margarita River, where we arrived after going five leagues, there being a small village at this place. From here we went as far as the camp site through level country, which is like a valley, having on the left the Sierra de Santa Lucía and on the right the other sierra mentioned. All the road and all these plains are full of very large, tall oaks having good and large acorns. Likewise there are many sycamores, and pines bearing good pinenuts with hard shells, and so leafy that their branches begin near the ground, and, tapering toward the top, end

¹ The route was northeast for a league, up San Luís Creek, over Cuesta Pass, down Santa Margarita Creek, past Santa Margarita to Salinas River, past Atascadero a short distance, to La Asunción, where camp was made. The Puerto Dulce mentioned by Font was Carquinez Strait and Suisun Bay. The carpenter birds mentioned were woodpeckers. The name of the camp site is preserved in Asunción.

almost in a conical point. High up in the sierras are seen large numbers of spruce and other trees. Along here there are some birds which they call carpenters, which make round holes in the trunks of the oaks. In each hole they insert an acorn so neatly that it can be taken out only with difficulty, and in this way they make their harvest and store, some of the oaks being all dotted with the acorns in their trunks.

84. Tuesday, March 5.—I said Mass. In the morning the weather was fair. A little before we set out a messenger arrived from San Luís with letters written by the fathers so that we might take them to the mission of El Carmelo. They did not write them during the day when we were there, because they were talking with us; for they are so lonesome and so far apart that it is a rare day when they see anybody. We set out from La Assumpción at a quarter to nine in the morning and at a quarter past four in the afternoon we halted on the banks of the San Antonio River at the place called the First Ford, having traveled some ten leagues, about three nearly to the north, five to the northwest, and two to the west-northwest.¹—Ten leagues.

On setting out we without difficulty crossed the Monterey River, which, because it has rained little this year, was not swollen, though it has few fords

¹ They followed the Salinas to Paso Robles. Here they swung northwest over the hills along the Oak Flat Road (Paso de los Robles) to San Marcos Creek, then nearly north to Nacimiento River about at Nacimiento Ranch, thence to the Primer Vado, or first ford of San Antonio River, about at King Well.

and is usually miry. We traveled some three leagues near the river, and then after five more leagues we arrived at the Nacimiento River, which farther down joins the San Antonio River, this in turn joining the Monterey River. Finally we arrived at the camp site, which is on the banks of the San Antonio River, at the beginning of a long valley through which this river runs and emerges from the Sierra de Santa Lucía, from which also run the other rivers which I have named. At this place we were molested somewhat by fleas. We had already felt them at the missions but not so much as here, because here they are very hungry, lean, and have hard bills, and they were not few in number. These fleas appear to be a plague in those lands, especially when the weather gets a little warm, so that they are to be found not only in the houses and huts but also in the fields and on the roads, and wherever one halts they are right on hand.

85. Wednesday, March 6.—At daybreak it was fair, and I said Mass. We set out from the Primer Vado at a quarter to eight in the morning, and at four in the afternoon arrived at the mission of San Antonio de los Robles, indicated on the map by the letter E, having traveled ten long leagues, some four to the west and west-northwest, two to the northwest, two almost to the north, two to the northwest, and a short distance to the west-northwest just before arriving.¹—Ten leagues.

¹ The route was close along the San Antonio River to Mission San Antonio, which had been founded by Father Serra five years before. The general direction of the march was northwest, though

On the road yesterday we saw many oaks, but today there are many more and very large ones, and for that reason this valley is called the Cañada de los Robles. Through it flows the river which we forded three times. The valley at the beginning is rather narrow, but afterward it widens out greatly. About a league before arriving we passed the site of the old mission, which they moved to the place where it is now because it is a better location, with water from the river more permanent and more certain.

The mission of San Antonio is situated in the Sierra de Santa Lucía, which, as I said, begins a little below the mission of San Luís, and, following the coast, comes to an end near the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo. The mission is in a rather wide valley some ten leagues long and full of large oaks, for which reason they call the mission San Antonio de la Cañada de los Robles.

The site is very good, with fine lands, and plentiful water from the river which runs through this valley. But it is somewhat apart from the sea, and although by air line it must be only about eight leagues, a long day's journey is necessary to reach the coast because of the roughness of the road across the Sierra de Santa Lucía, which lies between and is very high and broken, and on the coast forms great cliffs. And so the mission is almost at the head of

the first few miles were more westward, and there was another westward stretch from Deer Creek to Jones Canyon. The old site of Mission San Antonio was about half way between Jolon and the later site, where the ruins are now.

the valley before turning into the sierra. In the range there is a great abundance of oaks, live oaks, and pines, and consequently plenty of pinenuts and acorns, for which reason the mission raises large numbers of hogs.

The fathers of the mission were Father Fray Francisco Dumets (minister of the mission of Carmelo, who had come here because Father Fray Miguel Prieras was ill, and had gone to Carmelo to recover his health) and Father Fray Buenaventura Sitjar, all Mallorcans. They welcomed us with special rejoicing, and with great generosity offered us what they had. They immediately gave a shoat to the soldiers of the escort from Tubac and another to the muleteers of the commander, and they forthwith took out a large quantity of fat and distributed it amongst the people, who for a long time had not tasted any.

The construction of this mission is better than that of the others, being of adobe and having a good roof with terraplen and good beams, for they have timber to spare. It has a hall, two small rooms at one end, and another at the end through which one enters the church, which is next to it. From the hall one enters a patio around which there is sufficient room for a kitchen, oven, other work rooms, and corrals. Close by are the garden and the fields, about which the fathers, aided by the Indians, have made a very large fence, which completely encloses everything. It is very well made of good poles,

most of it being built of a tree which they call brazil wood. In short, this appears to me to be a very good mission, with fine conveniences and advantages.

The Christian Indians who compose it, who must already be some five hundred persons, are entirely different from the others whom I have seen hitherto.¹ They are of the tribe which lives in the Sierra de Santa Lucía, but I did not learn what they are called or whether they have any name. They are small in body, degenerate, and ugly, both men and women, and they live in their heathendom scattered through those mountains and canyons without any special knowledge of God. The men go naked and the women wear some kind of a cape, although the fathers manage to clothe some of them, as I have stated. The women do not bang their hair, as I said of those of the Channel and at San Luís, and neither the men nor the women are particular with their coiffure. I saw several women with their faces striped and marked somewhat as the Pimas paint themselves.

Their language is very rough and most difficult to pronounce because it has so many crackling sounds. It has been learned by Father Fray Buena-ventura through continual application and hard labor, and he has written the catechism in the language; but since there are no letters to express such barbarous and ridiculous crackling and whistling and guttural sounds, he has made use of the *K*, and of

¹ These Indians were of Salinan stock. They are graphically described by Fages in his report on California in 1775.

various accents and figures, whereby the catechism is as difficult to read as to pronounce. But the Indians can already recite in Castilian, and in this language they say the prayers at least once a day.

I think it would be a most difficult thing to find among heathen anywhere else in the world such a variety of crude and barbarian languages. And here I am reminded that perhaps to this may be attributed that reluctance which was felt by the Apostle Santo Thomás to come to the Indies to preach the faith of Jesus Christ, as is related by the Venerable and Illustrious Señor Dn. Fr. Julián Garcés, in the letter printed at the beginning of the first volume of the Mexican Councils, which he wrote in favor of the Indians to the Supreme Pontiff, Paul III, in which he says that this saint was accustomed to say to Jesus Christ, *Quocumque mitte me praeterquam ad Indos*.¹ And by this feeling I think may be explained without misrepresentation that text of Psalm 104, which speaks of the suffering that afflicted the pure heart of Joseph when he found himself a prisoner in Egypt and unable to speak, or deprived for the time being from speaking: *Ferrum pertransiit animam ejus, donec veniret verbum ejus*,² because he was in a land and among people of whose language he was ignorant and which he did not understand:

¹ "Send me anywhere except to the Indians" (meaning East Indians. Julián Garcés to Paul III, in *Mexican Councils*, I, 28; R. A. Lipsius, *Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha*, 101 (Leipzig, 1891); A. Roberts, *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, VIII, 535 (Buffalo, 1886).

² "They humbled his feet in fetters: the iron pierced his soul, until his word came" (Psalm CIV, 18, 19).

*Linguam, quam non noverat, audivit*¹ (Ps. 80, v. 6). For there is no thorn of grief which more torments the heart of a minister who desires to serve God in the ministry of the conversion of souls, nor any harder toil, than to find himself among people of such diverse and barbarous languages, without any means to converse with them, as is well stated by Father Vieyra in the sermon on the Holy Spirit, Volume One.²

Thursday, March 7.—I said Mass, and afterward I assisted with the instrument in another Mass, which we sang with all possible solemnity to San Antonio, for success in our journey and the exploration or reconnoissance which we were going to make of the San Francisco River. For, as a result of what Señor Ribera said to us of the report given by the pilot Cañizares,³ to the effect that there was no such river, we were all anxious for this exploration, in order to learn the truth; especially since the fathers, both there and here, assured us that there was such a river, for several times they had heard Indians of this mission say that on the other side of the sierra which on the way we bore on the right there was much water, so that it was not possible to go further in that direction. In this they were right because the

¹ "He heard a tongue which he knew not" (Psalm LXXX, 6).

² The reference is evidently to Father Antonio Vieyra, author of several volumes and pamphlets of *Sermones* and *Sermones Varios* published between 1660 and 1691 (see Palau y Dulcet, *Manual del Librero Hispano-Americano*, Tomo Septimo, p. 180 (Barcelona, 1927)).

³ Cañizares explored San Francisco Bay in 1775.

tulares are there now. But since the Indians usually do not distinguish between river and no river, and are in the habit of explaining themselves in their way by saying that there is much water, in this consisted the error of the fathers, founded on the report that such a river existed, a report in which they already firmly believed.

I observed the latitude of this mission and found it to be without correction in $35^{\circ} 53\frac{1}{2}'$, and with correction in $36^{\circ} 21\frac{1}{2}'$,¹ and so I say: at the mission of San Antonio de los Robles, March 7, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $48^{\circ} 52'$.

A little after noon the lieutenant of the expedition,² who went to follow the deserters, arrived at this mission, his arrival being a matter of great pleasure to everybody. He overtook and arrested the runaways a little beyond Pozo Salobre del Carrizal on the way to Laguna de Santa Olalla, and left them in prison at the mission of San Gabriel. He said that he recovered everything that was stolen except a few saddle animals, which were lost, and a few others which the Indian malefactors of San Diego killed in the Sierra Madre and at San Sebastián, where he found more than two hundred assembled, who presented themselves armed as if they wished to impede his passage. From that place he

¹ Font is not so accurate here as usual. The latitude of Mission San Antonio is about $36^{\circ} 1'$.

² It will be remembered that when Anza left San Gabriel for Monterey, Lieutenant Moraga was absent chasing the deserters. See p. 242.

brought some of the cattle which had remained tired out and scattered when they stampeded from San Gregorio, leaving them with the saddle animals at San Gabriel. And he told us how he captured the prisoners and what happened to them at that time, their reason for committing the theft and for the flight, according to the statement which the prisoners themselves immediately made to him of everything.

It was this way. While we were in San Diego the corporal of the guard of San Gabriel fell in love with a girl of our expedition; and since he had nothing to give her as a means of getting into her good graces, he urged the muleteers to give him something of what came in their charge, and, condescending, they gave him chocolate and other things. From this it followed that the prime mover of the disorder and the one most culpable was the corporal. Several days having passed, the muleteers and servants realized that they had already stolen a great deal and were sure to be discovered; so they began to plan to flee, and to this end they entered into an agreement with a soldier of the guard, who was a malcontent and was also thinking how he might flee. Indeed, this fellow told them that on his night on guard of the horse herd they should provide themselves well with tobacco, glass beads, and other things from the camp, and that together, in the silence of the night, they would flee with the animals of the horse herd, assured that nobody would be able to prevent them,

since they were in charge of the horses. And so they executed the plan. They said they wished the glass beads to give as presents to the Yumas so that they would take them across the river; and that their plan was that when they arrived at Sonora or Cieneguilla they would divide up the animals and color their flight with the uprising at San Diego, spreading the news that the Indians had killed all the rest of us, they only having been able to escape.

They said, also, that the night before the lieutenant captured them one of them said, "Companions, my heart tells me that tomorrow we shall be captured." Fearful, they were not able to sleep during the whole night, and before daybreak they began to travel, but, losing the trail, they wandered round without making any headway, and so three of them returned to the fire which they had made at the camp site. They stopped there again for a long time until, long after sunrise, they decided to travel once more, but they had hardly started when the lieutenant fell upon them. Although at first sight they planned to offer some resistance to him with the muskets which they carried, on hearing his voice when he called to them, "Halt, by command of the king," they stopped and surrendered to him at once, which was a very remarkable and prodigious thing.

These prisoners, then, were left secured at San Gabriel, and although Señor Ansa for his part sentenced them as peons to the building of the fort of San Francisco, Señor Ribera decided to leave two

of them at San Gabriel, and ordered two others to go to San Diego. From there one of them fled and afterwards came to overtake us at the Colorado River, as I shall state; and he¹ was so partial to the soldiers that though the deserter, who, having fled while he was on guard duty, had committed a capital offense, he inflicted no other punishment than to discharge him from his place as soldier, thereby exempting him from being court martialed. In short, although he was the chief offender, because he was related to him in some way he made no charge against him.

¹ Rivera.

XIII

MONTEREY AND CARMEL

86. Friday, March 8.—I said Mass. In the morning the weather was very good and clear. We set out from the mission of San Antonio de los Robles at a quarter to nine in the forenoon, and at a quarter past three in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Monterey River at the place called Los Ossitos, having traveled some nine leagues, about two to the northeast, three to the north, bearing to the north-northwest until we had passed a spur of the Sierra de Santa Lucía which forms the Cañada de los Robles, and the rest of the way to the northwest. The road at first runs through a spur of mountains, until it descends to a wide valley called the Cañada de San Bernabé; then it continues in level country through a very long valley formed on the left by the Sierra de Santa Lucía, and on the right by the range mentioned as running to the port of San Francisco.¹

¹ The route was northeast up Sulphur Spring Canyon to Upper Milpitas Road, east to the Jolon Road, northeast over the ridge and down Kent Canyon, north along the highway to the Salinas River near King City, then down the Salinas. The Cañada de San Bernabé was the Salinas Valley south of King City where it merges into Kent Canyon, and the name San Bernabé is still on the map. Posa de los Ositos was the name of a large land grant here, and the name is still on the map. The Monterey River, of course, was the Salinas. Camp was northwest of the site of King City.

Through the middle of the valley runs the Monterey River, already having been joined by the San Antonio River. It carries a great deal of water and has a deep channel. Its banks on one side and the other for some distance are very thickly grown with cottonwoods and other small trees, and it runs about northwest to the sea. All the country is good and well grown with pasturage.—Nine leagues.

87. Saturday, March 9.—I said Mass. About midnight it rained a little, and day dawned with some clouds and a fresh breeze, but it did not rain any more. We set out from Los Ossitos at eight o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter past three in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Monterey River at the place called Los Correos, having traveled ten leagues, about six northwest by west, and the rest to the west-northwest.¹—Ten leagues.

The road runs all the way through very wide plains which form the valley that I mentioned yesterday, and in sight of the Monterey River, which runs most of the way between very high banks and has a large growth of cottonwoods which it waters with its floods when it wanders from its channel. About six leagues from Los Ossitos is the place called La Soledad. They told me that they gave it this name because in the first expedition of Portolá

¹ Apparently they continued on the left side of the Salinas River. La Soledad was near the site of Mission Soledad, founded later. The camp was called Los Correos because from here messengers were sent ahead to Monterey. It was north of Somavia School. The name Los Correos is preserved in Rancho Guadalupe y Llanetes de los Correos, in that stretch along the river.

they asked an Indian his name and he replied, "Soledad," or so it sounded to them. At this place and elsewhere on the road some Indians came out to see us who were different from those of San Antonio and of the Sierra de Santa Lucía. Some of them knew Castilian and spoke a few words to us in it, and one of them asked us where Captain Don Fernando was, mentioning him by name. The commander decided to send a courier from here in the morning to Monterey to report our coming; and we two wrote to the father president, Fray Junípero Serra, begging him to have some father come to the presidio in order that we might sing Mass as an act of thanksgiving.

88. Sunday, March 10.—I said Mass. Before daybreak it began to rain and it continued raining all day at times, lightly or heavily, so that we arrived at Monterey very wet. When we arrived the rain slackened a little, but the sky continued very dark and lowering. After Mass the courier whom I mentioned yesterday was dispatched. We left Los Correos at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon arrived at the royal presidio of the port of Monterey, indicated on the map by the letter F, having traveled some ten leagues, eight to the west-northwest, and the last two almost to the west.—Ten leagues.

On setting out we followed the Monterey River some four leagues, to the place called Buenavista. Then, leaving the river at the right, we continued through some hills and over flats. Midway of this

stretch is the place called El Toro Rabón, after which one begins to see the Sierra de Pinos, which forms the port of Monterey. The road like all the rest is through pretty country, green, shady, flower strewn, fertile, beautiful, and splendid. When we arrived at the presidio everybody was overjoyed, in spite of the fact that we were so wet, for we did not have a dry garment. We were welcomed by three volleys of the artillery, consisting of some small cannons that are there, and the firing of muskets by the soldiers.¹

The royal presidio of Monterey is situated in a plain formed by the Sierra de Pinos,² which ends here. It is close to the sea and about a quarter of a league from the port of Monterey. Its buildings form a square, on one side of which is the house of the commander and the storehouse in which the storekeeper lives. On the opposite side are a little chapel and the quarters or barracks of the soldiers, and on the other two sides there are some huts or small houses of the families and people who live there. All are built of logs and mud, with some adobe; and the square or plaza of the presidio, which is not large, is enclosed by a stockade or wall of logs. It is all a very small affair, and for lack of houses the people live in great discomfort. Nor is

¹ Buenavista, where they left the river, was in the vicinity of present-day Buena Vista, near Spreckels. Crossing the hills, or swinging around them, they ascended the valley of El Toro Creek (which preserves the name of El Toro Rabón, or the Bob-tailed Bull) and reached Monterey by way of Canyon del Rey, essentially along the highway from Salinas to Monterey.

² Point of Pines.

this for want of materials, for there is lime and timber to spare, but for lack of effort directed to the purpose. The commander, indeed, had to lodge in the storehouse, and I in a dirty little room full of lime, while the rest of the people accommodated themselves in the plaza with their tents as best they could.

The port of Monterey consists of a small inlet affording slight shelter, formed by the Point of Pines, which extends about three leagues into the sea, and Point Año Nuevo, which extends into the sea for about twelve leagues, making a large but very open bay. For this reason what is called a harbor has little shelter, and almost none against the northwest wind, which blows there a great deal of the time, aside from the fact that it is so small that with two barks it is filled up, and likewise is very shallow. The Point of Pines with respect to the presidio of Monterey, from which it is distant about three leagues, lies almost to the north, and Point Año Nuevo with respect to the harbor, from which it is distant some ten or twelve leagues, lies almost to the northwest. The patron of the presidio is San Carlos, and it is therefore called San Carlos de Monterey. In this title participates also the nearby mission, which for this reason is called San Carlos y San Joseph, the latter in honor of the most Illustrious Señor Don Joseph de Galbes,¹ who gave the mission a beautiful image of Señor San Joseph, as

¹ José de Gálvez, when inspector-general of New Spain, directed the colonization of Alta California.

the principal patron whom he invoked for all that new establishment; and it is called Carmelo because this is its original name, given at the time of the first discovery made by sea by General Don Sebastián Vizcaíno.¹

89. Monday, March 11.—In the morning the very reverend father president of the missions, Fray Junípero Serra, came from the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo with four other friars, those assigned to the two missions which were to be founded on the port of San Francisco, namely Father Fray Francisco Palóu, Father Fray Joseph Murguía, Father Fray Pedro Cambón, and Father Fray Tomás Peña. They came with the royal surgeon of the king to welcome us, one of the two ministers, Father Fray Juan Crespi and the father minister of the mission of San Antonio, Fray Miguel PIERAS,² who was sick, remaining at the mission, and Father Fray Francisco Dumets, the other missionary, being at San Antonio as I said. Great and very special was the joy which we all felt on our arrival, and after we had saluted each other with many demonstrations of affection it was arranged to go and sing the Mass. We sang the Mass, then, as an act of thanksgiving for our successful arrival. I sang it at the altar, and the five fathers assisted, singing very melodiously and with the greatest solemnity possible, the troops of the presidio and of the expedition assisting with repeated salvos and volleys of

¹ Vizcaíno explored Monterey Bay in 1602-3.

² Commonly spelled Pieras.

musketry, all this together causing tears of joy to flow.

After the gospel, which, because it happened to be the feast of Santa Francisca Romana, was *de Viduis*,¹ I preached a brief sermon to the assemblage, applying the text to the expedition as appropriately as I could. For this reason I took as a theme *Simile est regnum caelorum sagenae missae in mare, et ex omni genere piscium congreganti*.² I began by exhorting them to give thanks to God for our arrival and for the good fortune which we had experienced in the journey. I said:

“Thank God that he has dealt with us so benignly, heaping us with blessings and favoring us in so long a march, just as he favored his most dearly beloved people of Israel. In order that this may be better appreciated, let us recount the blessings which we have experienced most especially, so that thereby we may better know how to render due thanks to God. I do not count the blessings which our small capacity prevents us from recognizing, for these no doubt are innumerable, but only those most palpable and most perceptible to all, those which everybody recognizes and cannot deny.

“We set out from San Miguel and traveled to Tubac through dangerous country where, if the Apaches had come out to attack us, no doubt we should have suffered disasters. We continued from

¹ “Of widows” (I Timothy, V, 3-10).

² “The kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net which He casts into the sea with which are caught all kinds of fish” (Matthew, XIII, 47).

Tubac to the Gila River, and although that was a transit of such risk that even the soldiers and men of valor tremble when passing through there, we covered the distance without fear, without fright, and without seeing the face of the enemy, even at a distance. We entered the heathendom of the two rivers, the Gila and the Colorado, with the same confidence and security as if we were entering lands of Christians, and we forded the formidable Colorado River without the least mishap. We crossed the sand dunes through which the Indians scarcely dare to pass because it is a land so bad that not even birds inhabit it. We reached the Wells of Santa Rosa where, if we had found them dry, no doubt the expedition would have perished for lack of water. But the Virgin of Guadalupe, our patroness, did not wish that we should suffer such disaster, and so on the eve and on the day of her feast, with the slight labor of opening a few wells, she provided us with sufficient water for everybody.

“Then we all assembled at San Sebastián. And was it not a miracle that in spite of the snow and such bad weather as we experienced no one perished? Might we not have died, just as so many animals died of cold? But why do I say die? Nobody even became ill. In the Sierra de California could not those Indians who had just destroyed the mission of San Diego, as enemies of the Spaniards, have attempted to prevent our passage and give us trouble and cause us grief? But since we were guided by the column of light and were under the

protection of María Santísima we arrived safely at San Gabriel. No less was the blessing which we experienced on the way between that mission and this presidio, for we passed through such a land of heathen, and so thickly settled, especially along the Channel; and yet in all places we found them peaceful, giving us safe passage. Moreover, we made this part of the journey in the worst time of the year; for as the experienced men know, this is the rainy season of these lands, and when it rains this road becomes impassable. But God did not wish that it should rain on us, in order that quickly and successfully we might reach this presidio, and so we covered this stretch of road almost as rapidly as if we had come in light order of marching.

“But, Father, you will say to me, did it not rain upon us heavily yesterday? Did we not get wet yesterday on the way? Yes, that is true, but in this consists the beauty of the blessing which God gives us, arranging that in this way we may better appreciate it. Why, you say to me, if we were troubled by yesterday’s rain, how would it have been if it had rained on us in the preceding days? But God did not wish that it should rain on us any day except yesterday, when we were about to reach the end of the journey, and then only in order that by the experience of this trial we might understand the many tribulations from which He had freed us, because through the experience of a trial and in sight of peril one better recognizes a benefit. A sick person understands the blessing of health by means of his infirmity.

“All these blessings God has bestowed upon us, and through whom? Why, through our patrons, the most Holy Virgin, María de Guadalupe, the Prince San Miguel, and Our Father San Francisco! This is so certain that no one can doubt it, and so clear that anybody can understand it. Indeed, in the very number of the days which we have spent in this long journey are depicted our three patrons, under whose favor we have finished the journey. Mark well the one hundred and sixty-five days exactly which we have spent on the way since the 29th of September, when we set out from San Miguel, up to the present, the 11th day of March, on which we have concluded our journey, and give to God thankfully His due worship.

“Who can fail to see that in this number of days our patrons are depicted? The number 165 is composed of three figures, namely, 1, 6, and 5. Number 1 alone has the value of only 1, but if combined with other figures, although they may be zeros, it equals a hundred, a thousand, many thousands. And to whom might this number more appropriately be likened than to our principal patroness, the most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe? She is the One Only and Elect, chosen among thousands to be the mother of God and the help of mankind, and, under the title of Guadalupe, the principal patroness of this America, she is equal to a hundred. Even in the rays of light which we see in this her image, which has been the standard of the expedition and our consolation on

the journey, her patronage is depicted. From the head to the feet a hundred and one rays of light are counted on this sovereign image which we have before us. (It was the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe which I carried with me and with which I formed the altar on the journey when I said Mass.) And in this number is mirrored the patroness of this sovereign land, in order that we may understand that by the number one hundred is symbolized our principal and first patroness, who is a person equal to a hundred.

“The second number is the 6, which, united with another, is equal to 60. And by this number is signified our second patron, the Prince San Miguel, whom we see pictured at the foot of the sovereign image of Guadalupe, and whose name Miguel, if you look carefully, consists of six letters. This prince, then, humbled himself at the feet of that portentous sign which appeared in the heavens and on the soil of Mexico. Obeying the precept of God, he paid it the due tribute of adoration which was denied it by the angels of darkness, to whom it exposed itself, and made fierce warfare upon them until he left them vanquished. And with what arms did he conquer them? With that so celebrated and oft repeated *Quis ut Deus*,¹ which consists of ten letters. So you

¹ “Who like God” meaning the name of Michael (*Brev. Festa Septembris 29, Lectio VI. From S. Gregorii Papae, Homilia 34, in Evangelia; Migne, Patrologia, LXXVI, 1251. September 29 is the feast of Saint Michael).*

see figured here in the number 60 our patron San Miguel, because the 10, which is *Quis ut Deus*, multiplied by 6, which is Miguel, makes the number 60.

“And even more clearly is this seen in the number 6. In that portentous and spiritual battle it appears from the Apocalypse that from all the angels comprised in the nine choirs a third were lost with their chief Lucifer, Miguel remaining captain of the rest of the good angels. For when from 9 a third part, or 3, is subtracted, 6 remains. This number 6, then, represents our patron San Miguel, prince and head of all the angelic host. The third number is 5, a simple number standing alone. And what number more appropriate than this to signify to us that humble, excellent, and singular saint, Our Father San Francisco, our third patron under the advocacy of his five portentous wounds? And so, with the patronage of our saints we have arrived at Monterey with the felicity which we have experienced.

“And for what purpose have we come? To gain Heaven by suffering trials in this world, and assisting in these lands by setting a good example of Christianity in the conversion of the heathen, whose souls are the precious pearls sought by that celestial merchant, Jesus Christ. Happy are you if you cooperate in so high a design as this, to which you are called and for which you have been chosen. Now you will understand what Christ says to us in the gospel of today. He says that the kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net which He casts into the sea and in

which are caught all kinds of fish; *Simile est regnum*,¹ etc. Notice what happens to the net, for it is all very applicable to this expedition. The fisherman casts the net into the sea and immediately many fish begin to enter it; but with different motives, some drawn by the bait, others by curiosity, some to follow the example and to be in the company of others, some perhaps moved by their evil nature to disturb and break the net, some, finally, because they are naturally good, and others, and they are the most numerous, because they are thoughtless. Afterward the fisherman draws the net out on the beach, and, choosing the good fish, he throws away the bad.

“And so it is with this expedition. The commander, in the name of the king our Lord, cast the recruiting net in Sinaloa. I have no doubt that you entered the net and enlisted with the good intention of serving God on this journey. But who knows how many were moved by the wax of wealth and advantages which they were seeking? Who knows whether some joined the expedition drawn, perhaps, by bad example and by bad company, with the intention to destroy more than to build up, seeking liberty of conscience, etc.? I do not assume this of anybody. But I do say that if any came to Monterey for any crooked purpose, they should try to rectify their intention, and being among those called let them be among those chosen. Let it not be that in the day of Judgment there be found fish rejected

¹ See p. 292, Note 2.

by God after having taken the trouble to come to a land in which suffering is the chief advantage.

“Let us then give thanks to God. And I, in the name of God and of the king our Lord, give thanks to our commander, Don Juan Bautista de Ansa, for the patience, prudence, and good conduct which as chief he has shown in commanding this expedition, and I promise him that God will reward him for his labors. And I charge all of you not to forget the obligations of good Christians, and that you may remember what I have said to you on the way in various talks, in order that you may have patience in the trials which the future promises to you, and by these trials prove worthy to live in the grace of God, so that when we die we may meet in heaven.”

God willed that everything should come out so well and so much to the purpose that I was not able to finish without tears. After Mass the fathers decided to return to the mission of Carmelo; but, because of some urgent tasks, we were not able to go until afternoon. Therefore, consenting that the four other fathers should return, we managed by urging to induce the reverend father president to remain to dine with us. Although in the morning it was somewhat cloudy and remained foggy all day, I planned to make an observation at this presidio, and I succeeded, although with a good deal of difficulty and not with the exactitude which I intended, (I observed the latitude of the presidio, although the observation was not entirely to my liking, nor with

the exactitude which I desired although I took the greatest pains with it, because the day was very foggy), and I found it without correction to be in $36^{\circ} 27\frac{1}{2}'$ and with correction in $36^{\circ} 36\frac{1}{2}'$,¹ and so I say: at the royal presidio and port of Monterey, March 11, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $49^{\circ} 52'$.

It was decided that we should go to the mission of Carmelo to yield to the urging of the reverend father president, but principally because in the presidio there was no place for us to lodge. And so in the afternoon, the lieutenant of the expedition remaining with the people we had brought, we set out from the presidio of Monterey, the commander and I, with a few soldiers, the reverend father president, the commissary, and the surgeon of the presidio. Starting at four o'clock, at five we arrived at the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, indicated on the map by the letter G, having traveled a long league to the southwest by south. Here the fathers, who were seven, welcomed us with singular joy and festive peals of the good bells there, especially a large one which they brought by sea, to which the soldiers replied with volleys and a salvo, accompanying us to the church, at whose door Father Fray Joseph Murguía was awaiting us, vested with a cope. I sprinkled holy water on the commander, etc., we adored the holy cross, and, en-

¹ Font repeated here, and then, noting his error, enclosed the redundant words in parentheses.

tering the church in a procession, we intoned the *Te Deum* with much pleasure and with tears of joy for our arrival. Then, after having given thanks to God we went to the dwelling and hospice that had been prepared.

The mission of San Carlos del Carmelo is situated on a little elevation near the sea, and close to the Carmelo River, which empties into a little bay called by Vizcaíno the Puerto del Carmelo, which is formed here by the Sierra de Santa Lucía, which ends here, and the Punta de Cipreses.¹ It is an excellent site with very fertile lands. The temperature is cold in a desirable way and very healthful, although somewhat foggy, as is the case on all that coast. The mission has a rather spacious and well made church, although it is of palisades and tule for the most part, and it is somewhat adorned with paintings. Apart from it are three good-sized rooms of adobe for the dwelling of the fathers. Separate from it are a kitchen, a forge, and two or three other rooms. Although it has the sierras near by, because it is between the end of the Sierra de Santa Lucía and the Sierra de Pinos, nevertheless it is a most beautiful site and pleasing to the view, because it is so near the sea and in a country so charming and flower covered that it is a marvel.

The Indians of this mission, who already number four hundred Christians, appeared to me to be rather tractable, not very ugly, nor so ill smelling as those

¹ Still called Cypress Point.

of San Diego.¹ They devote themselves to fishing, for at this place many good fish are caught. Besides the sardines, which are very plentiful and at times are caught without any trouble because many are stranded, there are obtained also many good salmon which enter the river to spawn. Since they are fond of fresh water they ascend the streams so far that I am assured that even at the mission of San Antonio some of the fish which ascend the Monterey River have been caught. Of this fish we ate almost every day while we were here. Besides, as many as possible were gathered to dry, being carried by the commander as a delicacy. In short, although the rest of the missions are very good, this one seemed to me the best of all.

¹ The Indians of the Carmelo Mission district were of the Costanoan linguistic stock. Their culture is described by A. L. Kroeber in his monumental work, *Handbook of the Indians of California*, 462-473 (Bulletin 78, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C., 1925). Fages describes them as follows: "The Indians of this mission and its environs are well proportioned in body, but they do not have the best faculties of mind, and they are of feeble spirit. This apparently is attributable to their condition and the kind of life they lead, always fearful and unable to retire or make excursions of more than four or five leagues from the port of the Punta de Pinos, lest they come into conflict with their opponents, who resist and persecute them on all sides. They love the Spaniards very much, and recognize in them a shelter and protection of which they were in absolute need. Nearly all of them go naked, except a few who cover themselves with a small cloak of rabbit or hare skin, which does not fall below the waist. The women wear a short apron of red and white cords twisted and worked as closely as possible, which extends to the knee. Others use the green and dry *tule* interwoven, and complete their outfit with a deerskin half tanned or entirely untanned, to make wretched undershirts which scarcely serve to indicate the distinction of sex, or to cover their nakedness with sufficient modesty" (*Historical, Political, and Natural Description of California*).



MAP OF EXPLORATIONS AROUND SAN FRANCISCO BAY



Tuesday, March 12.—We remained at this mission to rest. Day dawned cloudy and at times it misted. In the morning the lieutenant of the expedition came to the mission. I went to take a walk through the garden, which is a stone's throw from the mission, and it was a delight to see it so beautiful and full of vegetables, cared for by Father Palóu with such diligence that he spent all the day working in it and had it very well laid out. It is square, and all around it has a border of alelies already in flower, and the beds full of cauliflower, lettuce, and other vegetables and herbs. And the finest thing about that country is that without irrigation all such vegetables are raised, than which there are no better in Mexico. Indeed, one artichoke would ordinarily last two or three days. They do not irrigate because up to the present they have had no way to make an acequia from the river, for lack of men to work on it, although one can easily be made. And so they only water the plants by hand, throwing on each plant a gourdful of water after transplanting, and this suffices.

In the afternoon I went with the commander and two fathers to see the fields of wheat, barley, and legumes (beans, chickpeas, peas, and lentils), and it was really a benediction of God to see such fine fields, planted without irrigation for lack of peons. On the edge of the fields runs the Carmelo River, so-called, as is this place likewise, since the expedition of Sebastián Vizcaíno, the name being given it by the two Carmelite friars who came with him and

went on foot from Monterey to this place. I saw also the mast which the sea brought and stranded on this beach a few years ago. It is very thick, some four varas long, round, made of some hard wood which I did not recognize, and all nailed together with iron nails like staples; for it still had some after they had taken from it about half an arroba of iron, and pulled out as many nails as possible. This mast came from far away, for in all that land there is no iron, and it is not known what purpose might have been served by a mast of this make.

The little bay which Captain Vizcaíno called the Puerto del Carmelo does not merit the name of a port, for aside from the fact that it has a bad bottom and is very rocky, it is entirely unsheltered from the northwest wind, which prevails here; and it has only a little protection on the east and south from the Sierra de Santa Lucía.

The fathers greatly desired that the people should go to the port of San Francisco, for they came with this object in view. And the four fathers, who had been here for two years, and found themselves here as if on deposit, being destined for the two missions which were to be founded there, were now tired of waiting any longer. For this reason I talked with the commander about pleasing the fathers, urging him to choose the best means in order that the people we had brought might go to the port of San Francisco. I reminded him that the fathers were displeased with so long a wait, and especially

with the new delay which they now feared because of the absence of Commander Ribera, and of his opposition to that foundation, adding that they were willing that the people should go there even though the missions might not be founded immediately, and that if this were not done they were determined to return to the College. The commander was now so human with me that he told me of his plan to ask the consent of Señor Ribera, sending him a message for the purpose, and told me that he would read me the letter when he had written it.

Wednesday, March 13.—I said Mass. I wished to observe, but I was unable to do so because, although the day dawned fair, in the middle of the forenoon the sky became clouded over with fog. At that time the commander was taken with a pain in the groin, so severe that it forced him to go to bed, to which he went from the table, almost carried in the arms of others, the occurrence causing all of us not a little distress. He was taken with the pain while writing the letter to Señor Ribera, which he showed me afterward. In it he told him that he was going to examine the port of San Francisco, and, in case he found a good site he offered on his return to go there to escort the people, if Señor Ribera agreed, even though for this purpose he might have to remain a month longer. He exhorted Ribera to agree to this plan, because the viceroy would be greatly pleased to have that port occupied immediately, and to have it effected by establishing the

people there. He added that the people also wished to go there because that was their destination, and that they were discontented in Monterey because of the discomfort in which they found themselves; and finally, that unless this should be done promptly the fathers were determined to leave on the first bark which might come, because they did not wish to wait any longer. It was this letter which caused Señor Ribera such hostility to Señor Ansa, because he had declared himself on the side of the fathers and in favor of that establishment, to which Señor Ribera himself was so much opposed.

Thursday, March 14.—In the morning it was very cloudy and it misted nearly all day. The commander continued to be sick in bed and unable to rise. As for me, my affliction in the mouth, which began at San Diego, became worse, but afterward I was almost entirely cured by the large and good lettuce which I ate here nearly every day.

Friday, March 15.—I said Mass to San Juan de Dios, in order that if he wished he might give us health. The commander continued without any particular improvement. The day was blustering like yesterday, although it did not rain; and I was somewhat troubled by my mouth.

Saturday, March 16.—The commander continued in the same condition, and I likewise was without much improvement. I observed the latitude of this mission, and found it without correction to be in 36°

25½', and with correction in 36° 34½',¹ and so I say: at the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, March 16, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 51° 52'.

Sunday, March 17.—The commander was somewhat better this morning. I went to say Mass at the presidio of Monterey, returning to the mission after it was over. When I arrived there some people of the expedition came to see and greet me, and to lament the misery in which they found themselves, with bad water to drink and no water or soap with which to wash themselves, etc., and complaining because Señor Ribera had ordered that no one should leave the presidio, and that the saddle animals should be kept at the Punta de Pinos whether there was grass there or not. I replied to them with words of consolation, because I believed and was confirmed in the truth of what they said to me, for it was patent.

The sergeant, who on my arrival scarcely spoke to me, heard my remarks, and coming out of his little room he said:

“Father, do not make the people dissatisfied.”

I replied to him that I was not making them dissatisfied by talking with them concerning the state of the presidio and its inconveniences, all so patent; indeed, I had preached to them about this very thing during the whole journey. To this, in a petulant way, the sergeant said, replying to the people:

¹ He was too high.

“You are here now and here you may go mad or tear your hair.”

With this he returned to his room. Seeing that the saddle animals were locked up in the corral, I asked him why he did not keep them in the open all day, as Señor Ansa had ordered, and he replied that it was because Señor Ribera had ordered him to keep them locked up.

During the Mass, after the gospel of the day, I gave a talk based on it, saying to the people a few words of consolation concerning the repast of the five loaves of barley and the two fishes with which Christ regaled those who followed him with good intentions;¹ by which he gave us to understand that the blessings which God gives to his people are not those of prosperity and temporal abundance, but of necessities, and these sometimes not very savory, as represented by the loaves, which were of barley and not of wheat, and of fish which were not the best of meat.

As soon as I returned to the mission I reported to Señor Ansa my interview with the sergeant, and what he told me with regard to the horse herd, whereupon it was ordered that the animals should not be locked up daily. On my way back to the mission I went to view the harbor which is there, near the presidio, and saw that it scarcely merits the name of harbor, because of its small capacity and poor shelter; although the bay formed by Cabo de Pinos and Punta de Año Nuevo is very large. There

¹ John VI, 9.

I saw the landmarks given by General Vizcaíno, the oak to which he anchored his ship, and the arroyo nearby, in which recently a small dam has been built. Not far from all this a store was being erected in which to keep the provisions which the annual vessel brings to the presidio.

Today some soldiers whom he asked for were dispatched to Commander Ribera, and with them the message from Señor Ansa, advising him of the wish of the people of the expedition to go to their destination at the port of San Francisco, in order that he might deliberate concerning the matter, and offering personally to coöperate quickly to effect the occupation of that port with the settlement intended for it and which the viceroy so greatly desired to have effected at once. He set a date for the reply, which he hoped would arrive by the time he returned from the reconnoissance which we were going to make of the port, in order to proceed according to the reply he might receive.

Monday, March 18.—I said Mass. The commander continued to improve somewhat, and I likewise. The day was fair, although not very clear because of the fogs.

Tuesday, March 19.—Day dawned very fair and serene, and the commander continued to improve somewhat. I said Mass, and the last one was sung to San Joseph, with deacons and all the solemnity possible, we fathers assisting, I with my instrument and the rest singing. Afterward the reverend father

president preached a good sermon. At all of this Señor Ansa was present because he was now better. I again observed the latitude of this mission, but I do not note the result because it came out the same as on the 16th, with a difference of a minute more, and because I adhere to the first result.

Wednesday, March 20.—I said Mass. The weather was fair today. The commander was so much better this morning that he decided to continue the journey two days hence for the examination of the port of San Francisco. He desired, and I likewise, that one of the four fathers destined for that place should accompany us, for they also wished to go and would have accompanied us gladly, but the father president would not consent to it. Among other reasons which he alleged, the principal one was the fear that thereby the founding of the two missions of that port might be retarded; for he knew how little favorable or how unfavorable to it Señor Ribera was, and feared that he would be less so if a father should go, inasmuch as Señor Ribera might think that the examination of the sites which Señor Ansa went to make was being made through the influence of the fathers. And thus Señor Ribera by his conduct has greatly offended the missionaries and likewise the people there.

I occupied myself today in copying the map of the port of San Francisco which my cousin, Fray Pablo Font, made in Mexico from the data in the diary kept by Fray Juan Crespi in that journey

which he made with Captain Fages.¹ I talked of the affair of Señor Ribera at length, or almost all the morning, with the reverend father president, who did me the honor to tell me of several difficulties and troubles which this commander has caused him and the fathers by his opposition to the founding of missions and to aiding those already founded; by going contrary to the orders of the viceroy, and by his excessive timidity, coupled with perfect satisfaction with himself, without paying any attention to the fathers or appreciating their labors, etc. And this is a difficulty that has arisen frequently with the chiefs at long distance, who, seeing themselves in command and far from reach, do what their heads or their convenience may dictate, as experience shows.

This conversation came about from my having said to the father president that while at San Diego, speaking of the slender provisions made for the founding of the mission of San Juan Capistrano, Señor Ribera said:

"I have never seen a father more zealous for founding missions than this father president. He thinks of nothing but founding missions, no matter how they are established," attributing to the father president that performance, so hurried and with such inadequate preparation and provisions.

This report which I gave the father president caused him some irritation and offense, and to un-

¹ This was the expedition made by Fages and Crespi in 1772, of which Crespi's diary is printed in Bolton, *Fray Juan Crespi*.

bosom himself he related to me the whole story, which was very long. In substance it was that Señor Ribera, having received orders from the viceroy that a mission should be founded between those of San Diego and San Gabriel, without prejudice to the others, and the founding of the two at the port of San Francisco having been effected, he went at once to see the father president in order that the establishment might be founded at once. The latter having represented to him that the two missions of the port of San Francisco should be first, he replied:

“No, Father, those two will be founded when Señor Ansa comes, for they are in his charge; and who knows when he will come? But, since the viceroy entrusts this one to me, I wish to have it founded at once because I desire to serve him, etc.”

By this it will be seen how these lords fulfill their obligations to the friars when it suits them. It is true that the father president always urged that the missions which were already endowed be founded, but only with adequate provisions; and in order to obtain these he even went to Mexico to request them in the year 1773. To these petitions Señor Ribera now attributed the founding of that mission which had miscarried. On the other hand, if the father president had objected he would have said that it was not founded because the fathers did not wish it.

At this time I learned also the cause of Señor Ribera's grudge against Lieutenant Ortega, of San Diego, with whom formerly he had gotten along very

well, and whose *compadre* he was when they were both in California Baxa. It was this way: When the father president went to Mexico to request measures directed to the best establishment and administration of those missions, he asked also that Captain Fages should be removed. This was not only because of his dissimulation with regard to the licentious life which the soldiers lived with the Indian women (especially when they were at the bear killing at the mission of San Luís), or of failure to correct their excesses as such, for fear that they might flee from him on account of the hunger and misery which they suffered, but principally because he took to himself all the authority, wishing to deprive the friars of all temporal jurisdiction over the Indians.

The viceroy then told him that he must propose someone else as captain. To this the father president objected, until finally, after having several times urged him in the matter, the viceroy asked him if he knew any person thereabout who might be of good conduct. The father president replied that he knew Señor Ortega, who was then sergeant, and had comported himself very well in the first expedition. At that same time Señor Ribera was in Mexico with his pretensions, and the viceroy told the father president that Sergeant Ortega could not be made captain because he was not even brevetted, but that there was Señor Ribera, and if he approved he would appoint him as captain. The father president replied that he would agree to whatever his Excellency might decide, for if his Excellency would entrust

this charge to Señor Ribera, of course he must be suitable for it.¹ From this, then, arose Señor Ribera's grudge against the president and the fathers, and his hatred for Ortega, because Ortega got along well with the fathers and had been his competitor, although without any culpability on his part, for it was only a simple suggestion of the father president, without any urging.

From this it can be seen that it is never well for the religious to interfere in the naming of chiefs, even though they may be requested to do so, because ordinarily they are paid with ingratitude. Moreover, if the chief who is elected or removed as a result of their urgings afterward turns out badly, there remains to the friars no chance to complain, for they will then be called malcontents. Indeed, that happened at this very time to those fathers, for, having seen Captain Ribera they sighed for Captain Fages and wished they had him back, but they did not dare complain or clamor for another who might have better conduct, and who would not insult them or cause them to suffer, like this one, lest they be rebuffed.

Thursday, March 21.—I said Mass. The day was serene, Don Juan was better, and I likewise. I continued copying the map, to which I added the ports of Monterey and Bodega, finishing it before noon. I again observed, and at the same time an observation was made by Father Francisco Palóu with the

¹ Rivera was given the office.

graphometer, and by Father Fray Juan Crespi with his astrolabe, but I do not note down the result of this observation because it was the same as that of the 16th, with half a minute more, although in the minutes we all three differed somewhat. In the afternoon I went with fathers Cambón, Peña, and Prieras, who was now better of his illness, to walk to the beach and to the mouth of the Carmelo River, and there I saw the sea lions with which that sea and coast greatly abound, and heard them bark.

XIV

THE INCOMPARABLE BAY

90. Friday, March 22.—I said Mass. Day dawned fair, Don Juan was better, and it was decided to begin our march this afternoon, the lieutenant of the expedition coming with us on the exploration, the commissary remaining at the mission. We three again observed, the same as yesterday, and the results were almost the same as the last, although we did not even yet agree in the minutes.

In the afternoon we said goodbye to the father president and the other fathers and set out from the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, the commander and I, to go with the lieutenant of the expedition to the port of San Francisco. We started at three o'clock, and at four arrived at the presidio of Monterey, having traveled a league northeast by north. Before entering the presidio we went to see and examine the harbor of Monterey, going about half a league beyond it, until we could see the end of Point Año Nuevo, which, because it projects a long distance into the sea, from the presidio is covered by the Point of Pines.¹ We traveled in all about two leagues, and Don Juan experienced no trouble dur-

¹ Font's map shows Monterey Bay much too deep.

ing the journey, although, since he was suffering in the groin, he did not travel with perfect ease, and they had to help him mount and dismount because he was unable to do so alone.

91. Saturday, March 23.—I said Mass. Meanwhile they prepared the saddle animals and the provisions necessary for those of us who were going to explore the port of San Francisco, the Rio Grande,¹ and the sites suitable for the two missions and the fort or settlement, to which end was directed this expedition commanded by Señor Ansa.

We left the presidio of Monterey at half past nine in the morning, Commander Ansa, I, the lieutenant and eleven soldiers (eight from Tubac, two from Monterey who went on the journey with Captain Fages, and the corporal from there called Robles, who went on the journey with Captain Ribera), the last three going in order that as experienced men they might guide us to the port and river. There were also the necessary muleteers and servants, six in number, making altogether twenty persons. At a quarter to four in the afternoon we halted on the other side of the valley of Santa Delfina, at the entrance to a canyon, at the place called La Natividad, having traveled about eight long leagues, somewhat more than one to the east, three to the northeast with some declination to the north, until we crossed the Monterey River, which about two leagues from here empties into the sea, and then about three to the

¹ He means Carquinez Strait and the waters above it.

northeast and one to the north-northeast. All the road is very level, through pasture-covered lands for the most part, but without trees except the cottonwoods on the banks of the river.¹—Eight leagues.

The valley of Santa Delfina² is the same as that of which I spoke on the 8th. It is very long but not very wide, and it ends in the large arm of the sea formed by Point Año Nuevo, which is the end of the range at the foot of which we halted. On setting out from the presidio we passed on the right two fairly large lagoons. Then we entered some hills in which at times a very peculiar odor like amber was perceived. Then it disappeared, and I was not able to ascertain whence it came. I noticed this same odor several times on the road, especially between San Luís and Monterey, and several times I dismounted to smell some of the many and various flowers which there are in those fields, but I never found one with a scent like that or so sweet. From this I inferred either that on those beaches there is amber expelled by the whales in which that sea greatly abounds, or that it is some sweet vapor which the land gives forth. At times it is very perceptible and at other times it is lacking or slight. It suddenly appears and then suddenly disappears although there may be no air current to carry it, as I observed every time

¹ The route was to the left of the present highway from Monterey to Salinas and San Juan Bautista. One of the lagoons passed was evidently Laguna del Rey. Camp was near Sugar Loaf Mountain. La Natividad is still the name of a settlement and of a rancho in the same vicinity.

² The Santa Delfina is the Salinas Valley. See Font's entry for the 8th.



Photo by Bolton

Llano de los Robles, near Coyote, looking east.



Photo by Bolton

The hills where the valley "appears to end."



that I noticed it. The fathers told me the same thing, saying they had noticed it many times but were never able to ascertain what produced so marvelous and so fragrant an effect.

92. Sunday, March 24.—I said Mass. I proposed to the commander that it should be said every day during this journey in order that we might begin to sanctify that land, and that God might give us success and good luck in our exploration; and my proposal appeared to him to be very good. We set out from La Natividad at a quarter to eight in the morning, and at a quarter past four in the afternoon halted at the Arroyo de las Llagas, having traveled some twelve leagues. First we went two leagues northeast and somewhat east until we reached the top of the sierra, in order to descend to the arroyo of San Benito, near which among some rocks there is a fairly large cave with a partition, or divided into two compartments and very suitable for hermit life; then one league north, and two northeast with some deviation to the north, going through the valley of San Pasqual until we crossed the Páxaro River, which is somewhat miry and much more so farther down; then one league almost due north, three to the north-northwest through the valley of San Bernardino, and three to the northwest.¹

¹ The route was essentially that of the highway, over the range to San Juan Bautista, north through San Benito Valley (San Pasqual) to the Pájaro at Betabel, along the river to Sargent, along the western edge of the Gilroy Valley (the San Bernardino) past Gilroy and San Martin to Llagas Creek, to which they dropped down after crossing the little spur of hills just northwest of San Martin, where the valley "appears to end."

Yesterday, in the silence of the night, the roar of the sea was heard; but not today, because, since the Páxaro River farther down is so miry that it is unfordable, we made the detour indicated and in the directions stated, thereby getting away from the sea.¹ On the other side of the valley of San Bernardino runs the long sierra of which I spoke on the 8th. This valley is miry and when it rains heavily it is for the most part a lake. During the whole distance there are few trees, but in the sierra many spruce and other trees are seen, and likewise in the valley of San Bernardino a few are seen in the distance, which must be on the banks of the arroyos and lagoons. In the valley we saw many antelopes and white and gray geese. In the same valley we forded an arroyo with little water but very miry,² and then came to a village in which I counted about twenty tule huts, but the only people we saw were two Indians who came out to the road and presented us with three fish more than a foot long. They were of the same species as those very spiny ones which at the Colorado River we called matalotes, and which grow in those lagoons. We passed a grove of sycamores and small cottonwoods, and then continued through the valley over better country than at first.

At the foot of a range of hills on the left we saw many Indians who appeared to be fleeing. One of

¹ He means that on the 24th they traveled near the sea to Salinas River, but from there swung around to San Juan Bautista instead of keeping near the coast by way of Watsonville.

² Carnadero Creek, perhaps.

them came near the road to see us and then, following his example, as many as eighteen came, but the rest stopped far away, so that we were not able to distinguish whether or not there were women among them. It was seen that they were hunting. They offered us some of their game, and the commander accepted a rabbit and an arrow which they offered him as a sign of peace. Then they offered us their arrows, and quivers made of skins of wildcats, in exchange for glass beads, as if trading. They were very talkative, but we understood nothing that they said. We judged them to be very poor, for those whom we saw were very lean, and besides being very black their faces were very dirty. One of them that I saw had his body painted with white streaks. They wear their hair cut short.

We followed this valley until we came to some low hills where it appears to end, and near which there is a growth of small oaks in the same plain. We climbed the hills and on descending from them we crossed the Arroyo de las Llagas, where we halted.¹ At this place we found still standing the poles of the little bower erected in the journey which in September of last year was made by ship captain Don Bruno de Hezeta² and Father Palóu, and in which Father Palóu said Mass, when they went to explore for a second time the port of San Francisco. We found that the Indians had made a fence of little poles around them, and in the middle had set up a

¹ Just northwest of San Martin, on Llagas Creek.

² By a slip Font wrote Ayala for Hezeta.

thick post about three spans long, decorated with many feathers tied in something like a net, as if dressed, and with an arrow stuck through them. On one pole many arrows were tied and from another were hung three or four balls of grass like tamales, filled with pinole made of their seeds and of acorns, or of others of their foods which we did not recognize. In the middle of a long stake there was hung a tuft of several goose feathers, but we were not able to understand what mystery this decoration concealed.

On passing near the village which I mentioned on the road we saw on the edge of it something like a cemetery. It was made of several small poles, although it was not like the cemeteries which we saw on the Channel. On the poles were hung some things like snails and some tule skirts which the women wear. Some arrows were stuck in the ground, and there were some feathers which perhaps were treasures of the persons buried there. This place appeared to me very good for a settlement, especially if one followed the course of the river upstream a little; for it has extensive level and good lands, and sufficient timber of sycamores, oaks, and other trees. Moreover it has very close at hand the sierra containing cedars, which is very thickly forested. This range is the one which, beginning here, runs forward and forms the valley of San Andrés, and afterward ends at the Punta de Almejas. From here we kept this range at our left, having on the right at some distance the one which I mentioned on the 8th.

93. Monday, March 25.—I said Mass. We set out from Arroyo de las Llagas at a quarter to eight in the morning, and at four in the afternoon halted at the arroyo of San Joseph Cupertino, having traveled some twelve leagues, three to the northwest, two northwest by west, five west-northwest, and two west by north. This place is in the Llano de los Robles,¹ which began a little after we set out from camp, and through which we traveled all the way. In this valley or plain there is a great abundance of oaks, in some places more, in others less, some very large and others not so large. On the way we found some lagoons of water collected in pools when it rains or formed by the arroyos which run from the sides of the sierras and, flowing toward the estuary of the port, become lost in those plains and flats. All the way is very level and good except for some mires which are encountered, making necessary some detours in order to get around them.²

Along the way many Indians came out to us. On seeing us they shouted amongst the oaks and then came out naked like fauns, running and shouting and making many gestures, as if they wished to stop us, and signaling to us that we must not go forward. Although they came armed with bows and arrows,

¹ The Plain of the Oaks.

² From Llagas Creek they continued northwest to the pass at Coyote, then swung westward, skirting the hills at their left. The lagoons encountered are to be explained by the fact that this was March, at the end of the rainy season. San Joseph Cupertino was in the hills north of Saratoga on Calabasas Creek, or perhaps on Campbell Creek at Saratoga. The name is preserved in the town of Cupertino, a little to the northeast, near Calabasas Creek.

they committed no hostility toward us. They did not appear to me so lean and miserable as those of yesterday.¹ I saw some with beards, one or two with long moustaches, and several with medium moustaches and long beards. Many had their hair tied, wearing a branch around the head, perhaps to fasten it with, and others had their hair cut short. They had their ears pierced like those of the Channel and wore little reeds in them. I think that I must have seen today more than a hundred Indians. About thirty of them came out to us, and seeing that we paid no attention to them and continued on our way, or perhaps because of the novelty, they followed us for a good distance. Their method was to run, one behind the other in single file, until they got ahead of us, and then, halting, they began to shout and even to shriek, making many gestures and signs as if they were angry and did not wish us to go forward. Then, seeing that we continued on our way, without paying any attention to them, they again started to run to get ahead of us. Then they went through the same performance of shouting and talking very loud and fast, although we understood nothing of what they said. And so they continued for about a league, when all but a few of them went away, then, finally, little by little even these left us and we saw them no more.

This place of San Joseph Cupertino has good water and much firewood, but nothing suitable for a settlement, because it is among the hills very near

¹ These people were of Costanoan stock.

to the range of cedars which I mentioned yesterday and lacks level lands. Near it begins a very dense grove of abrojos which they call El Bosque Espinoso, although it does not have thorns. From the camp we already descried the estuary of the port and the island at its extremity.¹

94. Tuesday, March 26.—I said Mass. We set out from the arroyo of San Joseph Cupertino at half past seven in the morning, and at a quarter to four in the afternoon halted at a small and nearly dry arroyo about a short league beyond the arroyo of San Matheo, having traveled some twelve leagues, one to the northwest, another to the north-northwest, then some four to the west-northwest until we crossed the arroyo of San Francisco, and afterward three to the northwest by west and three to the west-northwest.²—Twelve leagues.

On leaving camp, from the top of a hill we had in sight a large part of the southeastern estuary of the port, on whose margins are seen several small inlets and a large stretch of bad, muddy, and salty land this side of the water; but it appears that the estuary extends at times through all that margin and flat. Then we crossed an arroyo called Los

¹ Font means Coyote Hills, which he mistook to be an island.

² Leaving camp Anza crossed Stevens, Permanente, San Antonio, and Madera creeks. Arroyo de San Francisco, reached next, was the San Francisquito, which they crossed at Palo Alto, so-named for the tall redwood which Font measured on the return journey. The tree is still standing. The arroyo of San Mateo was the present San Mateo Creek, and camp was two or three miles northwest, near Hoyt School, in North Burlingame.

Laureles because it had many laurels; and a little afterward, on entering the Bosque Espinoso, we came to an arroyo or ditch with much water in pools, where we stopped for quite a while to find a ford across it. I may note that all the arroyos which are encountered between the valley of San Bernardino and the port rise in the spruce-covered sierra on the south, of which I spoke day before yesterday, and run toward the flat and the estuary.

Near here we saw something that looked to us like a building. Going to see what it was, we found a very round enclosure made of laurel branches well woven together and about six spans high, with a door somewhat higher by which to enter, and opposite it near the ground another small one like a little window. On the top of the enclosure there were four tufts of dry grass like beaten hemp, and within, on one side, a bundle of poles about two varas long without points, stuck in the ground and with feathers at the end like arrows, and other sticks that were shorter, all tied together. But there was no Indian about, and from the sign of the fire in the middle we concluded that this enclosure was some sort of a plaza for dancing.

Afterward we reached the arroyo of San Francisco, on whose banks we saw a village. The Indians came out to us on the road, and the commander went with me to the village and gave the women some glass beads, and I counted about twenty-five huts. We crossed the arroyo and found the holy cross

which Father Palóu set up on its bank last year. On the arroyo there are various laurels, ash, and other trees, and a few spruce trees which they call redwood, a tree that is certainly beautiful; and I believe that it is very useful for its timber, for it is very straight and tall, as I shall show later on.

We continued through a very beautiful plain full of oaks, which we saw all the way yesterday and today, and which are likewise seen at a distance. Thus it appears that they are found in all the plain which surrounds the estuary and which is continuous with yesterday's plain. For this reason it appears to me that if it is permanent the arroyo of San Francisco would be a pretty site for a mission. After we had traveled a league through the plain, twenty-three Indians came out to us shouting, and then as many more, most of them bearded; and near the village some women came out and the commander gave them glass beads. These Indians, whose long-bearded captain Corporal Robles recognized, they called the other time the Shouters.¹ About a league farther on we came to another village where there was a great pile of the shells of mussels which they get from the estuary, and for which one village often fights with another. We stopped here, and the commander gave presents of glass beads to the women. We went a little farther and now ended the oaks which are found all the way from the other side of the Arroyo de las Llagas to here.

¹ The village of the Shouters was near Fair Oaks. The next village was near Redwood City.

We went still a little farther and came to a small village, from which came out several Indian men and women. The commander presented them with glass beads, and we stopped a little while with them. One of them was wounded in the leg by an arrow, and another stood with his bow and arrows making signs and gestures as if he were fighting, and pointing out the wound. From this we inferred that he was telling us how they were at war with other villages ahead, and was trying to persuade us not to go there because they were very warlike. We continued on our way, and about a league before halting we came to a good-sized village situated on the banks of the arroyo of San Matheo. It has many laurels and ash trees on its banks, and in all this stretch, which likewise is level country, there are many laurels and also oaks and some live oaks. If the water is permanent this site would not be bad for a settlement, for besides a very pretty view which it enjoys, the country is level and has plentiful trees and timber, especially in the Sierra de Pinabetes,¹ which is near here.

At sunset some Indians were sighted on a hill. Then others came out and the first ones ran and afterwards came to the camp, and according to the signs which they made with their bows and arrows it seems that they wished to tell us that the others were hostile, but that we need not be afraid because they had already chased them away. These Indians were very friendly with us, and it seemed to me that

¹ The pinabetes were redwoods.

they were saying that we must stay there; but I did not understand them, though I tried by signs to tell them that we were going forward, and at nightfall we bade them all goodbye. All these Indians whom we saw today are very ugly, with ears and noses pierced and little sticks thrust through them, the men all naked and the women with little skirts of grass, but they are not very emaciated.¹ Most of them are bearded and have the hair cut short, although some of them wear it rather long and tied above the head like the Yaquis. They appear to be gentle Indians, and it would seem possible to form of them a good and large mission.

From this place the estuary is very clearly seen, and likewise the hills which form the mouth of the port. The estuary is very large, but has very bad shores, for everywhere for a good stretch it is surrounded by marshy lands and little bays which run out from it and extend for a greater or less distance through these shores and flats. But outside of the flats the land is level and very green.

95. Wednesday, March 27.—I said Mass. In the morning the weather was fair and very clear, a favor which God granted us during all these days, and especially today, in order that we might see the harbor which we were going to explore, which we would not have been able to do if the fog had risen. We set out from the little arroyo at seven o'clock in the morning, and shortly after eleven halted on the banks of a lake or spring of very fine water near the

¹ These people were of Costanoan stock.

mouth of the port of San Francisco, having traveled some six leagues, the first three to the northwest, and the last three to the north-northwest, and even almost to the north.—Six leagues.

At first we traveled some three leagues over level and green country with some low hills, having on our left the foothills of the Sierra de Pinabetes, which ends at the Punta de Almejas. In this range of foothills we saw a grove of live oaks near which is the Laguna de la Merced, where Captain Ribera stopped; and through here we saw many bears, but although the men chased them they were not able to kill any. Then we entered lands somewhat broken and sandy, with plentiful grass and brushy growth, and stretches of groves of shrubby live oaks, but without any large trees. Then, going around the sand dunes of the beach, which we kept at our left and in whose vicinity we saw a good-sized lake of fresh water, we came to the lake where we halted.¹

I wished to observe the latitude, but since the packs were a little late in arriving, when I set up the instrument the time had already passed, and I was not able to make the observation; so I deferred it to the next day. We went then to examine the port, the

¹ The march was past Millbrae, San Bruno, the Cemeteries, Colma, and Ingleside, through Golden Gate Park, to Mountain Lake, just at the southern edge of the Presidio Military Reservation, a mile and a half south of Fort Point. The Sierra de Pinabetes was Buriburi Ridge, west of Millbrae. Punta de Almejas was San Pedro Point. The Laguna de Merced mentioned by Font was one of the small lakes southwest of the cemeteries, and not the present Lake Merced. The "good-sized lake of fresh water" was clearly the one now called Merced.

commander, I, the lieutenant, and four soldiers, and there we saw a prodigy of nature which it is not easy to portray, but of which I will later on give a description. We went first to the point of the mouth where Captain Ribera was,¹ as I said on February 7, and where he set up a cross. We found it on the ground, and now without the form of a cross, perhaps because the Indians took from it the rope with which it was tied and held in shape. Here I occupied myself a while in mapping, with a graphometer which Father Palóu loaned me, the mouth of the port, the Punta de Reyes, the Punta de Almejas, the Farallones which are out in the sea, and the length of the passage as far as the estuary. On leaving we descended to a small stretch of beach between cliffs where the sea is very quiet, to which runs the arroyo of the port,² which hitherto had not been seen. From here we went over to the sea beach which runs toward the Punta de Almejas and is very sandy,³ to see the *cayuco* brought by the bark *San Carlos* when it returned from the exploration of the coast farther up and entered this harbor, as I said on February 7. We found it broken in pieces and the commander brought out two of its fragments. The *cayuco* is a vessel resembling a canoe or little launch, like those of the Channel, used by the Indians farther up the coast. It is made of several pieces without nails, and

¹ This was Point Lobos, two and one-half miles west of their camp.

² Lobos Creek.

³ The beach south of Point Lobos and Seal Rocks.

the extremities end in a point with a piece hollowed out as if with a chisel, judging from the cutting and the signs which were seen on the inside of the point.

We again ascended the sand hills, descended to the arroyo, and crossed high hills until we reached the edge of the white cliff¹ which forms the end of the mouth of the port, and where begins the great estuary containing islands. The cliff is very high and perpendicular, so that from it one can spit into the sea. From here we saw the pushing and resistance which the out-going water of the estuary makes against that of the sea, forming there a sort of a ridge like a wave in the middle, and it seems as if a current is visible. We saw the spouting of whales, a shoal of dolphins or tunny fish, sea otter, and sea lions. On this elevation the commander decided to erect a cross, ordering it made at once so that he might set it up the next day. We now returned to the camp, which was not far away, and where we arrived at five o'clock, having traveled in all this journey some three leagues.

This place and its vicinity has abundant pasturage, plenty of firewood, and fine water, all good advantages for establishing here the presidio or fort which is planned. It lacks only timber, for there is not a tree on all those hills, though the oaks and other trees along the road are not very far away. The soldiers chased some deer, of which we saw many today, but got none of them. We also found

¹ Fort Point.

antlers of the large elk which are so very plentiful on the other side of the estuary. The sea is so quiet in the harbor that the waves scarcely break, and from the camp site one scarcely heard them, although it was so near. Here and near the lake there are *yerba buena* and so many lilies that I had them almost inside my tent. Today the only Indians we saw were one who was far away on the beach of the estuary, and two who came to the camp as soon as we arrived. They were of good body and well bearded. They were attentive and obsequious, and brought us firewood. They remained at camp a while, but when the commander gave them glass beads they departed. While we were on the cliff at the mouth, some Indians on the other side of the port yelled at us several times, according to what the soldiers said; but I did not see them or hear them.

The port of San Francisco, indicated on the map by the letter H, is a marvel of nature, and might well be called the harbor of harbors, because of its great capacity, and of several small bays which it enfolds in its margins or beach and in its islands. The mouth of the port, which appears to have a very easy and safe entrance, must be about a league long¹ and somewhat less than a league wide on the outside,

¹ The mouth of the Golden Gate is just three miles long, on the north side from Point Bonita to Lime Point and on the south side from Point Lobos to Fort Point. The width on the outer side, from Point Bonita to Point Lobos, is two and one-half miles, and on the inner side, from Fort Point to Lime Point, just a little over a mile.

facing the sea, and about a quarter of a league on the inside, facing the harbor. The inner end of the passage is formed by two very high and perpendicular cliffs almost due north and south of each other, on this side a white one and on the other side a red one. The outer end of the passage is formed on the other side by some large rocks, and on this side by a high and sandy hill which ends almost in a round point, and has on its skirts within the water some white rocks,¹ like small farallones. It was this point which Commander Ribera reached and on which he placed a cross when he went to reconnoiter this port.

The shore of the passage on the farther side runs from east to west, inclining to the south, as I observed on the 1st of April from the other side of the estuary² or port when I passed along there, and it appears to be entirely of red rocks. On this side the shore of the passage runs from northeast to southwest, not in a straight line, but broken by a bend, on whose beach empties the arroyo which runs from the lagoon where we halted, and which we called the Arroyo del Puerto.³ To it the launch can come to take on water, for in all the coast for the length of the passage the sea is quiet and the waves do not break on the beach as they do on the coast of the sea outside. The Punta de Almejas, with respect to the exterior point of the mouth of the port on this side, lies to the south, and by an air line must be

¹ Point Lobos and Seal Rocks.

² From the site of Oakland or Berkeley.

³ Lobos Creek, the bay mentioned being the curve between Point Lobos and Fort Point.



North shore of the Golden Gate.

Photo by Bolton





Point Lobos, viewed from Fort Point.

Photo by Bolton



Photo by Bolton

The palo alto (tall tree) which Font measured is still standing.

some three leagues, the beach between, which is very sandy, forming almost a semicircle.¹ The Punta de Reyes,² on the other side, with respect to the same exterior point of the mouth lies northwest by west, and by the coast to that point it must be some twelve leagues. The coast does not run straight, but is broken by an inlet or bay of no great size, about three or four leagues away from what I could see. About six or eight leagues out at sea are seen some rather large farallones like white rocks, which have this shape , and with respect to the exterior point of the mouth of the port they lie west by south. To the west of the same point there are seen nearer the coast four other farallones which look like this .

From what I learned, the Puerto de Bodega, discovered on October 3, 1775, by Don Juan de la Quadra y Bodega, captain of the goleta *Sonora*, and situated in latitude $38^{\circ} 18'$, lies some four leagues to the north of Punta de Reyes. Its mouth is formed on this side by the Punta del Cordón and on the other side by the Punta de Arenas, and a league to the northwest of the mouth lies the Punta de Murguía, past which the coast runs.³

¹ San Pedro Point. Font is inaccurate in what he says about the semicircle, for the coast between Point Lobos and San Pedro Point is almost a straight line.

² Punta de Reyes (now Point Reyes) is about thirty miles by air line from Fort Point. The "inlet or bay of no great size" was Bolinas Bay.

³ Punta del Cordón is now Tomales Point; Punta de Arenas is now Point Arena; Punta de Murguía is now Bodega Head. The name Bodega Bay is now restricted to the cove behind Bodega Head.

From the inner terminus of the passage extends the remarkable port of San Francisco. This harbor consists of a great gulf or estuary, as they call it, which must be some twenty-five leagues long. Viewed from the mouth it runs about southeast and northwest, the entry or mouth being in the middle. Most of the beach of the harbor, according to what I saw when we went around it, is not clean, but muddy, miry and full of sloughs, and for this reason bad. The width of the port is not uniform, for at the southern end it must be a league wide and in the middle some four leagues. At the extreme northwest it ends in a great bay¹ more than eight leagues in extent, as it seemed to me, whose beach appeared to me clean and not miry like the other, and which is nearly round in shape, although several inlets are seen in it, so that at so long a distance I was not able accurately to distinguish its form.

About the middle of the bay on this side is the outlet or mouth of what hitherto has been taken for a very large river and has been called the Rio de San Francisco, but from here forward I shall call it the Boca del Puerto Dulce,² from the experiments which were made when we went to explore it, as I shall set forth hereinafter.

Within the harbor I counted eight islands, and I am not able to say whether there are more or not.³ The first one seen on entering the harbor, whose cen-

¹ San Pablo Bay.

² He means the mouth of Carquinez Strait, at Mare Island.


³ The islands (nine instead of eight) described by Font in this paragraph and shown on his map, taken in order are: Angel Island,

ter, looked at from the outer end of the mouth on this side, lies to the northeast by north, is about a league from the mouth. It is called the Isla del Angel or Isla de los Angeles, and is the island behind which the bark *San Carlos* anchored, as I said on February 7. It must be nearly a league long, and looked at from the mouth it presents this appearance



. In front of the mouth there is a very small one like a farallón and another not so small, and nearly to the southeast a still larger one. Another quite long one is seen to the extreme southeast very close to the land.¹ I sketched it afterward

on passing near it, and to me it appeared to have this shape



. Another, about three leagues long, and likewise close to the land, is seen to the northwest from the mouth, and near it there are two other small ones which I saw when we went round the port. From the road I sketched the large one and it presented this figure



. And these, it appears, on that side begin to form the great bay in which ends all that immense sea of waters which, because closed in and surrounded by sierras, are as quiet as if in a cup. Finally, besides the foregoing, in the bay in front of the mouth of the Puerto Dulce there is a medium-sized island which has this shape



Alcatraz Island, Brook Island, Goat Island, Coyote Hills (in front of Mission San José) which he took to be an island, Richmond Peninsula (which he took to be an island), two small islands west of it (perhaps Red Rock and Marin Island), and finally, Mare Island.

¹ Coyote Hills.

As soon as we returned from the reconnoissance I said to Señor Ansa:

"Señor, now that you wish to erect a cross at the port tomorrow, order it made right off, so that in the morning after Mass I may bless it, if you think well, before going to erect it."

He replied: "All right, that shall be done, Father."

Then, turning his back to me, he went into his tent, snorting and saying between his teeth:

"You always come with 'if you think it well, if you think it well!'"

The fact is that he could not bear to have me give my opinion about anything, and he still retained some of yesterday's rancor, caused by what I shall now relate. It happened that I had with me the diaries of Father Crespi and Father Palóu, kept by them in their journeys, and the map of the port which I had copied; but Señor Ansa did not wish to carry them, saying that he was satisfied with what they had told him in conversation. After we halted at the little arroyo¹ I took out the diaries and went to where he was, because on account of the pain which he still felt in his groin he was half reclining. I began to read, and the lieutenant sat down at my side to listen. In a short time Señor Ansa got up and, leaving me with the notebook in my hands, went and sat down some distance from me.

The same thing happened once before, at the Arroyo de las Llagas,² where, I having brought out the

¹ Lobos Creek.

² Llagas Creek, near San Martin.

map, he refused to look at it but got up and went some distance away. Thereupon I went to where he was and said to him:

“Señor, you seem to be displeased that I should read the diaries, for you left the seat where you were comfortable and came to sit down here. And this is not the first time that you have left me reading.”

He replied that he had moved because he was comfortable there also. I said to him:

“No, you need not admit it, but I very well know that you moved in order not to listen to me. If I bring out the diary it is because we came to explore the port and the good sites for the two missions. The diary may serve to afford us much light, and I am carrying it because you did not wish to bring it.”

He replied that he did not need the diary; that he was not preventing me from reading it; and that if any doubt arose in his mind he would then ask me about it. He said that it was not his duty to seek sites for the missions, for this task belonged to Señor Ribera; that his duty was solely to explore the port in order to establish the presidio on it; that he would take care to fulfill his obligation and be guided by what might seem best to him, according to how the country might appear, etc. We talked a little while, very familiarly and in a friendly way, but he appeared somewhat hurt because I had touched upon a subject which was his affair, for he could not bear that I should give him my opinion about anything.

I note this down in order to show the tact with which it is necessary to conduct oneself with persons of sensitive nature and satisfied with themselves. But we were getting along well now, and only with this was he displeased; and afterward we again became harmonious, on account of the care with which he desired to make and did make the exploration of the port and river, and because of the tilts with Señor Ribera which took place when we returned. We continued in friendly harmony until we finished the journey, when I again fell out of his good graces, because he did not need me any more or because up to that time he had concealed his dislike.

Thursday, March 28.—I said Mass. In the morning the weather was fair, although there were some clouds which scarcely permitted me to observe; but at length by dint of care and patience I succeeded in making the observation. The commander decided to erect the holy cross, which I blessed after Mass, on the extreme point of the white cliff at the inner terminus of the mouth of the port.¹ At eight o'clock in the morning he and I went there with the lieutenant and four soldiers, and the cross was erected on a place high enough so that it could be seen from all the entry of the port and from a long distance away, and at the foot of it the commander left written on a paper under some stones a notice of his coming and of his exploration of this port.

On leaving we ascended a small hill and then entered upon a mesa that was very green and flower-covered, with an abundance of wild violets. The

¹ Fort Point.


mesa is very open, of considerable extent, and level, sloping a little toward the harbor. It must be about half a league wide and somewhat longer, getting narrower until it ends right at the white cliff. This mesa affords a most delightful view, for from it one sees a large part of the port and its islands, as far as the other side, the mouth of the harbor, and of the sea all that the sight can take in as far as beyond the farallones. Indeed, although in my travels I saw very good sites and beautiful country, I saw none which pleased me so much as this. And I think that if it could be well settled like Europe there would not be anything more beautiful in all the world, for it has the best advantages for founding in it a most beautiful city, with all the conveniences desired, by land as well as by sea, with that harbor so remarkable and so spacious, in which may be established shipyards, docks, and anything that might be wished.

This mesa¹ the commander selected as the site for the new settlement and fort which were to be established on this harbor; for, being on a height, it is so commanding that with muskets it can defend the entrance to the mouth of the harbor, while a gunshot away it has water to supply the people, namely, the spring or lake where we halted.² I again examined the mouth of the port and its configuration, using the graphometer, and I was able to sketch it, and the map is the one which I insert here at the end of this day.³

¹ It is the table land, south of Fort Point, occupied by the Presidio grounds.

² Mountain Lake.

³ Facing p. 342.

From there the commander decided to go to examine the hills which run toward the interior of the harbor,¹ and which, viewed from the arroyo of San Matheo, look like this  , to see if in their vicinity there were good advantages for the new settlement. We therefore descended a slope and came to the beach of the estuary,² which here is clean, because it is near the mouth. Here we found a little hut with four small children, and from this I judged that they must belong to the Indians who yesterday came to the camp. Today likewise four came and were very gentle and obliging.

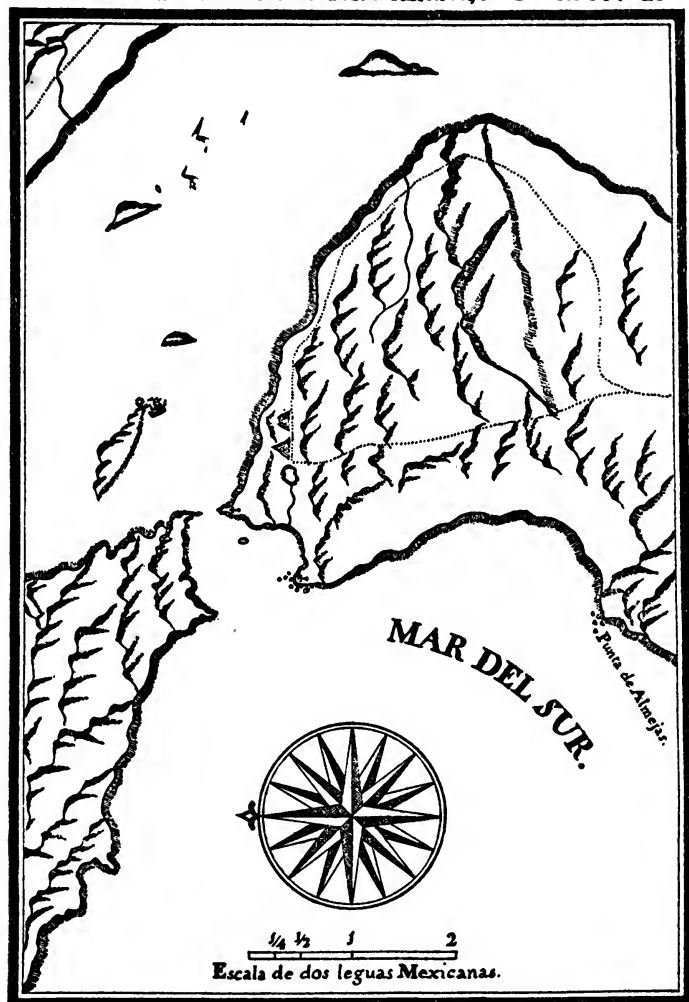
From here we continued along a plain in an opening made by some hills, all of very good land and well grown with grass and other herbs. In the middle of it there is a small lake like a fountain or spring of fresh water, with tule, of which we saw three rafts made there. If a ditch were made for it this water would run to the beach of the estuary, and then all the plain, which is not small, would become very good for planting crops. It appears that this water is permanent because at the foot of the hills in their canyons it is very green and shady, with plentiful small trees. We climbed another hill and then entered a very thick grove of scrubby live oak and other small trees and brush, which continues for a considerable stretch over the hills along the shore of the estuary.

The plan was to go to explore all those hills and openings, in whose plains were seen at a distance

¹ San Bruno Mountain.

² They descended to the Marina.

Plan de la Boca del Puerto de San Francisco, situado en 37° 49'.



MAP OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO



some patches of water and of level lands; but in order not to miss the observation the commander told me that it was best that I should return to the camp, for he had decided not to return until he had finished seeing all the advantages of this site and its environs, even though he might spend the entire day at it. And so it was done, I being satisfied by what I had seen, and able to testify that the place has very good advantages for the intended settlement, for it has plentiful firewood, water, and very good grass or pasturage for horses and cattle, all near by, which is the principal consideration.

Well, then, I accompanied the commander for awhile, but at ten o'clock in the morning, he continuing his exploration with the lieutenant, I returned to the camp in order to make an observation, having traveled some two leagues. I observed the latitude of this port, and found it to be without correction in $37^{\circ} 40'$, and with correction¹ in $37^{\circ} 49'$, and so I say: at the mouth of the port of San Francisco, March 28, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $55^{\circ} 21'$. Afterward I occupied myself in making a map of the port, as far as I was able to chart it with the compass which the commander then loaned me, and the graphometer which I was carrying.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the commander and the lieutenant returned from their exploration very well pleased, for they had found more than they had expected in the vicinity of these hills, whose extent must be some three leagues. On them

¹ His reckoning was nearly correct.

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and in their canyons they found plentiful timber and firewood, much water in several springs or lakes, abundant lands for raising crops, and finally, a vast supply of pasturage in all the country, so that the new settlement will be able to have plentiful fuel, water, and grass or pasturage for the horses, all near by.

The only lack is timber for large buildings, although for huts and barracks and for the stockade of the presidio there are plenty of trees in the groves. And with very little trouble they can have all the timber that may be desired, for all the way from a point some six leagues on the other side of the arroyo of San Joseph Cupertino,¹ to some three leagues on this side of the arroyo of San Francisco, there runs a plain about fifteen leagues long, which is called the Llano de los Robles because it is very thickly grown with oaks of all sizes, and from which very good timber may be obtained. Moreover, all the way from the vicinity of the Arroyo de las Llagas there runs clear to the Punta de Almejas² a very high range, most of it thickly grown with cedars and other trees which continue as far as the valley of San Andrés, of which I shall speak tomorrow. From these places may be obtained all the timber of all sizes that may be desired, and without very much trouble, because it is not very difficult to get it out; not to mention the timber which is seen on the other side of the mouth in the sierras which run toward

¹ Calabasas Creek.

² San Pedro Point.

Punta de Reyes, or that which is in the groves and sierras on the other side of the estuary or port.

The Indians whom we saw on the road from Monterey to the port appear to be gentle and good natured, although very poor, and, judging from the fact that they came unarmed, they do not give signs of being warlike or evil intentioned. Those who live in the neighborhood of the port are heavily bearded, but in color they are not different from the rest. I make this observation here and farther on, notwithstanding the report given in his diary by Father Crespi, when he says that in his journey he saw white, fair, and bearded Indians. We went hoping to see such Indians, but although, according to what the experienced soldier told us, we saw the same ones as Father Crespi and passed through the same villages, we saw no such white Indians, but only black ones like all the rest. On the return we spoke to Father Crespi concerning this report which he gave and with which we could not agree. Since he is so candid he replied to us with great simplicity and without conceit:

“They must not be white, for you men have observed them carefully. If I said that, it was because they looked white to me.”

And this must be the case. For, the father is so good and so fond of the Indians that when he saw those heathen poor, friendly, and gentle, as they showed themselves to us, they no doubt looked to him like angels.

96. Friday, March 29.—I said Mass. In the morning the weather was fair, although there was a rather stiff and raw south wind which after noon ended in a mist of no consequence. At a quarter past seven in the morning we set out from the lake or spring in which arises the Arroyo del Puerto, which I have mentioned, and at half past six in the afternoon we halted at the arroyo of San Matheo. With the detour which we made and which I will now explain, we had traveled some fifteen leagues, although from the port to that arroyo by direct road it would be only about six long leagues.—Fifteen leagues.

As a result of his exploration yesterday the commander decided to set out from the port, skirt the hills which surround it in the vicinity of the mouth, and follow the interior beach until he should come out to the level country. Therefore, he sent the pack train by the direct road with orders to halt at the arroyo of San Matheo. And we, taking a different route, traveled about a league to the east, one to the east-southeast, and one to the southeast. Passing through wooded hills and over flats with good lands, in which we encountered two lagoons and some springs of good water, with plentiful grass, fennel, and other useful herbs, we arrived at a beautiful arroyo which, because it was Friday of Sorrows, we called the Arroyo de los Dolores.¹ On its banks we found much and very fragrant manzanita and other plants, and many wild violets. Near it the lieutenant

¹ The Arroyo de los Dolores was Dolores Creek, on which Mission Dolores was later founded.

planted a little maize and chickpeas to test the soil, which to us appeared very good, and I concluded that this place was very pretty and the best for the establishment of one of the two missions. It appeared to me that the other might be founded at the arroyo of San Matheo, so that in this way they would have the two missions near the port, as it was desired, and to this opinion of mine the fathers were inclined.

We went a little further, and from a small elevation there I observed the trend of the port in this direction. I saw that its extremity was toward the east-southeast, and that a very high redwood,¹ which stands on the bank of the arroyo of San Francisco, visible from a long distance, rising like a great tower in the Llano de los Robles, and whose height I afterward measured, lay to the southeast. Near this elevation, at the end of the hill on the side toward the port, there is a good piece of level land dominated by the Arroyo de los Dolores. This arroyo enters the plain by a fall which it makes on emerging from the hills, and with it everything can be irrigated, and at the same fall a mill can be erected, for it is very suitable for this purpose.

We traveled about three leagues more to the south and southwest and west,² and finally, making a turn around the hills, we came out to the plain. In this stretch we found the land good like the rest, and a small spring of water like a well very near the

¹ The redwood still standing, on San Francisquito Creek, at Palo Alto.

² The Short Diary reads west-northwest here, and is evidently correct.

water of the estuary. Some bearded and gentle Indians who live around there came out to see us, and followed us for a short distance. Afterward, now apart from the hills, we came to a small arroyo with very little water, which was called by Father Palóu the arroyo of San Bruno, and near which there were signs of a good-sized abandoned village. Having eaten a bite here, we continued on our way till we struck the road taken on going, along which we traveled a short distance to the southeast.¹

Here the commander decided to go to explore a nearby valley called San Andrés, which is in the range of the spruce trees, also called redwoods, which ends at the Punta de Almejas, as I have said, to see if it had good timber for the settlement at the port. Therefore, leaving the road, we traveled about a short league to the southwest and somewhat to the south, passing an abandoned village. Afterward we came to the Laguna de la Merced,² where Señor Ribera, with Father Palóu, stopped a few days when he came to explore the port and it rained on him, as

¹ Leaving Arroyo de los Dolores, they crossed Bernal Heights, descended to Islais Creek (called San Bruno by Font) swung southwest up Islais Creek Valley, and struck their former trail near Colma.

² Leaving their trail near Colma they went southwest. Laguna de la Merced was one of the small lakes southwest of the Cemeteries. Rivera stopped here in his expedition of 1774, naming the lake. At some subsequent time the name was transferred to the much larger lake farther north and still called Lake Merced. Proceeding southwest Anza and Font descended San Andrés Valley, in which lay the "arroyo or long narrow lake," past San Mateo Creek and Almshouse Canyon, then northeast two leagues. The bear was killed about where the head of Crystal Springs Lake is.

I said above. Then we entered the valley named. In it we saw, as we went through, extensive groves with many and various trees of good timber, such as live oaks, madroños, spruce, and also cottonwoods and other trees, with much brush on the banks of the arroyo or long and narrow lake, which runs through this valley and forms the arroyo of San Matheo, which runs out upon the plain by a narrow pass through some hills, and consists of two arroyos that join before emerging.

We traveled through the valley some four leagues to the southeast and southeast by south, and crossed the arroyo of San Matheo where it enters the pass through the hills. About a league before this there came out on our road a very large bear, which the men succeeded in killing. There are many of these beasts in that country, and they often attack and do damage to the Indians when they go to hunt, of which I saw many horrible examples. When he saw us so near the bear was going along very carelessly on the slope of a hill where flight was not very easy. When I saw him so close and that he was looking at us in suspense I feared some disaster. But Corporal Robles fired a shot at him with aim so true that he hit him in the neck. The bear now hurled himself down the slope, crossed the arroyo, and hid in the brush, but he was so badly wounded that after going a short distance he fell dead. Thereupon the soldiers skinned him and took what flesh they wished. In this affair we spent more than an hour here. The commander took the hide to give as a present to the

viceroy. The bear was so old that his eye teeth were badly decayed and he lacked one tooth, but he was very fat, although his flesh smelled much like a skunk or like musk. I measured this animal and he was nine spans¹ long and four high. He was horrible, fierce, large and fat, and very tough. Several bullets which they fired at him when he fled they found between his hide and his flesh, and the ball which entered his throat they found in his neck between the hide and the muscle with a little piece of bone stuck to it.

We now traveled some two leagues to the east-southeast, and considering the exploration of this valley sufficient, since there was nothing else in it to see, it was decided to go to the camp. So, crossing some high hills, which, together with the Sierra de Pinabetes, are those that form the valley, we traveled some two leagues almost to the north until we came to the camp at the arroyo of San Matheo.² The Indians of this village were very attentive and obliging, and even troublesome, for they had so attached themselves to the camp that when it was already very late it was necessary to drive them out in order that we might get some sleep. So I think that it would be easy to establish them in a mission.

¹ Nine quarters of a vara, or over six feet long.

² They crossed the ridge near San Mateo County almshouse and went north, to camp on San Mateo Creek.

XV

THE CONTRA COSTA

97. Saturday, March 30.—I said Mass. Last night it rained on us a little, and in the morning it was very cloudy and misting at times. At noon it rained hard for a spell, and a fine rain continued until a little before we reached the halting place. The Indians of the village of this arroyo came to camp very early in the morning and were very obliging and friendly. We set out from the arroyo of San Matheo at a quarter past seven in the morning, and, having traveled some twelve leagues in different directions, at four in the afternoon we halted on the other side of a river which we called Rio de Guadalupe, which empties into the extremity of the harbor. About a league above its mouth it is very deep, for the water has a tide and no current.—Twelve leagues.

On setting out we retraced our outward road some six leagues and passed by the same villages, whose Indians were very gentle and friendly. Those of the third village came out to the road and were very sad because we did not go to their huts, to which they invited us. We went as far as the arroyo of San Francisco, on whose bank is the very tall red-

wood which I mentioned yesterday.¹ I measured its height with a graphometer which they loaned me at the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, and I found it to be, according to the calculation which I made, some fifty varas high, a little more or less. The trunk at the foot was five and a half varas in circumference, and the soldiers said that they had seen even larger ones in the sierras. The method by which I measured the tree was as follows: I set up the graphometer thirty-six varas from the foot of the tree and a vara and a half above the ground, and, pointing at its top through the sights of the alidade, it showed $52\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Then, with the graduated semicircle, forming the triangle of those degrees, and adding to it the height of the base of the graphometer, which was a vara and a half, it gave as a result the altitude stated. Present at all this performance were the Indians who live in the village here. They came to see us and were very attentive and quiet, and appeared surprised to see what I was doing.

With the plan of going to explore the large river which was called San Francisco, and was said to empty into the port on the north side, at this place we left the road which we had followed in coming. Changing our direction, we traveled along the water

¹ The tree which was measured by Father Font was the redwood still standing at Palo Alto, on San Francisquito Creek. The route from here was an arc from Palo Alto nearly through Mountain View to the vicinity of Agnews, where camp was made, perhaps nearly opposite the asylum. They crossed Madera, San Antonio, Permanente, and Stevens creeks, passing a village on Stevens Creek near Mountain View (see Anza's diary).

but apart from it about a league, and in places more on account of the marshes, going some three leagues to the east. Then beginning to go around this extremity of the port, we traveled for about three leagues to the northeast, finally winding around all the way from west to east in order to ford the river and reach the camp site. All this road is through very level and low land and therefore miry, so that when it rains heavily it becomes impassable. For this reason the experienced soldiers told us that to go to the other side it was necessary to make a detour almost to the Arroyo de las Llagas, but God willed that we should come out well by the short cut through here, by which we saved several leagues and discovered the Guadalupe River, of which the soldiers had not heard.

Because the river was so deep it cost us more than an hour to find a ford across it. We wished to cross at the place where we first struck it, because at that place there was a bridge consisting of a tree lying athwart it. On the other side there was a village whose Indians manifested great fear as soon as they saw us. Four of them who were there the commander quieted by giving them glass beads; but it was not possible to cross because the banks were very high. A ford was now sought lower down, but the farther we went toward the estuary and its mouth the worse it became, so it was decided to take over the packs and everything by the bridge, and the animals by swimming; and since the banks were so high and so grown with trees, a beginning was

made by cutting branches and digging into the banks to make a path to the river. Then a soldier went to seek a ford higher up, and after a short time returned reporting that he had found one, and in fact we were able to cross over there very well by merely cutting a few branches.

This place is one of very level land and well covered with pasturage, but is lacking in firewood, for there is no other timber than the growth along the river, which is of cottonwoods, sycamores, ash, and laurels; and in all that region there is not a single stone. The Indians afterward were somewhat obliging, bringing some brush for firewood, and were not so much afraid as they had been at first. On the way here we had the Llano de los Robles¹ on our right. On beginning to go around the head of the estuary we found another village, whose Indians showed great fear as soon as they saw us, but it was greatly lessened by giving them glass beads. One of the women, from the time when she first saw us until we departed, stood at the door of her hut making gestures like crosses and drawing lines on the ground, at the same time talking to herself as though praying, and during her prayer she was immobile, paying no attention to the glass beads which the commander offered her.²

From here I viewed the course of the estuary and saw that it ran east-southeast, just as I noted

¹ The Plain of the Oaks, or Santa Clara Valley.

² This village was near Mountain View.

yesterday. Likewise I sketched the island which is seen at this end near the shore,¹ as I said on the 27th. In this place we were very cold, and likewise were molested somewhat by the mosquitoes which live on the banks of the river. This stream appears to have some fish, for we saw there some small mojaras, and some nets with which the Indians fish; but I think it all amounts to very little, for I noticed that the Indians who live round about the estuary and the port are not fishermen, for in their villages are seen only piles of shells of mussels, which must be what they fish and eat most of.

98. Sunday, March 31.—I said Mass. Day dawned fair and with a frost so heavy that the grass, the tents, and everything else was very white. It was quite cold all night, and likewise today it was cold, with the northwest wind which was blowing. We set out from the Guadalupe River at eight o'clock in the morning, and having traveled some ten long leagues in varying directions, at four in the afternoon we halted on the banks of the Arroyo de San Salvador, so-called by Father Crespi. It is known also as the Arroyo de la Harina, for so the soldiers called it during the journey of Señor Fages, because in it a load of flour got wet, according to what was said by the soldier Soberanes, who came as a guide.²—Ten leagues.

¹ Coyote Hills. See Font's drawing on p. 337.

² The route was northward to the marshes along Coyote River where it runs west. Arroyo de la Encarnación would seem to have been Scott Creek. They continued northeastward past Warm Springs,

At first we went about a short league to the north-northwest. Then because of the sloughs and marshes we wound around for about three leagues to the east-northeast, and northeast, twisting about until we emerged from the sloughs and lowlands where we had been, and gained higher ground at the foot of the hills which run as far as the bay and mouth of the Puerto Dulce and belong to the same range which I mentioned on the 8th. Then we traveled, far away from the water, for some three leagues to the north-northwest and three more to the northwest. The Indians whom we saw along here are totally distinct in language from the previous ones. They are somewhat bearded, gentle, and very poor, but in color they are the same as all the rest. As soon as we began to travel we came to a small arroyo which, according to the account, is the one which Father Crespi called La Encarnación, and which they crossed higher up than we.

After we had left the sloughs and taken the higher ground, we passed along the shores of a somewhat salty lagoon, which we left on our right and into which apparently flowed some arroyos from the canyons of the range of hills which we were following. All the rest of the road is through very level country, green and flower-covered all the way to the Irvington, and The Lagoon (the "somewhat salty" lagoon mentioned by Font). The arroyo "about half way on the road" was apparently Alameda Creek. Here the Spaniards heard the chorus, "Au, Au, Au!" Arroyo de la Harina, where they camped, was San Lorenzo Creek. Font's map shows that the march was close to the hills all the way.

tuary, but with no other timber or firewood than that afforded by the trees in the arroyos which we encountered, which were five. All along the plain we saw occasional Indians, some of whom fled on seeing us and others who waited for us. These latter the commander tried to win by giving them glass beads. Those whom we saw before we reached the first arroyo appear to be very poor and miserable, for they have not even firewood by which to keep warm, and they go about naked like all the rest in those countries, and eat grass and herbs and some roots like medium-sized onions, which they call amole, and in which those plains greatly abound. One Indian who carried his provisions on the end of a pole invited us to eat some of them.

About half way on the road we came to an arroyo with little water, most of it in very deep pools. It has on its banks many sycamores, cottonwoods, and some live oaks and other trees, and it appears to flow west to empty into the estuary, toward which all the arroyos flow and toward which runs a thick growth of trees; but I was not able to distinguish whether it marked the course of the river or was a stretch of grove. From these trees about thirty Indians came out on the road to us, armed with somewhat dilapidated bows and arrows, but in a peaceful mood, and apparently very gentle. Their language is distinct from all those we had formerly heard and is very ugly; and with the gabbling which they made, all speaking together, it was very disagreeable to the ears. Their method of greeting us was as fol-

lows: They came running, and before reaching us they raised an arm, extending the hand as a sign that we should stop. Yelling with great rapidity, they said: "Au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au," and then they halted, vigorously slapping their thighs. As they went yelling, one behind another and then continued talking with great velocity and shouting, it seemed like something infernal. We stopped with them a short while and the commander gave them glass beads. These Indians, perhaps, belong to that tribe of which Father Garcés makes mention in his diary, saying that when they salute they speak in this way.

A little more than two leagues farther on we crossed two small wooded arroyos which are separated only by a small hill, and between which we saw a village without people. We traveled a league more and crossed another arroyo, where we saw an abandoned village, and in a hut many birds stuffed with grass, which the Indians had to hunt with. Here the soldiers got some wild tobacco of which there was a considerable amount. Going another league we came to the fifth arroyo, where we halted. As soon as we crossed it we came upon a poor Indian who was coming very carelessly along, carrying a bunch of grass such as they eat, like that which at the mission of Carmelo they call *morrén*. But as soon as he saw us he manifested the greatest fright that it is possible to describe. He could do nothing but throw himself at full length on the ground, hid-

ing himself in the grass in order that we might not see him, raising his head only enough to peep at us with one eye. The commander approached him to give him some beads, but he was so stupefied that he was unable to take the gift, and it was necessary for the lieutenant to dismount and put it in his hand. Completely terrified, and almost without speaking, he offered the lieutenant his *morren*, as if with the present he hoped to save his life, which he feared was lost. He must never have seen Spaniards before, and that is why we caused him such surprise and fear.

This place is almost opposite the arroyo of San Matheo,¹ whence we set out yesterday. All the way the road is apart from the estuary, at first about a league and then farther and farther away, so that this place where we halted is distant from the water of the estuary somewhat more than two leagues. All the country is level clear to the foot of the hills which we have been following.

All day today the commander and I have been in doubt as to whether the island at the end of the estuary which I mapped yesterday is really an island or not, because aside from the fact that today it has changed its shape, we were not able to see the water on this side of it.² We had the same experience with

¹ San Matheo is nearly southwest of San Lorenzo, near which they camped.

² They had reason to doubt, for the supposed island was Coyote Hills, which are not surrounded by water on the east. The other long island mentioned was Richmond Peninsula, likewise not an island. With a nearer view Font's conclusion was more accurate.

another long island which I mapped next day, and I concluded either that the water which surrounds it is small in amount and could not be seen on account of the distance, or that the passage is so miry that because it is impassable from the mainland it may be reputed as an island. I was not able to ascertain whether or not Indians live on them.

99. Monday, April 1.—I said Mass. In the morning the sky was thickly covered with very damp fog, but we did not feel cold. It appears that it is warmer here and farther on even still warmer, according to the heat which we felt today during the journey. From this, together with the plague of long-billed mosquitoes, which after leaving this arroyo began to bite us and pursued us all the way to the place where we camped, especially in the flats and in the groves on the arroyos, it might almost be called *Tierra Caliente*.¹ The fog continued until the middle of the forenoon; then it cleared up and the sky became serene and the sun rather hot. The way was varied, now level, now hilly, but all the country was very green and flower-strewn, with an abundance of lilies.

We set out from the Arroyo de la Harina at seven o'clock in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon halted at a small arroyo with very little water, near the bay and about a league before reaching the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, having traveled some fourteen leagues, about nine to the

¹ The name given to the Hot Country on the coasts of Mexico.

west-northwest, then some three to the northwest, and northwest by west, going up and down the hills which from here begin to form the bay, and the rest of the way to the northwest and north-northwest and somewhat to the north, winding around on all this stretch over the hills mentioned.¹—Fourteen leagues.

The road followed the foothills of the range which I mentioned on the 8th of March. In all its exterior this range has very few trees, except a grove of redwoods in front of the mouth of the port, although in its interior it has thickly grown groves and is quite broken, as we saw on our return when we crossed it and at the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, where it ends in some hills that are very high and very round.

After going two leagues we came to an arroyo with little water but with a very deep bed grown with cottonwoods, live oaks, laurels and other trees,

¹ They continued along the foothills. The arroyo where they saw the bears was San Leandro Creek. Two leagues beyond they crossed the creek at Mills College. Just beyond they climbed the hill and from there Font drew the sketch of the Oakland Estuary and oak-covered Alameda Peninsula, now Alameda Island, printed herein (facing p. 362). Descending the hill they crossed Arroyo del Bosque, a stream in eastern Fruitvale. Continuing northwest they crossed the site of Oakland. It was from Berkeley that Font sighted through Lime Point and Point Bonita to determine the trend of the north shore of the Golden Gate. It was in Berkeley, too, that the elk were chased. It was on the stretch east of Richmond that Font mapped Richmond Peninsula. The deep arroyo on whose banks they saw the abandoned village was Wildcat Creek, crossed near San Pablo, and the next one, where they saw the village, was San Pablo Creek. Continuing now over the hills, past Pinole, they camped at Rodeo, on Rodeo Creek.

crossing it at the foot of the hills by making a detour. Before crossing it we saw on a slope four bears which, according to all accounts, are very plentiful through here also, for we saw several Indians badly scarred by bites and scratches of these animals. After going about two more leagues we crossed a small arroyo without water and almost without trees. Then a little further on we ascended a hill which is in a straight line with the mainland and the plain which runs toward a very thick grove of oaks and live oaks on the banks of the estuary, and is almost made into an island by two arms of the estuary. From there I mapped this grove and the two arms of the estuary, and I am inserting the map here on the back of this sheet. Then, descending the hill, we crossed another arroyo almost without trees and with some little pools of water which did not run. This appears to be the arroyo which Father Crespi called the Arroyo del Bosque and which empties into the extremity of one arm of the estuary.

We continued the journey over hills and plains, crossing two more arroyos with little water, deep beds, and a heavy growth of trees, the second one having more than the other, and both of them flowing into a bay which the arm of the estuary forms on this side. Afterward we entered a plain in which we crossed two small arroyos without water. From this plain we clearly descried the mouth of the port, and when the point of the red cliff on the inside was in line with the outer point of the mouth, I observed



SKETCH OF ALAMEDA PENINSULA

the direction in which they ran, and saw that it was to the west with some declination to the south. It appeared to me that the estuary in front of the mouth must be some four leagues wide. Our road ran apart from the estuary about two leagues.

Then we crossed an arroyo with a small growth of trees and very little water, which appears to be the one which Father Crespi called the Arroyo de la Bocana. Farther down this arroyo there is a grove or growth of not very large timber. Having seen tracks of the large deer whose hoof tracks in the ground are almost like those of cattle, the soldiers went to hunt for them in the brush, but, although they found them they were not able to get any. Then we continued over level land and some small hills. Along here we saw an Indian in the plain, who, as soon as he saw us, was so frightened that he ran up a hill and hid behind some rocks. Afterward we ascended some hills and came to a rather deep arroyo with a growth of trees and little water, on whose banks we saw an abandoned village.

From here we continued, now in the plain and now over hills. Seven Indians came out to us on the road. The commander gave them glass beads, and they followed us to the next arroyo which was not very far away. We crossed it with some difficulty because the bed was very deep, with a heavy growth of live oaks, sycamores, and other trees. Here we found a village where we saw about twenty-three Indian men, and some seven women, for the rest

were in the woods hunting for tule, herbs, and roots of the kinds they eat. The commander presented them with glass beads and they were very well content and obliging, giving us cacomites, half roasted or roasted. On the way I mapped the large and very long island¹ which is on this side close to the land, and from the end of which begins the large bay.

From here we traveled northwest over hills, up and down. Having passed two or three small arroyos without water we came to an arroyo with a very little water on whose banks we found a fair-sized village whose Indians, both men and women, were very happy to see us and very obliging. They presented us with many cacomites,² which is a little bulb or root almost round and rather flat, and the size and shape of a somewhat flattened ball, and likewise with a good string of roasted amole, which is another root like a rather long onion, all well cooked and roasted. I ate some of it and liked the taste, and the commander gave the Indians glass beads. The amole, which is their most usual food, tastes a little like mescal. It is the food which most abounds, and the fields along here are full of it.

We continued on our way over hills and through valleys, and having passed a small arroyo we halted on the next little rivulet. This place is about a league before reaching the mouth of the Puerto Dulce³ or the mouth of what they called the Rio Grande de San Francisco, which I greatly desired

¹ Point Richmond. ² A species of iris. ³ Carquinez Strait.

to see, but which finally I did not see because there is no such river, as I shall show tomorrow.

As soon as we halted thirty-eight Indians came to us unarmed, peaceful, and very happy to see us. At first they stopped and sat down on a small hill near the camp. Then one came, and behind him another, and so they came in single file like a flock of goats, leaping and talking, until all had arrived. They were very obliging, bringing us firewood, and very talkative, their language having much gabbling, nothing of which we understood. They go naked like all the rest, and they are by no means white,¹ but are like all those whom we saw on this journey; and they are very little bearded, not so much, indeed, as those whom we saw on the other side near the mouth of the port. After they had been a while with us they bade us goodbye and we made signs to them that they should go and get us some fish with two hooks which I gave them. They apparently understood us clearly, but they brought us nothing and showed very little appreciation for the hooks, because their method of fishing is with nets.

From the camp the roar of the sea was heard somewhat, for in the bay the waves break a little on the beach, although not very much. From a high hill before reaching the camp² we looked out at the bay, for from that place most of it is visible. I saw that it is surrounded by hills and mountains on all sides, except for a large opening which lies almost

¹ Crespi had said they were white.

² Evidently from one of the hills on the edge of Rodeo.

west by north, in which direction for a good stretch runs a tongue of lowland, behind or beyond which it looked white like water, extending to another range which at the end and very far away looked blue. I surmised that perhaps in that direction the bay might communicate with the port of Bodega, for on account of the currents which he saw in it when he was there, Captain Don Juan de la Quadra was not able to say whether it was sea or a river; and that port lies not very far from the bay in that direction, as I understand, although this is only a conjecture.

100. Tuesday, April 2.—I said Mass. The night was serene and not very cold, and day dawned very clear and beautiful. It remained clear all day and was somewhat hot, which tempered the fresh wind which blew softly from the northwest. We set out from the little arroyo at seven o'clock in the morning, and passed through a village¹ to which we were invited by some ten Indians, who came to the camp very early in the morning singing. We were welcomed by the Indians of the village, whom I estimated at some four hundred persons, with singular demonstrations of joy, singing, and dancing.

Their method of welcoming us was like this: At sunrise the ten Indians came, one behind another, singing and dancing. One carried the air, making music with a little stick, rather long and split in the middle, which he struck against his hand and which sounded something like a castanet. They reached

¹ The village was at Tormey.

the camp and continued their singing and dancing for a little while. Then they stopped dancing, all making a step in unison, shaking the body and saying dryly and in one voice, "Ha, ha, ha!" Next they sat down on the ground and signalled to us that we must sit down also. So we sat down in front of them, the commander, I, and the commissary. Now an Indian arose and presented the commander with a string of cacomites, and again sat down. Shortly afterward he rose again and made me a present of another string of cacomites and again sat down. In this way they went making us their little presents, another Indian giving me a very large root of chuchupate which he began to eat, telling me by signs that it was good.

This compliment being over, they invited us to go to their village, indicating that it was near by. The commander consented to give them this pleasure, and at once we began to travel. They followed after us with their singing and dancing, which I interrupted by chanting the *Alabado*, as we did every day on beginning the journey, but as soon as I finished they continued their singing and shouting with greater vigor and in a higher key, as if they wished to respond to our chant. After going a short distance we came to the village, which was in a little valley on the bank of a small arroyo,¹ the Indians welcoming us with an indescribable hullabaloo. Three of them came to the edge of the village with some

¹ At Tormey.

long poles with feathers on the end, and some long and narrow strips of skin with the hair on, which looked to me like rabbit skin, hanging like a pennant, this being their sign of peace. They led us to the middle of the village where there was a level spot like a plaza, and then began to dance with other Indians of the place with much clatter and yelling.

A little afterward a rather old Indian woman came out, and in front of us, for we were on horseback, nobody having dismounted, she began to dance alone, making motions very indicative of pleasure, and at times stopping to talk to us, making signs with her hands as if bidding us welcome. After a short while I said to the commander that that was enough. So he gave presents of glass beads to all the women, they regaled us with their cacomites, and we said goodbye to everybody, in order to continue on our way. They were apparently sad because we were leaving, and I was moved to tenderness at seeing the joy with which we were welcomed by those poor Indians. Their color and other qualities of nakedness, slight beard, etc., are the same as those seen hitherto, and the same as those we saw farther on. Some wear the hair long, others short, and some have beards rather long and heavy.

XVI

THE PUERTO DULCE

We continued about a long league to the north and northeast and at nine o'clock arrived at the shore of the water near to and inside the Boca del Puerto Dulce, indicated on the map by the letter *I*, which hitherto has been considered as a large river, but which it is not, according to the experiments which we made and for reasons which I shall set forth. Here the commander decided that we should halt until after midday in order to observe the latitude of this place.¹

As soon as we arrived at the shore of the water we began to doubt that it was a river, because we did not see that it had any current, nor did the water have any more movement than that which we observed at the mouth of the port of San Francisco, where we noted a very gentle and inconspicuous motion, caused no doubt by the tide. Moreover, we did not notice on the banks any sign of a flood, much less any driftwood or trees, which naturally it would bring in its floods if it were a river, and especially so large a river. It might be argued that it brings

¹ Camp was just east of Selby, and west of Carquinez Bridge. The Puerto Dulce was Suisun Bay, and the mouth or Boca was Carquinez Strait.

no débris because its source is not very far away and that it runs through open country from which it cannot bring trees or other things, because there are none; but at least it must be conceded that it would have floods and that if it had them it would leave signs of them on its banks. But these banks are without any sign of floods, and its beaches, where it has any, are like those which we saw at the port.¹

This Puerto Dulce, indeed, is a gulf of fresh water, enclosed in a canyon by hills of medium height on one side and the other. It runs almost to the east for a distance of some six leagues, and then widens out greatly in some immense plains,² of which I shall speak tomorrow and day after tomorrow. In some places its banks are very precipitous, and in others it has a narrow beach on which, near the mouth, there were great piles of fresh-water mussels. The hills which form this channel are without trees, but those on this side have plentiful pasturage, while those on the other side appeared somewhat bald, with little grass, the earth being reddish in color. I tasted the water and found it salty although not so salty as that of the sea outside.

We saw there some launches very well made of tule, with their prows or points somewhat elevated. They had been anchored near the shore with some stones for anchors, and in the middle of the water

¹ From here forward Father Font devotes himself diligently to refuting the reports of Crespi and Fages that Carquinez Strait and Suisun Bay constituted a Rio Grande.

² Into Suisun Bay.

some Indians were fishing in one, for in all this gulf of the Puerto Dulce the Indians enjoy plenty of excellent fish, among them being very fine salmon in abundance. I saw that they were fishing with nets and that they anchored the launch with some very long slim poles. By the way they anchored it I was confirmed in the suspicion or opinion which I had already formed that the water had no current toward the bay, for I noticed that they anchored the raft on the upper side and headed in the direction opposite the mouth, which apparently would have been just the reverse if the water had flowed downstream.¹ Seeing that they anchored the launch with these poles it was natural that they should reach the bottom. So I measured one of them and found it to be eleven and a half varas long, and by subtracting a good piece which remained out of water and above the launch in which the Indian fishermen were seated, I estimated that the water would be some nine or ten varas deep, noting at the same time that it is very quiet and placid.

Another proof I am going to give that the water had no current toward the bay. Among other fish which they caught the Indians who were fishing pulled out two very large ones, about two varas long, and their method of catching them was this: as soon as they felt from the pull made by the fish that it was in the net, which was tied to the two poles, they began gradually to raise one of the poles, and as

¹ He overlooked the rising tide.

soon as the fish and the net came into sight, without taking it from the water they gave the fish many blows on the head. Once I counted fifteen blows in succession and in another case twenty-odd. Now that it was dead and had lost its strength they took it from the net and put it inside the launch.

We called to these Indians, offering to buy their fish from them. At first they paid no attention to us, but as soon as the commander showed them a colored handkerchief they came to the shore in a hurry, bringing the two very large fish. I was not able to determine whether or not they were those called *tollos*, although from their form they appeared to be those, for they had a very large head, little eyes, small mouth like a tube which they puffed out and sucked in, the body having no scales, thick skin, and some spots like little stars and other figures, caused by some little bones which they had between the skin and the flesh. The flesh was very white, savory, and without spines and the bones were soft and spongy like tendons.

The commander offered glass beads for them, but the Indians would not accept them at all, wishing to trade them only for clothing. Indeed, I did not see in any other place Indians like these, so desirous of clothing and so greedy for it that I was surprised, for they preferred any old rag to all the glass beads, which others are so fond of. Indeed, when the commander refused to give them clothing, a soldier bought a fish in exchange for an old cotton rag. But before delivering it they took the spawn

from the stomach and an intestine like a pocket, and right there on the spot they ate the spawn raw and put what was left over in the intestine. Then they went to eat the other fish, which they dispatched quickly. Making a little fire, they put it in, and in a short time, almost before it was hot, like brutes they ate it as it was, almost raw. The soldier gave me a piece of his fish, and so we ate some of it.

Now comes the proof. As soon as the Indians ate the fish they got into their launch, and others embarked in others which were near the land. Raising the anchors, which were stones tied by a rope, they went to the other side of the water with great ease, steadiness, and rapidity, and only in the middle did we see that they used their oars a little. Now, they landed on the opposite side a good distance above the place from which they had set out on this side; whereas it appears the contrary would have been the case if the water had a current, for it is natural that if the water ran toward the bay, even though they should row they would come out on the other side below the place whence they set out on this side.

From a small elevation near the water and distant from the mouth about a quarter of a league upstream, I observed the width of the mouth, and from my observation I calculated that it would be a little less than a quarter of a league wide.¹ In the bay and in front of the mouth there is an island which must be more than a league long from east to west, and

¹ The estimate is essentially correct. Carquinez Bridge, where the strait is narrower, is nearly a mile long.

about a quarter of a league wide.¹ It is near the mouth, not in the middle of it, but toward the north side, and so placed as to divide that stretch of water into two branches, one larger than the other. All this I observed with the graphometer in the following way: I set the graphometer on a little elevation about a quarter of a league from the mouth, from which everything was visible, and sighting both ends of the island through the sights, the alidade showed me 40° in the clear, divided in this way, 6° from the island to the point on the other side, and 19° from the island to the point on this side. These 25° represented the water as divided into two branches, and the 15° remaining comprised the island, which was seen in the middle and somewhat outside of the mouth, toward the bay.

The channel of the water runs to the east, not straight but forming bends and inlets, and its width for three leagues upstream is essentially the same as that of the mouth, after which it begins to open out more. At this same place I observed the latitude and found it without correction to be in $37^{\circ} 56\frac{1}{2}'$ and with correction² in $38^{\circ} 51\frac{1}{2}'$, and so I say: at the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, April 2, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 57° .

After midday we set out from the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, and at five o'clock halted on the banks of the arroyo of Santa Angela de Fulgino, having traveled in all some seven long leagues.—Seven leagues.

¹ Mare Island.

² His figure is nearly two minutes too high.

The direction of the six leagues covered this afternoon was two leagues east along the top of the hills close to the water, and one east-southeast up a canyon which had some oaks and other trees, by which we again came out at the top of the hills near the water. From this height we saw that the water here makes a bend on this side and widens out to about twice the width of the mouth, and that on the other shore directly opposite this place a point of land juts out a little and near it there is a rock or farallón within the water. Looking northeast we saw an immense plain without any trees, through which the water extends for a long distance, having in it several little islands of lowland. And finally, on the other side of the immense plain, and at a distance of about forty leagues, we saw a great Sierra Nevada whose trend appeared to me to be from south-southeast to north-northwest.

We descended from the top of the hills, and, having gone about half a league to the northeast, we traveled some three leagues more to the east-southeast until we halted at the arroyo.¹ This afternoon

¹ They traveled close to the highway from Selby to Martínez. Two leagues along the top of the hills took them nearly to Port Costa, where the road forks half a mile from town. From here the highway follows a canyon for two and one-half miles and comes out at the coast opposite Benicia ferry station, which evidently is built on the very farallón which Font describes. From here one gets a full view of Suisun Bay and the sierras beyond. They now dropped down to the Martínez Valley where the Indians from across the strait joined them. Continuing southeast close along the highway to Walnut Creek (Santa Angela de Fulgino) camp was made about at Pacheco. The statement that camp was somewhat more than a league from Puerto Dulce helps to fix the location.

from the top of the hills we saw on the other side of the water some Indians, who shouted at us, and after we descended from the hills to the plain several of them came out to us on the road. They appeared to be jolly and happy and good, and were very talkative, following us all the way to the camp; but afterward I formed another opinion of them. To the camp came many Indians who from all accounts were from a village not very far away. Although they were apparently gentle they were rather impertinent, and they proved themselves to be somewhat thievish, especially in the matter of clothing, to which they were greatly inclined and attracted, manifesting themselves desirous of acquiring and possessing it. They showed themselves to be somewhat crafty and thievish, for as soon as one stolen thing was taken from their hands they stole another, and we did not have eyes enough to watch and care for everything. So we resorted to the expedient of putting them out of the camp and telling them good-bye in a good-natured way, but this did not succeed, and one of them even became impudent with the commander, who thus far had shown great patience with them. So, half angry, he took from the Indian a stick which he had in his hands, gave him a light blow with it and then threw the stick far away. Thereupon all departed, talking rapidly and shouting loudly, which I suspected was a matter of threatening.

Some of them came to see us, carrying bows and arrows, for all had very good ones and well made,

the bow of good wood, small and wound with tendons like those we saw on the Channel,¹ and the arrows of little reeds, very smooth, well made, and with flints, transparent and very sharp. One came with a scalp hanging from a pole. This did not please me, for it suggested war. The thing which these Indians most coveted was clothing. When they went away something was missed because, in proof that they were stealers of anything that came to hand, we found ourselves without the little chocolate beater and a fillet with which the commander tied the tail of his horse. And so I formed a bad opinion of these Indians. The soldiers purchased four fish somewhat more than a vara long and about a third of a vara wide. At first we did not recognize it, but on opening it, and especially when we ate it, we saw that it was salmon, tenderer, fatter, and more savory than that which we ate at the mission of Carmelo, for perhaps because there is so much fresh water here it grows larger, fatter, and better flavored. Today the long-billed mosquitoes molested us somewhat on the road.

The arroyo of Santa Angela de Fulgino is in a plain of considerable extent,² well grown with oaks and other trees. It would not be a bad place for a settlement, as Father Crespi said in his diary, if the arroyo should prove to be permanent, but this does not appear to be the case; for we found it without current and with only some little pools with a small

¹ The Santa Barbara Channel.

² Camp was on the edge of Concord Valley.

amount of water, and that not very good. This place is distant from the shore of the Puerto Dulce or Agua Dulce somewhat more than a league.¹ The plain in that direction is surrounded by a range of medium-sized hills, and on the opposite side it has a sierra of good height and well grown with trees. This apparently is the same range as that which ends at the mouth of the Puerto Dulce and which afterward we crossed, and of which I spoke on the 8th of March. Just as it is very long it is also very wide, and it encloses some small valleys. One of these is the valley of Santa Coleta,² as they called it in the journey of Señor Fages, and through which they traveled when they returned. It is on the other side of the mountain which is seen from this place.

101. Saturday, April 3.—I said Mass. The day dawned very fair and warm, and it would even have been hot if it had not been for the northwest wind which blew fresh and softly. On the road today the mosquitoes did not molest us, and we noted that all the land over which we traveled was very dry, either because it had not rained this year or because in those lands it rains in the summer, and for this reason the grass was quite dry.

We set out from the arroyo of Santa Angela de Fulgino at a quarter past seven in the morning, and at a quarter to five in the afternoon we halted on the banks of the Agua Dulce at the site of an abandoned

¹ This is about the distance of Pacheco from the bay.

² Fages gave the name Santa Coleta to Suñol Valley, but Font here and elsewhere applies it to Livermore Valley.

village, having traveled some ten long leagues in the directions which I shall now state.¹—Ten leagues.

We crossed the plain in which we had camped, and traveled through it some three leagues, for it is that wide in all directions, going toward the north-east.² Soon after we started a few Indians from the village of the thieves came out on the road to us. They gave us some cacomites and some strings of a little fruit somewhat larger than an acorn, grayish in color and with a hard little kernel inside. The soldiers told me that it was what they call *tascal*, but it is larger than that which is raised in Sonora and is very sweet. Not even for this did I like those Indians, because they are thieves and evil-intentioned, as they showed themselves to be yesterday.

We now entered a canyon,³ and having traveled along it about a league to the northeast we came to the top of the hill indicated on the map by the letter *a*, end and terminus of the expedition and discovery made by Captain Don Pedro Fages⁴ when he went to explore the port of San Francisco, accompanied by

¹ The day's march was from Pacheco to Antioch Bridge. Leaving camp they passed the site of Concord, ascended a canyon (Willow Pass) to the top of the ridge, descended on the east side, and continued to an Indian village on the site of Antioch, swung southeast a league to or beyond Oak Grove Cemetery, and then northeast a league to the bank of San Joaquin River near Antioch Bridge, where camp was made.

² Both of the other texts read east-northeast.

³ Willow Pass.

⁴ Font is not quite correct here. Before turning back the Fages expedition went ten leagues from Pacheco Creek, reaching the Indian village near Antioch, as Font's own diary proves.

the reverend and apostolic father preacher Fray Juan Crespi. From here that captain saw this sea of water which, because of its quietude and because farther back the water is already found to be fresh and good, I call the Puerto Dulce.

I may note that Captain Fages was on this hill in the year 1772, almost at the same time of the year as ourselves, for on the 30th of March they were at the arroyo of Santa Angela de Fulgino whence we set out today, and to which Father Crespi gave this name because that day was the feast of that saint in our calendar. And so I judge that this water which they called a river must now be in the same condition as when they saw it, for we saw it and explored it in the same season as they. From that hill, which must be about a league from the water, Captain Fages and Father Crespi saw its great extent, and that it was divided into branches forming some little islands of low land. And since previously, on the road farther back, the soldiers had tasted the water and found it fresh, doubtless they concluded that it was some very large river and that here it was divided into three branches which separated farther up, forming two islands, and that a little below this place, on entering the canyon, they again joined, without noticing whether or not there was a current, which would not be easy to determine from that hill because it was distant from the water.

I saw the water divided not into three branches but into many, forming several little islands. Of these I counted as many as seven, some fairly large

and others small, but all of low land, long and narrow. That I saw so many islands while Captain Fages and Father Crespi saw only two, is doubtless because they saw this lake at high tide while I saw it at low tide, which in this Puerto Dulce rises and falls considerably, as I shall show tomorrow. They saw the level lands through which extends that great mass of water, which are the plains that I mentioned yesterday. Likewise, they must have seen the great Sierra Nevada on the other side of the plain. Finally, they saw that farther up the water turns about to the northeast and even to the east, as far as a low ridge¹ having a grove which hides the water and does not permit it to be seen farther on.

We saw the same ridge and to it the commander decided to go, in order to see the water and its course closer at hand, and to satisfy ourselves whether or not it was a river. For, although we were already nearly convinced that it was not, there was still some room for doubt, because we were far away and could not distinguish its movement, if perchance it had any; and likewise because the soldier Soberanes, who, having made this journey with Señor Fages, came as a man of experience and as a guide, possessed by his first impression persevered in saying that this water was a river and that it was the great river which they saw.

We descended from the hill then, and made our way toward that ridge, on which and behind which, about to the southeast, we saw a considerable growth

¹ *Sierra Emboscada*. It was Oak Ridge, just east of Antioch.

of trees, and noticed that it extended farther on. As soon as we descended to the plain we saw near the water and about a short league away a large herd of the large deer which in New Mexico I think they call *buros*. They are some seven spans high and have antlers about two varas long, with several branches.¹ But, although efforts were made to capture one it was not possible because of their great speed, especially at this time when they lacked their large antlers, which doubtless they shed at certain seasons, judging from the many which we saw scattered about there.

Here we stopped for some two hours, and the soldiers mounted fresh horses and chased the deer without avail until the mounts were tired out, going as far as the arroyo whence we had started. When they returned they brought the report that they had met more than twenty Indians who came from fishing loaded with four or five salmon each, and that near the camp site whence we set out they found some Indians who came from the sierra to the plain to hunt, carrying the head of a deer, one Indian being painted the same color as the deer. These Indians accompanied our men for a short distance, but as soon as they came near the village of the thieves they would not go with them any further, indicating to them by signs that they were their enemies. All this country greatly abounds in these deer, and judging from the tracks which we encountered this day

¹ These were elk.

and the next, which are like those of cattle, it looks for all the world as if there were a very large cattle ranch thereabout.

After the chase we continued through the plain directly toward the Sierra Emboscada, indicated on the map by the letter *b*, and having traveled some four leagues east by north we came to a good-sized village, whose Indians, who in color and all other respects are like the rest, welcomed us as friends although timidly. The village is situated in the plain a little before the sierra toward which we were going,¹ and so close to the water that from it to the huts it could not have been a dozen steps. We stopped for a while at this village, whose huts were not of grass and dilapidated like those we had seen during this journey, but rather large, round, and well made, like those of the Channel, and made of tule mats with a framework of slender poles inside, and with doors.

The commander made an effort to please the Indians, giving them glass beads to dispel the fear which they manifested as soon as they saw us, for the women went and hid themselves in their huts and the men remained outside talking rapidly (nothing of which we understood), but unarmed. All of a sudden one of them went and put on the top of the temescal which they had there, a long pole with

¹ This is the key to the site of the village which Anza visited. The low, oak-covered ridge, running along the coast (with a slough just west of it, as Font describes later) begins precisely at Antioch. It and other features are so marked that no doubt is possible.

feathers on the end, and a long strip of rabbit skin with the hair on, which he hung from it like a banner. This we supposed was the sign of peace with which they welcomed us. But meanwhile the children and also some women jumped into the water, embarking on their launches, for they had many very well made of tule, with railings, and with poop and prow ending in an elevated point, and all the rails equipped with arched poles as if they served as a balustrade or as a back, and with some small oars they rowed with great facility and lightness of touch. The Indians reciprocated the gift by offering us feathers, little sticks, and other gewgaws esteemed by them, and even urging us to accept them.

Here we were finally convinced that what was called a river is not a river, but a great sea of fresh water without current, extending through that plain. To it the animals went on their own feet to drink, and we tasted it and found it very fresh and good. I say that here we were convinced that what was called a river is not a river, because if it were it is natural that it would rise at times, and if it did so it is not possible that this village would be maintained so near the water in such level country, for however little the river might rise it would spread out and flood all the plain through which we had come, and consequently destroy the village and its huts.

And it can not be said that this village was recently established there and that its Indians had

moved to another place when the river rose; for aside from the fact that the signs showed that it was not a new village but rather old, it must be conceded to be somewhat more than two years old at least. For when Captain Fages came and viewed this water from the hill where he halted, and from which he returned because of some letters which he received, he sent the sergeant with some soldiers to continue the exploration, and they arrived at the same village and found it in the same place where we found it, according to what was said by the soldier who came as guide, not going beyond it or making any other examination.¹ From the village they returned, either because they were satisfied with this reconnoissance, convinced that it was a river, in keeping with the first opinion which they had formed, or because they did not have the spirit to go forward and spend more time, perhaps for lack of provisions to sustain them; for that was the time of great need which they suffered in those parts for lack of supplies. At any rate, this village had been established at least two years, and in two years there was time and to spare for the river to have carried it away in its floods—if it were a river.

We went forward with the intention of ascending to the top of the tree-covered ridge, which is not very high, in order from there better to view the country and the course of the water; but we had

¹ This fixes the limit of Fages's expedition at Antioch. From here Fages crossed the ridge to the site of Walnut Creek and returned *via* Livermore Valley, Suñol, and Mission San José.

scarcely left the village when our path was cut off by a marsh and tule patch which forced us to change our direction. Therefore, turning to the east-south-east, we traveled along the rim of a low ridge and then entered a rather large plain with many oaks, which constituted the grove which we had seen from the hill about to the southeast. Having traveled about a long league we came to a bare hill, not very high, indicated on the map by the letter *c*.¹

We climbed to the top of this hill, which commands all the plain, to view the country, and from it we saw a confusion of water, tulares, some trees near the sierra to the south,² and a level plain of immeasurable extent. In fact, in all my life I have never seen and I never expect again to see another horizon with so extended a view. If we looked to the east we saw on the other side of the plain at a distance of some thirty leagues a great Sierra Nevada, white from the summit to the skirts, and running diagonally almost from south-southeast to north-northwest. And, according to the part of its course which I was able to sketch, I concluded that perhaps toward the south that range might have some connection with the Sierra Nevada which branches off from the Sierra Madre de California above the

¹ Leaving Antioch to climb the oak covered ridge to the east, one still encounters the tule marsh cutting off the way. A road has been built across the marsh to the bathing beach at the beginning of the ridge. Swinging southeast along the brow of the mesa overlooking the slough, Anza continued to and past Oak Grove Cemetery, near which he climbed the hill.

² "To the south" does not occur in the other texts.

Puerto de San Carlos; or better, that it is the same Sierra Madre, which runs about northwest as far as the mission of San Gabriel and beyond; and, moreover, I am convinced that this Sierra Nevada is connected with the large range which Father Garcés saw and in his diary calls the Sierra de San Marcos.¹ But we were not able to see either extremity of it.

We turned to the west and saw the hills which we had been passing on the road, through which ran or extended the assembled waters; and we saw that on the other side of the water there opened a low range of hills whose terminus, seen at a distance of some fifteen leagues, lay about to the northwest, and that from there forward nothing was to be seen but the plain.

We looked to the south and saw a high sierra, bald on the outside, and running about southeast and northwest. This is the range of which I spoke on the 8th of March, and which we had on our right during all our outward journey from the neighborhood of the mission of San Luís until we reached the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, where it ends, and on whose skirts are the valley of Santa Delfina, through which runs the Rio de Monterey, the valley of San Bernardino, and others, including the Llano de los Robles,

¹ Puerto de San Carlos was the pass over San Jacinto Range from Coyote Canyon to Cahuilla Valley, at Fred Clark's corral. By the Sierra Madre Font means the main range ascending from Lower California. The mountains called by Garcés Sierra de San Marcos were the Tehachapi Range. The range to the northwest was the coast range north of Suisun Bay. The bald sierra to the southward was the interior coast range in which Mount Hamilton lies.

which runs toward the mouth of the port of San Francisco. A soldier said and was certain that he recognized a peak which was visible at the end of what we could see of this sierra toward the south-east. He said that it was not very far from a place called Buenavista, which the soldiers explored when they went to the tulares which lie near the mission of San Luís in pursuit of some deserters, and that if we should direct our way toward it we would come out in the vicinity of the mission of San Luís or of San Antonio.¹

We again looked toward the north, and between the low range to the northwest and the Sierra Nevada we saw an immense plain² which on that side apparently ran in the same direction as the Sierra Nevada; but on the other side it opened about to the west, with such a sweep that it embraced almost the entire semicircle of the horizon. This is the plain through which the sea of fresh water extends, not continuously but in places leaving great areas uncovered or with little water, forming those great green tulares that begin near the mission of San Luís. According to their direction and to this account they must be more than a hundred leagues long to this place, not counting the distance which they may extend above, for we were unable to see

¹ Puerto Dulce was Carquinez Strait and Suisun Bay, or, more strictly speaking, the latter. Santa Delfina Valley was the Salinas; the Llano de los Robles was Santa Clara Valley. Buenavista was the region of Buena Vista Lake (now dry), near Taft.

² The immense plain to the northwest was the Sacramento Valley. The sea of fresh water was Suisun Bay.

their terminus, and in width they must be some twenty-five or thirty leagues. I surmised that these tulares must run to the vicinity of the port of Bodega, and that the green field which Captain Don Juan de la Quadra saw to the east of his port must have been tulares like these which we saw here, or that they might even have been the same ones, extending as far as that place.

XVII

THE TULARES AND THE RIVER OF MYSTERIES

Here occurred a discussion with the soldiers who came as guides, for they wished to maintain that what we were looking at was a river, to which I could not give assent. To prove their point they alleged that on the other side there was a very large river which flowed through some openings in the Sierra Nevada into this plain; that when they went to seek the deserters the soldiers had found this river divided into two branches, and that with difficulty were they able to ford the first branch but by no means the second; nor did the Indians whom they saw there wish to take them over, so they returned from there to San Luís.

This river, according to all signs, is the one encountered by Father Garcés and called by him in his diary the Rio de San Phelipe.¹ I had already heard of that river through a letter written to me by a friar of San Fernando who had been minister at the mission of San Luís, a copy of which I will insert here for the notices of those lands which it contains, although somewhat confused because the father

¹ Rio de San Phelipe was Kern River (Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, I, 280-282).

knew of them only from hearsay, in particular those concerning the three rivers which he mentions; for he considers as a river the water of the long channel above the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, and as two other rivers the two branches of this Rio de San Felipe. The letter, dated January 30, 1775, is from Father Fray Domingo Juncosa,¹ and reads as follows:

“For the benefit of Señor Don Juan Bautista de Ansa, who tells me that he is going to that province of Sonora with orders to go with your Reverence to our missions of Monterey and the port of San Francisco, I decided, in view of so good an opportunity, to write your Reverence this letter, giving you notice, etc.

“I have understood that Captain Don Juan Bautista de Ansa has the plan and intention of setting out from those lands of Sonora for those others in the month of September, to come out at San Francisco without touching at the missions or at Monterey until he returns from the settlement which he is to make at San Francisco and from the exploration of those lands. This, if they attempt it in the way stated, from the experience and the reports which I have of those regions, I consider as more than an ordinary risk, and I fear that they may find themselves very badly disappointed. For, since the rains in those countries last from November or December until April, it will be necessary, in case they reach

¹ Juncosa, formerly at San Luís Obispo, was now in Mexico.

San Francisco before the rains, or at their beginning, for them to spend the time until April suffering those rains in the open, without being able, however much afterward they may wish it, to go to Monterey, except perhaps a few of them and in light order of marching, and with great difficulty, because of the many quagmires of the country which make it impossible to travel, particularly for pack trains, as I have experienced; for even two or three going light have found themselves in no small difficulty to get through, especially if the rains are at all heavy. And in case they wish to be and remain at San Francisco, without going down to Monterey, on account of the rains they will be unable to do anything with regard to the founding, or very little at most. For they will not be able to make use of the animals for carrying the timber which may be necessary for the buildings, but will have to make use in such case of the people themselves to carry things on their backs, at the risk of good big mud holes, except for a few days which generally intervene between rains, when perhaps the people might accomplish something in the way described. But it is very doubtful whether they can use the animals because of the mires, as I have stated.

“More than this, if they go straight from the Colorado River to San Francisco, they run another risk not at all inconsiderable. This is that without doubt they will come out at the last and innermost part of the estuary of San Francisco, where it is

entered by the three rivers or branches which, united in one near the estuary (this is the confused notion of the river which they imagined divided into three branches¹), go to empty into it. Of these rivers one runs from the east, and the others from the north or nearly so. Therefore it is possible and almost certain that they will strike the middle one, or between the rivers coming from the east and north. But these streams are not fordable, especially the one from the north,² according to a report given by some deserters from Monterey who went and encountered it at a great distance, and more than forty leagues from the estuary into which they empty, where they were not able to ford it and the heathen were unwilling to take them over on their rafts. For the other river, which comes from the east, a ford has been found only some forty or fifty leagues from its mouth. Therefore, as I have said, in case you gentlemen strike the middle one, you will have to go back at least the forty or fifty leagues in order to be able to ford it and emerge from that labyrinth.

“On account of these risks it appears to me that the best thing to do would be to go from the Colorado to strike one of the missions, and if you wish to go to that of San Luís, which is in 35° 28', you will have a good road by taking a sort of a canyon or valley which runs nearly from east to west all the way from our mission of San Gabriel, or near there,

¹ The parenthetical remark is Font's.

² This would seem to mean that the deserters ascended the Sacramento Valley forty leagues.

to San Francisco. (By this road Captain Fages traveled once when he went from San Diego to San Luís, not wishing to touch at San Gabriel because at that time he was angry at Father Paterna; but we learned that it is a bad road and very rough.¹) It is distant from the missions some three or four days' travel toward the interior, and of it perhaps some notice was given to Señor Ansa by the soldiers who went with him from Monterey to the Colorado River when he returned to Sonora. In case you follow that valley and wish to come out at San Luís, before you reach the latitude named of 35° 28' the Indians will already have told you where that mission is, and perhaps you will find the traces of the animals from the various times the soldiers have crossed from that valley to San Luís when they have gone in search of some deserters who were among the immense tulares which are about on the parallel of San Luís.

“By coming out at the missions, then, you have the advantage that in case of not being able to continue, through being caught in the rains either at any one of them or at Monterey, you will at least have shelter and better opportunity for being succored. And if, after having explored San Francisco and effected the foundations and the rest which you

¹ The parenthetical note is Font's. The route mentioned by Juncosa was from the region of San Bernardino, over the mountains to Antelope Valley, through the mountains to the San Joaquin Valley, thence west to San Luís Obispo. Anza frequently mentions such a route in his correspondence. Fages traveled it in 1772.

may have to do, you wish to open or seek a direct route from the Colorado River to San Francisco, or vice versa, you can return from San Francisco directly to the Colorado River without touching at the missions.”

Father Juncosa then continues, asking me to see if I can bring it about that some sheep and goats and horses may be brought for the mission of San Luís, which has none, conferring this favor on his fellow countryman and mine, Father Joseph Caballer, minister of that mission and a Catalán. And he concludes by complaining of the little effort which his College of San Fernando has made to solicit these things from the viceroy, because the fathers, being comfortable in Mexico, neither feel nor realize the need suffered by those poor friars, etc.

From the notices contained in this letter, then, I did not doubt that on the other side of the Sierra Nevada there must be some river or rivers; but I did not agree to what the soldiers asserted, for I did not see the river which they told about, nor in all the sierra¹ was there to be seen any opening by which it might come out to the plain which we had before us. And so they supported their position with a mere conjecture, and yet with this they tried to maintain and to convince us that the water which we had before us was the Río Grande de San Francisco. Since I denied that there was any such river or at least that we had seen it, the commander said:

¹ They were still on the hill near Antioch.

"Father, is it not enough that these gentlemen say that they have seen the river which they say comes out to these plains?"

I replied to him: "Señor, it is not enough, because the gentlemen saw the river which they tell of very far from here, and from this hill no such river is to be seen, nor the opening through which they say it emerges. Here we must not be guided by conjectures, or by what might be true, but by what is, and what we see. And what we see and have before us is not a river, but much water in a pond." With this the dispute and my discourse ended.

Having seen all this, the commander decided to go to camp on the shores of the water, intending to go forward a few days, cross the plain and approach the Sierra Nevada, in order to continue this exploration in that direction as far as possible, either until the provisions carried should be exhausted or to the farthest place from which we should be able to return. Therefore, descending from the hill, we traveled about a league through the plain to the northeast, but before reaching the water we encountered a tule marsh and a mire which cut off our passage. Therefore we changed our direction, and traveling about a quarter of a league to the west we reached the shore of the water and the site of an abandoned village.¹

¹ The march was northeast a league to the banks of the San Joaquin River, about at Antioch Bridge. The marsh which turned them west is still there.

As soon as we halted we went to see the water and to taste it, finding it very clear, fresh, sweet, and good; and to it the animals went without any difficulty to drink. We saw that it had a slight movement caused by the wind, and that it beat upon the shore or beach with gentle waves, but we did not see any current whatever. In order to find out whether or not it had any, the commander took a fair-sized log which ended in a knob and threw it in the water with all the force he could muster. In a short time we saw that instead of its floating downstream, the water with its little waves returned it to the shore, and I may note that, according to what we saw afterward, the tide was falling at this time. On the beach there was no driftwood from the floods nor any débris except a little dry tule. About an hour passed and we returned to see the water, and we noted that a good strip of beach had become uncovered and that the water had fallen about two feet, judging from the uncovered trunks of some trees on the shore which formerly we had seen submerged. From this we inferred that the water had its ebb and flow like the sea, and that at this time the tide was falling. Therefore the lieutenant was charged that, aided by a servant, in the course of the night he should take care to observe when the tide was lowest, measure all the sand or beach that might be uncovered, and afterward observe how far it rose during high tide. This was done that night and next morning, as I shall relate.

As a conclusion of this day I wish to make here some reflections concerning the information sent to Mexico by the Reverend Father Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante, minister of the mission of Zuñi, acquired during the journey which he made in the past year of 1775 from New Mexico to the province of Moqui,¹ and which the viceroy sent to Father Garcés, as I said on December 1. We received the letter on the way on May 20, without the copy of the notices, because it had become mislaid in the secretariat of his Excellency at the time of sending the letter. For this reason they were delayed one mail, but afterward they came directed by the secretary, Don Melchor de Peramás, to the governor of these provinces, Don Francisco Antonio Crespo, asking him to send them as soon as possible to Father Garcés, his Excellency not knowing about this carelessness which had occurred in the secretariat. Through this accident I had an opportunity to learn of these notices and to read the copy of them at San Miguel in the house of the governor the very day when I arrived there on my return from this journey.

This father says that he reached Oraybe, the last pueblo of Moqui, and some fifty leagues west of the pueblo of Zuñi, which is in New Mexico; and that there a Cosnina Indian informed and told him that six days to the west of Oraybe, over bad road, was

¹ In 1775 Escalante visited the Moqui pueblos. In July, 1776, four months after Font was in the San Joaquin Valley, he led a famous expedition from Santa Fé to find a route to Monterey by way of Utah Basin, but it did not succeed.

the land inhabited by the Cosninas. He said that at nine days from Oraybe and more than a hundred leagues distant there is a very high sierra which runs from northeast to southwest, inclining to the west; along its northern skirts the Rio Grande de los Misterios¹ runs to the west and is impassable to the Cosninas and their neighbors, and in consequence the Cosninas do not know what people live on the other side of the river, or even whether there are any or not, for indeed they never cross over nor have they seen any indications of people. He says, moreover, that nine days west of the Cosninas, on this side of the sierra, there is a nation which speaks the same language and is called Tomascabas, and that fourteen days from these people there are others called Chirumas, who are warlike, thievish, and savage, for they eat the flesh of the human beings whom they kill in their wars; and that from these Chirumas the Cosninas have learned that there are Spaniards in that direction, although distant, etc. He concludes by saying that this which the Cosnina reported was the same as what the Moquinos had already told him.²

First, we must suppose that Father Fray Silvestre got his information from the Cosnina by means of signs, the way in which the Indians usually express themselves, or by means of some interpreter,

¹ Great River of Mysteries.

² The Cosninas were the Havasupai and the Chirumas have been thought to be the Yumas. The name Tomascabas in form and sound suggests Jamajab, or Mohave.

and perhaps a poor one, as they usually are, unless the father knows the languages of that region. If he made use of some interpreter or resorted to signs to understand the Cosnina, he might easily make some error in the report, for many times it happens that when a person thinks he has expressed himself clearly to the Indians by these means, he discovers afterward that they did not understand him, or even that they understood just the opposite of what he said.

On this assumption, and leaving aside the distances and directions which the father gives with respect to the tribes which he names, although I find not a little difficulty in harmonizing them with respect to the high sierra which he says runs from the southwest to northwest, what I find more puzzling is what he says regarding the river which he calls the Rio de los Misterios, not so much on account of its name, which to me is quite new, as because of the great size which he ascribes to it, and because it is impassable to the Cosninas.¹

The father says that this Rio de los Misterios runs to the west. Now, it is natural that if it is so large it must empty into the sea, and if this be the case it is natural that we should have crossed it, for we reached the latitude of 38°, which must be as high as the place where it would reach the coast of the sea which we followed. For it appears to me that this latitude, and even a lower one, corresponds to

¹ The Cosnina was doubtless telling Escalante of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

the course of the river given by the father, considering the place where he heard the report. But in all this journey we have not crossed any river except the Rio Colorado, which is not impassable even when it is very high, as we experienced, and is even fordable when it is in its natural course. Nor can it be said that the Rio de los Misterios is the same as the Colorado River, and that higher up its name changes, for this stream, even at the junction of the two rivers and below the Puerto de la Concepción, is not so large as to be impassable, for the Indians, both men and women, swim across it. And it is natural that higher up it would be still smaller; but even though it might be as large it is not easy to believe that the Cosninas and their neighbors are inferior to the Yumas, and afraid to cross the river, however large it may be, especially having been born on its banks. Indeed, we see that Indians who are raised on the banks of any large river, like the Yaquis and the Yumas, and even those of the seacoast, are all great swimmers. Hence I infer that perhaps they told Father Fray Silvestre that on the other side of the sierra there was much water, and since they told him that it was fresh water, without specifying whether it ran or not, the father concluded that it was a river, since its waters were not salt, and they did not tell him that there was a sea there.

In view of all this, I conclude that perhaps the Rio Grande de los Misterios which the father tells about and of which they told him, must be some very large lake of fresh water lying in the direction of the

tulares which we saw, or that they are these same tulares and water which extend through the immense plain which I have described. And this plain must run inland as far as the other side of the Sierra Nevada by some opening or openings, and it may have vast extent from east to west just as it has from north to south, unless it may be some matter of the Sea of the West as they call it. This being the case, it is easy to believe that it may be impassable to the Cosninas, for indeed it is very difficult, and one might almost say impossible, to pass from one side to the other. Consequently the Cosninas would not know whether there are people on the other side or not, although there might be; while, vice versa, those on the other side would not know that there are Cosninas.

From all the foregoing, I conclude by saying that it appears to me that it would be very difficult to open a direct road from New Mexico to Monterey, as has been attempted, for, besides the report given by Father Fray Silvestre of the river or lake of fresh water which lies between, at least there are the tulares lying in the path of those who may come to open the road before they arrive at the seacoast. And however directly the road may be sought, at least it will come out in the neighborhood of the mission of San Lu s or below it, according to my opinion, *salvo meliori judicio*.

102. April 4. Holy Thursday.—Day dawned right fair, but with a very strong northwest wind

which began about midnight and continued all day until sunset, greatly molesting us. Before midnight the lieutenant went to observe the water and found that it had so receded that, from the measurement which he made, we estimated that some sixteen varas of beach, which here was very wide, had been uncovered. Before dawn the servant went and saw that the water had risen so high that it raised the dry tule which it had cast on the shore. At sunrise the commander and I went, and we saw that the tide was already beginning to fall, and that with the northwest wind, which blew very hard today, the water showed some disturbance, and was becoming white with little waves, as happens on the sea with the breezes, as they call them, and that the waves of the beach were rather large. With an instrument I took the level of the water (for I carried a level for whatever occasion might arise), and concluded that between high and low tide, judging from the beach uncovered, it had fallen some three varas. I may note, too, that here the water was confined in a narrow channel of about the same width as at the mouth, more or less. The beach did not have cliffs here as in other places, but was very wide, and on it we saw some little shells, almost flat, and translucent like mother of pearl but thin and in fragments.

The method by which I took the level of the water was as follows: I measured two varas of beach from the highest place on it reached by the

water at high tide, and, taking the level at this place, it gave me at the other side of this stretch a fall of a span and a fourth. Therefore, comparing this area with the sixteen varas of smooth beach which were uncovered at low tide, I computed by the triangle that the water had fallen some three varas, which is a very considerable fall.

From all the foregoing, and from these experiments, we concluded and were finally convinced that this mass of water might better be called a fresh water sea than a river, for it has no floods or currents like a river, and like the sea its water is clear and verging on blue, and it has an ebb and flow and little waves on the beach. Finally, if after all this someone wishes to say that it might be called a river since the water is fresh, merely because it has some movement with the ebb and flow, then with the same reason we might call the sea a river.

Although now, from all that has been said, we were certain that hereabout there was no large river, as had been asserted, or even a small one, for in all the road we had encountered nothing but arroyos, nevertheless the commander remained firm in the decision which he made yesterday to follow the course of the water, cross the plain, and continue this exploration for several days toward the Sierra Nevada. Therefore, we set out from the site of the abandoned village at a quarter past seven in the morning, and at half past five in the afternoon halted at some hills at the beginning of the sierra

which I shall mention later, having traveled some fifteen long leagues in a direction so changed that it was quite contrary to our first intention, as I shall proceed to say.¹—Fifteen leagues.

We traveled a short distance to the east, intending to follow the water, either along its banks, or in sight of it. But very soon our way was cut off by the tulares and mires, which forced us to change our direction, and separated us from the water so far that we did not see it again except from a distance and from the top of the sierra. We turned to the east-southeast and traveled this way some three leagues, having on our right a grove of oaks which runs for about six leagues along the foot of the sierra to the south.² With the intention of seeing

¹ This day's march was to the left of the highway that runs from Antioch through Knightsen to Tracy. Just east of the starting point was the large marsh east of Antioch Bridge. Leaving the river, therefore, Anza swung southeastwardly past Oakley, keeping on the right the live oaks which continue to Knightsen, then suddenly disappear. At a point not far from Knightsen Anza swung northeast for a league but encountered the tulares, perhaps at Rock Slough. Turning southwardly now along the general course of the Old River, they continued for some six leagues more before deciding to return to Monterey. This decision was made in the region just south of Bethany (perhaps near Lammersville School). Going south now, they entered the range (Loma de las Tuzas), evidently by Midway Valley, and ascended Patterson Grade to the vicinity of the pass, whence they looked down into Livermore Valley (Santa Coleta), and descried in the distance the range of redwoods (Sierra de Pinabetes) on San Francisco Peninsula. Descending from the hills they crossed the edge of Livermore Valley near the Hetch Hetchy plant. Crossing the little valley there, they ascended Brown's Ridge toward the southeast, and camped near Corral Hollow, five or six miles from the Hetch Hetchy plant.

² The live oaks end at Knightsen.

if the tulares would afford us a free passage we turned northeast and traveled this way for about another league, but shortly the tulares prevented us from continuing in that direction. Then we began to wind about, now to the southeast and now to the east-southeast, now to the south, and finally to the south-southeast, without being able to make any headway toward the Sierra Nevada, but rather getting farther away from it.

We saw some of the many and well beaten trails which the large deer make through that plain when they go down to the water, and we followed them, but very soon we found ourselves bogged down and forced to go back. Once we came to a path with the tracks of a man, which seemed to lead toward a small village which we saw within the tules. But, although an effort was made to follow it, we soon came to a mire through which the animals could not pass, and even on foot one would have trouble in crossing it. In the first bad place two soldiers went on foot, and their animals traveled with some difficulty. Since we so greatly desired to follow this trail, the commander said that we would pursue it as far as possible, even though it should be on foot. So he ordered a soldier to go ahead and see if there was any other bad place farther on. He had gone but a short distance when we saw that he had not only halted, but that suddenly he fell, and likewise the mule on which he was riding. We now realized the difficulty and saw that it was impossible to penetrate the tule marsh. The soldiers here told us that

it was so dangerous to travel in the tulares that when they went to catch the deserters among them, one deserter who saw himself about to be captured, in order to get away jumped precipitately into one of those mires, trusting perhaps that he might be able to swim, but was swallowed up and unable to get out, and as it was impossible to aid him, he remained there drowned and buried in the mud.

And so we traveled more than three leagues, which in general may be estimated as to the south-east, going with some difficulty in the midst of the tulares, which for a good stretch were dry, soft, mellow ground, covered with dry slime and with a dust which the wind raised from the ashes of the burned tule, so biting that it made our eyes smart severely and caused tears to flow so that we could hardly see. And thus we had a very hard day, and we got out of there with our eyes red and smarting sharply.¹

We now saw that the mass of fresh water which extends through those tulares has its floods, and that when it rises it extends far beyond the land we were traversing, which was full of shells of snails and turtles and of silt produced by the water when it extends through there. And that this water should rise it is not difficult to believe. Indeed, it is natural that this should be the case, for, being in sight of the Sierra Nevada, it is natural that various rivers should flow from it and that they should be lost and disappear in those plains, and that thereby

¹ They were now evidently eastward of Byron Hot Springs.

this fresh-water sea should get larger (for, being fresh, it may be conceded as an exception to the rule, or if not it might be called a lake), either in winter with the rains and the floods of the rivers or in the summer with the melting of the snows.

We now saw that it was impossible to cross the plain or to approach the Sierra Nevada, and I said to the commander that if he approved it would be better for us to return to Monterey, since the tulares at each step took us farther from the sierra, for it was seen that what was called a river had become to us a lake. Nevertheless, the commander wished to continue a little further in the attempt, to see if farther down we might find higher land which would afford us a passage. And so we traveled some three leagues more, going a little to the south but most of the way to the east and east-southeast.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when Corporal Robles, who went ahead as a guide, halted, as if wondering which way to go and where to guide us, and the commander asked him,

"How does it look to you? Are there any hopes that we shall be able to reach the sierra today or tomorrow?"

"Señor, I do not know," the corporal replied. "What I do know is that once upon a time I set out for the point of that sierra (it was the one which yesterday when looking south from the hill we saw running from southeast to northwest) and it took me a day and a half to go around a tule marsh, and

I saw that it still ran forward, and on the other side, also, but I did not reach the end of it; nor did I see any more, because from there I turned back." Thereupon I said:

"From all accounts it is clear that these tulares are the same as those near the mission of San Luís, and that they continue clear to there. In order to get around them it is necessary to go down to the neighborhood of that mission, and this is also necessary to go to the Sierra Nevada, which, therefore, can be better explored by starting from that mission of San Luís. More than that, Señor, we shall make no progress toward the purpose of our reconnoissance by struggling to go to explore the Sierra Nevada. We are now certain that the river which we came to seek is a lake, and the most we might do is to investigate whether any rivers enter it from the Sierra Nevada, a matter which it is not very important to know for our present purpose. It is natural that this should be the case, but to verify it more time is necessary than we planned. Meanwhile the day is passing, and tonight we shall be stranded in these plains without water, without firewood, and without grass, unless before it is too late we turn to the sierra to seek a camp site. Here, we are without grass or firewood because there is none, and without water because the marshes and the vast mires of the tulares prevent us from reaching it."

XVIII

BEHIND MT. HAMILTON

Seeing how difficult it would be for us to approach the Sierra Nevada, as he had planned, the commander now decided that we should return to Monterey.¹ But for this the soldiers said that it was necessary to return to the camp whence we had set out, and from there retrace the road by which we had come, because through here they did not know any road, nor had the Spaniards ever traveled through these regions. To the commander and me this seemed too bad. I said that according to the direction which we had traveled Monterey must be south of us, and that if we had the courage to cross the sierra in front of us (the one which I have spoken of several times and the same as that which I mentioned on the 8th of March), I made bold to assure them that by going in that direction we would come out at the valley of San Bernardino, or if not there, then at the valley of Santa Delfina.²

So, changing our direction, we traveled toward the sierra, and having gone about a league to the south we came to some bare hills which, because they were mined by ground squirrels we called the Lomas de las Tuzas. From the top of them we saw

¹ They were now south of Bethany.

² The Gilroy and Salinas valleys, respectively.



Down Coyote Canyon.

Photo by Bolton



They emerged through Cañada de los Osos.

Photo by Bolton

at our right a spacious valley formed by the hills which we were crossing and those which on going to the mouth of Puerto Dulce we had on our right. This is the valley through which Captain Fages went out from the arroyo of Santa Angela de Fulgino when he returned, and which he called Santa Coleta. In the distance we saw before us the Sierra de Pinabetes, which runs toward the port of San Francisco and ends at the Punta de Almejas.¹ Therefore, having examined the country and seen that we were coming out well, we descended from the top of the hills. We continued through them for about two leagues to the southwest and entered other hills, which are the beginning of the sierra which we afterward crossed, as I shall relate tomorrow; and having traveled through them some two leagues to the south-southwest we halted on a small elevation near a cañada in which a little water was found.²

In all the journey today we did not see a single Indian, finding only human tracks stamped in the dry mud. It appeared to me that the country is so bad that it could not easily be inhabited by human beings. At least I was left with no desire to return to travel through it, for besides the smarting of the

¹ They evidently entered the range by Midway Valley, and ascended Patterson Grade. From the vicinity of Patterson Pass they looked into Livermore Valley (Santa Coleta). Mr. R. S. Sweet, keeper of Beacon No. 32, near the Pass, tells me that on clear days he can see the coast range on the San Francisco Peninsula.

² Descending from the summit, and crossing the eastern edge of Livermore Valley near the Hetch Hetchy plant and Tesla Grade, they ascended Brown's Ridge, continued southeast, and camped near Corral Hollow, five or six miles from the Hetch Hetchy plant.

eyes which I brought from there, and the fever in my mouth which I had corrected but which today returned to assail me, I have never seen an uglier country. 'Tis true, the prospect seen at a distance from a height appears to be somewhat wonderful, with the level country, the vast reach of the eye, and a horizon so expansive that, the sky touching the earth, objects disappear in the distance and one can not distinguish whether beyond it is land or water. Yet in reality it is an arid, salty land, all water and mud flats, without anything which pleased me or appeared to me to be valuable except the large deer which apparently have their haunts there.

103. April 5, Good Friday.—Morning dawned very clear and serene, without any wind, but with some heat which we felt in the course of the day. We set out from the hills at the beginning of the sierra at a quarter to seven in the morning, and at four in the afternoon we halted in the valley of San Vicente, a little before reaching the end of it, having traveled some thirteen leagues over bad and very broken road, the direction being generally to the south, although varied, as I shall now show.¹—Thirteen leagues.

¹ Continuing southeast along the northeastern edge of Crane Ridge for seven or eight miles, about to the San Joaquin County line, they climbed to the top of Crane Ridge, perhaps up Sulphur Spring Canyon, reaching the summit west of Eagle Mountain. Continuing south they descended to Arroyo Mocho, striking it about at Callahan Gulch, some two miles north of the Santa Clara County line. Following Arroyo Mocho two leagues, Anza ascended the pass at the S. S. Grade (Blackbird Valley), near where the Mocho comes in from the east. Descending the grade he crossed

We traveled some three leagues southeast to a valley which we saw, but it became so narrow that it prevented us from continuing thus. Therefore, it was necessary to climb to the top of the sierra, and so we traveled about a league to the north, east, and south, and in all directions, and every which way, until we reached the summit. Here we halted for a while to seek a way out, and from this height, which was great, and is indicated on the map by the letter *d*, we clearly saw the plains, the water, and the tulares through which we came yesterday. And we saw that they continued down below toward the mission of San Luís, through a very wide and level opening like a valley, enclosed on this side by the sierra which we had begun to cross and on the other side by the Sierra Nevada, which looked to be very far away and likewise continued to run down toward the mission of San Gabriel. Therefore I was confirmed in the opinion which I had already formed and which I noted yesterday and day before yesterday.

We descended from the top of the sierra and traveled about two leagues to the south, with numerous turns to the southeast because of the roughness of the hills and the slopes, and came to an Arroyo Colorado (at Stortz's Store), and about five miles from S. S. Grade entered beautiful San Antonio Valley (San Vicente). Following this valley ten miles south, he camped at its very lower end at the divide between Sulphur Creek and Arroyo del Coyote. Camp was close to the site of Chas. Schultze's house, at the extreme end of the valley, and looked down on the tops of the mountains at the source of East Fork of Arroyo del Coyote, which still bears the name.

arroyo in a canyon. We followed the canyon for about two leagues to the south-southeast, when, on reaching the top of the pass which it formed, we had before us extended and very rough ranges, and all the distance traversed and all that was seen on all sides, thickly grown with oaks, pines, and brush. We continued about a league to the south, with many turns going down the slope, and then the country began to open out so that we had before us a rather wide and very long valley, and having traveled through it some four leagues to the south and south-southwest, a little before it ended we halted at an arroyo with very little water.

At the beginning of this valley, which the soldiers called the Cañada de San Vicente, and which is indicated on the map by the letter *e*, we saw some sierras or hills which attracted the attention of all of us because of their appearance; for while the others are very thickly covered with brush and trees, these have no trees but only a very open, scrubby growth, so that on the ridges and at intervals there are seen some strips and pieces of very white gravel. And that range, along whose base flows an arroyo, not to mention several small ones that run through the valley, is red in color. For this reason all said that it had excellent signs of minerals, and to me it appeared very much like the sierras of the mines of Guanajuato. This valley is in the center of the very broken range which we were crossing. In the course of the valley we saw some ruinous and abandoned little huts, but the only Indian seen was at a distance

and running, for as soon as he saw us he fled for the brush of the sierra like a deer.¹

All this country which we crossed this day and the next is very broken, and is the haunt of many bears, judging from the tracks which we saw. Although seen from the outside this range appears to be bare on all sides and without trees, yet in the center it is very tangled and full of brush, pines, live oaks, oaks, spruce, and other trees. Among them there is a plant like a fig tree, but with smaller leaves, and though on the outside its fruit is like figs, on the inside it is somewhat like a chestnut, more like it in the shell and the color than in the form. The heathen eat it, judging from the piles of its shells which we saw in the abandoned huts. These doubtless must be the chestnuts which in Monterey they told us were found on the road to the port of San Francisco. They had formed this opinion because they had seen some of these shucks; but they made a mistake, because they are not chestnut shucks, for I examined them carefully, nor are there any chestnuts in any place that I saw. The soldiers also said that going from Monterey to San Francisco along the coast, which is the road taken by Señor Portolá on the first expedition, they found many hazelnuts before reaching the Punta de Almejas, which they at that time gave this

¹ The red hills are just as Font describes them. Before reaching San Antonio Valley the hills are generally timbered. In the valley they are covered with reddish brush. In fact, the eastern ridge is still known as Red Mountain or Sierra Colorado. The white patches of gypsum soil are likewise conspicuous, and the dump of a mine on the hillside is as white as snow.

name because the soldiers stopped there to gather mussels for food, for they now had nothing to eat. But I did not see the hazelnuts, if indeed there are any, because we did not go by that road.

104. April 6, Holy Saturday.—The night was very cold and it froze a little, doubtless because we found ourselves in the middle of the sierra. Morning dawned very fair and somewhat cold, but the cold did not last long, for we experienced considerable heat later in the course of the day. We set out from the valley of San Vicente at a quarter to seven in the morning, and at four in the afternoon halted on a small elevation near the Arroyo del Coyote, which we had followed all the way from its source, having traveled some ten leagues over worse and more broken road than yesterday, the principal direction being to the south, although with some variation.¹—Ten leagues.

As soon as we started we found ourselves in the midst of a broken sierra on all sides, and with a narrow and very deep canyon ahead of us. We descended through it and soon found a little water, which is the beginning of the Arroyo del Coyote. We followed it for about three leagues to the south-southeast, some two to the south-southwest, two more to the south-southeast, winding around in order to climb some hills and descending again to the

¹ Immediately after breaking camp, they dropped down from the floor of the San Antonio Valley, which is an elevated plateau, to the headwaters of East Fork of Arroyo del Coyote (it still has the same name). They followed the canyon past Gilroy Hot Springs to the sharp bend at Cañada de los Osos, in which they camped.

canyon, and finally some three to the south and south-southeast, ascending and descending the sides of the canyon and its very broken hills. In all the journey we did not see a single Indian, although we found some tracks of them, and in places a few signs and traces of ruined huts and small villages; for it is known that at times they go to the sierra and camp, especially during the seasons of the piñon and the acorn.

We were now about to emerge from the sierra, but we halted because the animals were very tired, and we also, after so bad and so rough a road. In the course of this journey, since the time when we went to the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, the ticks, which are small and almost black, had stuck to us, but today they had been worse than ever, so that we were now covered with them. Indeed, in a short time I picked fourteen off myself.

105. April 7, Easter Sunday.—I said Mass. Day dawned very serene and without cold, but rather with considerable heat, which we felt in the course of the day. We set out from the little elevation at a quarter past seven in the morning, and at a quarter past five in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Monterey River, having traveled some fifteen leagues.¹ The first two were to the south, descending through some hills, whereby we emerged from the

¹ Ascending Cañada de los Osos to the south, they emerged into the Gilroy Valley (San Bernardino) near Prunedale School. Crossing the valley to Pájaro River they rejoined their outgoing trail, which they followed that day to Salinas River and next day to Monterey and Mission Carmel.

sierra and went down to the plain of the valley of San Bernardino, which is composed of marshes and lagoons for the most part, but since it had not rained much this year it was quite dry and we were able to cross it without difficulty. When we had finished our descent some ten or twelve Indians came out on the road to salute us, from a village which was near there on the banks of a lagoon. They gave us amole and two fish from the lagoon. They were matalote, of which I have spoken several times. They are the same as those found in the Gila and Colorado rivers, and according to their shape, taste, and bones they appear to me to be the fish which in Spain they call saboga. In return for them the commander gave the Indians some glass beads.

We now entered the valley of San Bernardino, crossing it toward the south-southwest and south-southeast. Having traveled through it some three leagues, on entering some low hills where there is a little well of water, near the Pájaro River,¹ we came to our outgoing road, along which we traveled reversing the direction taken on going to the port of San Francisco. From this camp we heard the sound of the sea, distant some two leagues, for since it is level land all the way to the beach it can easily be heard in the silence of the night.—Fifteen leagues.

106. Monday, April 8.—I said Mass. Day dawned fair and quite hot. We set out from the Monterey River at a quarter to seven, and at four in the

¹ In the vicinity of Sargent.

afternoon arrived at the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, having traveled five leagues in directions opposite to those on going, four to the presidio of Monterey where we stopped for dinner, and one to the mission. We arrived at the presidio at ten o'clock in the morning.

Soon the people brought by the expedition came to welcome us, well pleased with the reports which we gave them of our journey, especially of the beautiful site at the port of San Francisco which we had examined and selected for the settlement and the presidio. They had been very discontented, because they had been told that, according to the report of Señor Ribera, all that port was a very bad country, but now they were consoled somewhat by what we told them. The lieutenant remaining at the presidio, in the afternoon we went to the mission, accompanied by the commissary, who had come to welcome us. Before reaching the mission we met four fathers who came out on the road to greet us, and together we arrived at the mission, where they welcomed us joyfully with many peals of bells. On the way we ate some strawberries, of which there are many on that road across the Sierra de Pinos.

XIX

ON THE BEACH AT CARMEL

Tuesday, April 9.—I said Mass. We remained at the mission resting and talking with the fathers about our journey. They were greatly surprised by the report which we gave them, to the effect that there was no such Rio de San Francisco as they had been told of; and as they were biased in its favor we had our friendly arguments over the subject. In the afternoon the commander went with the fathers to walk on the beach, but I did not go because I was not well.

Wednesday, April 10.—I busied myself by drawing a map of this journey which we made from Monterey to San Francisco and the Puerto Dulce, although I did not draw it very well, not being skilled at it, and because of the inconvenience under which I worked. Today there was a great shoal of small sardines on the beach, and they said that they were so abundant that they made the ground black on the edge of the water. The commander went there in the afternoon with the fathers to walk and to see this wonder, but I did not go because I still felt ill from the burning in my mouth. During these days we had very large, tender, and fine lettuce in abundance, with which I improved somewhat.

Thursday, April 11.—I said Mass. In the morning my mouth felt somewhat better. We continued to remain at the mission without anything happening. Seeing the map which I made yesterday the reverend father president asked me to make one for him, and then Señor Ansa asked me to make still another one for him; so I was occupied in this work all day today, finishing the one which I made for the father president.

Friday, April 12.—I continued to improve. Before noon I finished the map for Señor Ansa, and it turned out better than the two preceding ones, but not yet with all perfection, because of the inconvenience under which I worked. This sketch, drawn more to my satisfaction, is the plan or map which I insert here.¹ It represents the entire journey which we made from Monterey to San Francisco and back, the route being indicated by dots.

Señor Ansa, seeing that Señor Ribera had not replied to the message which he dispatched to him on the 17th of March, as he requested him to do, and the time which he had indicated that he would wait for the reply having passed, decided to begin the return journey, not planning now to conduct the people to San Francisco, as he had promised to do in case Señor Ribera should reply agreeing to this plan. Therefore it was decided that we should go in the morning to Monterey and from there return to Sonora. Commander Ansa also dispatched a

¹ This map appears facing p. 318.

message by Sergeant Góngora of Monterey to Commander Ribera, informing him of his decision to return, so that if he wished to talk with him he might come from San Diego to the mission of San Gabriel, according to the agreement made by them just before we set out from San Diego. The fathers were so generous that they put up many vegetables for us for the journey, such as cauliflower, lettuce, and tender beans, and also a great quantity of dried salmon. But I never tasted of any, nor did I see it again, because Señor Ansa kept it all in order to use it for his own satisfaction.

107. Saturday, April 13.—I said Mass. Afterward with great tenderness we said goodbye to the fathers there. Then, at nine o'clock in the morning, we set out from the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, and at ten o'clock arrived at the presidio of Monterey, having traveled one league.—One league.

We remained here in order that the affairs of the expedition might be arranged, Lieutenant Moraga being entrusted with everything in the absence of Captain Ribera, who was at San Diego. Before beginning the journey I several times asked Señor Ansa to tell me the exact number of people of this expedition, and the number of horses, mules, and cattle, but I was never able to get him to tell me. He excused himself by saying that he did not have the data in his notes, etc., but I suspect that he did not wish me to know, in order not to run the risk that he might say one thing and I another, if perchance afterward on adjusting his accounts he should find

it necessary to change some figure in order to cover some shortage. For this reason, when in San Miguel, at my request he gave me indefinitely some items. Among them he mentioned twenty muleteers, and afterward, at Tubac, when there should have been more because all the people had assembled, he told me that there were fifteen. In other items, such as the interpreters and servants, I noticed that he counted two for one. Therefore, although at the beginning of this diary I put down the numbers of everything, and it appears to me they are correct, for in case there may be some shortage or excess the error must be very slight, yet I may note that I set them down according to what I saw and learned in the course of the journey, and not because Señor Ansa told me; for whenever I asked for information his manner was arbitrary, cocksure, and certain.

Today I again requested that he at least permit me to know the number of persons who had come with the expedition and were remaining at Monterey for the new settlement and fort of the harbor of San Francisco. For although it was only a matter of my curiosity, and I did not really need to know, yet I desired to know, perhaps because I had come with them all. And so he permitted me to see the list, which was not complete, for it lacked a few, including the prisoners who remained at the mission of San Gabriel. But from it I learned that there were remaining at Monterey one hundred and ninety-three souls, whose names are included in the following list which I myself faithfully copied on the spot.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

BASIS FOR A LIST OF THE OFFICER, SERGEANT, SOLDIERS AND SETTLERS, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE FAMILIES, WHO, BY ORDER OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY, HAVE BEEN CONDUCTED BY DON JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANSA, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF CAVALRY AND CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL PRESIDIO OF TUBAC, IN THE PROVINCE OF SONORA, TO THE PRESIDIO OF MONTEREY IN CALIFORNIA SEPTENTRIONAL, TO BE DELIVERED TO ITS COMMANDER, DON FERNANDO DE RIBERA Y MONCADA.

SOLDIERS OF THE PRESIDIO

Lieutenant Don Joseph Joaquín Moraga. He came without his wife and family, which he left at Terrenate, where he lived, because his wife was ill.—1.

Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva; María Dolores Valencia, his wife. Children: María Josepha, María del Carmen, Claudio.—5.

Domingo Alviso; María Angela Chumasero, his wife. Children: Francisco, Xavier, Juan Ygnacio, María Loreto.—6.

Valerio Mesa; María Leonor Borboa, his wife. Children: Joseph Joaquín, Joseph Ygnacio, Joseph Dolores, Joseph Antonio, Juan, María Manuela.—8.

Ramón Bojórques; María Francisca Romero, his wife. Children: María Gertrudis, María Michaela.—4.

Carlos Gallegos; María Josepha Espinosa, his wife.—2.

Juan Antonio Amézquita; Juana Gaona, his wife. Children: Salvador Manuel, María Josepha, María Dolores, María Matilde, María de los Reyes, Rosalía Samora, wife of Salvador Manuel.—8.

Ygnacio Linares; Gertrudis Rivas, his wife. Children: Joseph Ramón, Salvador Ygnacio, María Gertrudis, María Juliana.—6.

Justo Roberto; María Loreto Delfín, his wife. Children: Joseph Antonio, Joseph Mathías.—4.

Gabriel Peralta; Francisca Manuela Valenzuela, his wife. Children: Juan Joseph, Luís María, Pedro, Gertrudis.—6.

SOLDIER RECRUITS

Juan Athanasio Vázquez; Gertrudis Castelo, his wife. Children: Joseph Tiburcio, Joseph Antonio, Pedro Joseph, María Antonia Bojórques, wife of Joseph Tiburcio.—6.

Joseph Antonio García; Petronila Josepha, his wife. Children: Joseph Vicente, Joseph Francisco, Juan Guillermo, María Graciana, María Josepha.—7.

Antonio Quiterio Aceves; María Feliciana Cortés, his wife. Children: Joseph Cipriano, Juan Gregorio, Juan Pablo, Joseph Antonio, María Petra, María Gertrudis.—8.

Phelipe Santiago Tapia; Juana María Cárdenas, his wife. Children: Joseph Bartholomé, Juan Joseph, Joseph Christóval, Joseph Francisco, Joseph Victor, María Rosa, María Antonia, María Manuela, María Ysidora.—11.

Ygnacio María Gutiérrez; Ana María Ossuna, his wife. Children: María de los Santos, María Petra, Diego Pasqual.—5.

Agustín Valenzuela; Petra Ygnacia Ochoa, his wife. Children: María Zeferina.—3.

Luís Joaquín Alvarez de Acevedo; María Nicolosa Ortiz, his wife. Children: Juan Francisco, María Francisca.—4.

Ygnacio Soto; Bárbara Espinosa, his wife. Children: Joseph Antonio, María Francisca.—4.

Pablo Pinto; Francisca Xaviera Ruelas, [his wife]. Children: Juan María, Joseph Marcelo, Juana Santos, Juana.—6.

Joseph Antonio Sotélo; Gertrudis Peralta, his wife. Children: Ramón.—3.

Pedro Bojórques; María Francisca de Lara, his wife. Children: María Agustina.—3.

Santiago de la Cruz Pico; María Jacinta Bastida, his wife. Children: Joseph María, Joseph Dolores, Joseph Patricio, Francisco Xavier, María Antonia Thomasa, María Josepha.—8.

Joseph Manuel Valencia; María de la Luz Muñoz, his wife. Children: Francisco María, Ygnacio María, María Gertrudis.—5.

Sebastián Antonio López; Phelipa Neri, his wife. Children: Sebastián, María Thomasa, María Justa.—5.

Juan Francisco Vernal; María Soto, his wife. Children: Joseph Dionisio, Joseph Joaquín, Joseph Apolinario, Juan Francisco, Thomás Januario, Ana María, María Theresa.—9.

Joseph Antonio Sánchez; María Dolores Morales, his wife. Children: Joseph Antonio, María Josepha, Ygnacio Cárdenas, his adopted son.—5.

Joaquín Ysidro Castro; María Martina Botillér, his wife. Children: Ygnacio Clemente, Joseph Mariano, Joseph Joaquín, Francisco, Francisco Antonio, Carlos Antonio, Ana Josepha, María Encarnación, María Martina.—11.

Vicente Felix, widower; his wife died on the road on the morning of November 24. Children: Joseph Francisco, Joseph Dorotheo, Joseph de Jesús, Joseph Antonio Capistrano, María Loreto, María Antonia, María Manuela.—8.

Juan Salvio Pacheco; María Carmen del Valle, his wife. Children: Miguel, Francisco, Bartholomé, María Gertrudis, Bárbara.—7.

Manuel Ramírez Arellano; María Agueda López de Aro, his wife. Children: Mariano, Mathías Vega, his adopted son.—4.

SETTLERS WHO ARE NOT SOLDIERS

Joseph Manuel González; María Michaela Ruíz, his wife. Children: Juan Joseph, Ramón, Francisco, María Gregoria.—6.

Nicolás Galindo; Theresa Pinto, his wife. Children: Juan Venancio.—3.

Casimiro Varela, husband of Juana Santos Pinto.—1.

Ygnasio Anastasio Higuera, husband of Michaela Bojórques.—1.

Christóval Sandoval; María Dolores Ontiveros, his wife.—2.

Nicolás Antonio Berrelleza; María Ysabel Berrelleza. These two are brother and sister and are unmarried.—2.

Pedro Pérez de la Fuente; Marcos Villela, Don Francisco Muñoz. These three are bachelors.—3.

Feliciano Arballo, widow; María Thomasa Gutiérrez; María Eustaquia. These three are without husbands.

From this list it appears that one hundred ninety-three persons remained. I did not learn whether the list is complete or lacks somebody, for I could not succeed in ascertaining this; for Ansa even indicated that he had done me a favor by permitting me to see the list which I copied. What I do know is that from it two persons are to be subtracted,

namely, Carlos Gallegos and his wife, María Josepha Espinosa, who obtained permission to return to their country of Sonora and came with us. Likewise, there are to be added to it the four deserters and two servants who remained at San Gabriel. I conclude that a few others remained also, because by subtracting from the two hundred and forty of us who went, the one hundred and ninety-two who remained at Monterey, nine who remained at the Colorado River, and the twenty-nine of us who returned, eleven are left. These are the four deserters, two servants, and some others who besides these were not included in the list which I saw. And so by this computation of mine it turns out that of the company taken on this expedition some two hundred persons remained.

108. Sunday, April 14.—I said Mass for the people of the presidio. Before saying it I noticed and experienced the slight appreciation, or the want of it, which they show at the presidio for the Mass and for the fathers, and the slights which the fathers suffer and of which I heard them complain, not even being given shelter or food when they go there to say Mass. It happened that I asked for water with which to wash my hands before Mass. The store-keeper replied that if my servants did not bring me water he could not help it, because there was nobody in the presidio to bring it to me. He left me thus, and the outcome was that a servant of Señor Ansa had to bring me the water which I requested. All this comes from Señor Ribera's dislike for the

fathers. The example of the chief is followed by the crowd, who pay no attention to the bell and do not go to Mass, as I saw, although the precept commands it. And the fathers cannot remedy it, for they are not authorized to reprimand the soldiers for anything.

After Mass the reverend father president came from the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo with other fathers, namely: Father Palóu, Father Cambón, Father Peña, and also Father Fray Miguel Prieras, minister of the mission of San Antonio, who was now much improved in health. The rest came to bid us goodbye and give us the last embrace, and then returned; but the father minister of the mission of San Antonio remained at Monterey in order to go in our company to that mission. Señor Ansa finished arranging matters relating to the delivery and the accounts of his expedition, and after dinner most of the people whom we had brought came to say goodbye, with not a few tears on account of the love which they had come to feel for us.

Before mounting my horse I wished to take a look at the room or hogsty where I had been lodged, to see if anything had been left in it, but the corporal had already locked it. Seeing this I opened the window and told a servant to enter. The corporal saw this and came on the run to see what was up, and I said to him:

“What is all this about? You certainly put us out in a hurry, for before we start you have already locked the room.”

"Father," he replied, "I locked it because it was necessary to guard it, for it belongs to my captain."

I said to him: "Pray, what is there to guard in it, the droppings of the hens?" And I added, "Señor Ribera was so impolite that he left his room locked, although it is the only one in the presidio where we might have been lodged."

This compartment had an anteroom like a little hall, in which he lodged me, although it was full of lime and had been turned into a hen-house. I understood that this was his scheme to avoid entertaining anyone, on the pretext of having no place, the room being thus occupied. And in order that the marine officers might not come to the presidio to get lodgings when the bark arrives, and to relieve him of entertaining them, he had a large shack built outside, at the harbor on the shore of the sea, in order that they might lodge there when they landed.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER

Finally we said goodbye to everybody except Lieutenant Moraga, who wished to accompany us to the first camp. We set out from the presidio of Monterey at two o'clock in the afternoon, and at six o'clock halted on the banks of the Monterey River at the place called Buenavista,¹ having traveled some six leagues.—Six leagues.

The directions of this return journey are the opposite of those traveled in going, for we returned by the same route. The number of persons in our party was twenty-nine, not counting the lieutenant, who accompanied us to this place, nor Father Prietas, who remained at San Antonio, nor a servant who remained at San Gabriel. They were those contained in the following list:

Lieutenant-colonel and Captain Don Juan Bautista de Ansa.....	1
The father preacher Fray Pedro Font.....	1
The commissary, Don Mariano Vidal.....	1
Carlos Gallegos and his wife.....	2
Ten soldiers as an escort, from the presidio of Tubac	10
Muleteers, helpers, and servants.....	11
The three cowboys.....	3
Total.....	<u>29</u>

¹ Near Spreckels, on the Salinas River.

The pack train consisted of nineteen loads, three of which were for the mission of San Antonio. And in a cage we carried from the mission of Carmelo four cats, two for San Gabriel and two for San Diego, at the request of the fathers, who urgently asked us for them, since they are very welcome there on account of the great abundance of mice in that region and its missions.

109. Monday, April 15.—We set out from Buena-vista at a quarter past six o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter to six in the afternoon halted at the place which they call the valley of San Bernabé¹ having traveled some eighteen short leagues.—Eighteen leagues.

When we started Lieutenant Moraga said good-bye to us with not a little sadness, and went back to Monterey. Because I knew what was ahead of him my last words to him were:

“May God give you much consolation, and spare you from irritations and difficulties with Captain Ribera.”

About two leagues after leaving camp we met Sergeant Góngora and the soldiers whom the commander had sent as messengers to Captain Ribera on the 12th of the month, and who were now returning. They told us that they had met Captain Ribera on the road, and that he was now near at hand. The sergeant said that he had met the captain near the

¹South of King City, near the turn into the mountains to ascend Kent Canyon. Camp was only five of Font's leagues from Mission San Antonio.

mission of San Antonio, and, having delivered to him the letter which he carried from Señor Ansa, Captain Ribera put it in his pocket without reading it, and afterward gave the sergeant a package, saying to him:

“You go ahead, and when you meet Captain Ansa give him this package.”

And so the sergeant delivered the letters to Señor Ansa, but he was so irritated that he said:

“Señor, here comes my Captain Ribera so furious that I do not recognize him, and I am sorry that I met you on the way, because I plan when I reach Monterey to request my discharge immediately and go with you.”

Señor Ansa replied to him in terms designed to quiet him, and we continued on the way, surprised that Señor Ribera should come so unexpectedly and so angry that his chief confidante and friend, the sergeant, could not bear it, as he insinuated. Señor Ansa read the dispatch and saw that it was a reply to the letter which he had written to Señor Ribera on the 17th of March.¹ In it he showed himself to be very much heated, and charged Señor Ansa with being inconsistent for having proposed to him that he take the people to the port of San Francisco after returning from his exploration, in case he should find there a good site in which to establish the settlement. Concerning this we had plenty to say and to be surprised at.

¹ See p. 309.

What we learned here appeared to us very ridiculous and to proceed from very extravagant conduct. Señor Ribera having written his reply, and the soldiers who were to carry it being about to set out from San Diego, he took back his reply and ordered them to wait. Then, pretending that he was going out on a campaign against the rebellious Indians of that mission, he set out from the presidio, but as soon as he was out of sight changed his direction and hurried to undertake this journey to Monterey, making himself his own messenger. So greatly was he upset because Señor Ansa had declared in favor of the fathers and of the founding of the presidio of San Francisco, to which he was so much opposed.

We concluded that he came in such haste in order to talk with Captain Ansa before he should leave the country, and to discuss with him the affairs of the expedition; and we therefore assumed that it would perhaps be necessary for us to return to Monterey, or at least to stop where we were. But we very soon saw that his coming would not cause us any delay, for after going a short distance we met Captain Ribera himself. The two captains having formally saluted each other, according to the custom of the road, without stopping to say a word Captain Ribera at once continued his way to Monterey, while we continued ours to Sonora.

This incident was even more ridiculous than his coming, and farther from anything we had imagined.

Captain Ribera came bundled up in some blue serapes and with a striped cap which half covered his face, leaving visible only his left eye and a little of the very long beard which he wore. He and I embraced, but the two captains saluted each other very stiffly, for the venomous spirit in which Señor Ribera came was patent at once. They spoke very few words and these impulsively, and then, leaving Señor Ansa with his words in his mouth, as they say, Señor Ribera said to him, "Goodbye, Goodbye." Then, spurring his mule, he hurried on his way, so red in the face, so choleric, and so irritated with everybody that he did not say goodbye to me or anybody else except Señor Ansa, and in the way that I have related.

This occurrence gave us not a little to talk about. I discussed it with everybody, and I inferred from it that not a few quarrels and troubles for the fathers must follow, and especially for the father president, as indeed happened. Señor Ansa, seeing himself thus dismissed and even insulted by Señor Ribera, who had continued on his way without speaking a word to him concerning the sole matter of his coming (which was that of the expedition), without giving him any letter for the viceroy, and without answering the second one which Señor Ansa had written him on the 12th, said right there, before everybody, that they must be witnesses of what had just happened. And he forthwith asked me to give him a certificate of the whole incident, requesting the same of Father Fray Miguel Prieras. The father

gave it to him at San Antonio, and I, too, consented without opposition, because it seemed to me a very just thing to do. The certificate of this incident which I gave to Señor Ansa on the same day was of the following tenor:

“I certify that the Lieutenant-colonel of Cavalry and Captain of the Presidio of Tubac, Don Juan Bautista de Ansa, sent a second courier to the captain commander of Monterey, Don Fernando de Ribera y Moncada, informing him that he had decided to begin his return journey without waiting any longer, because the time specified in the first message had passed without his having received any reply. On the second day's march, having traveled about two leagues, we met on the road the sergeant of Monterey, who had come as the second messenger to deliver to Captain Ansa some papers from Captain Ribera in reply to the first message, saying that Captain Ribera was coming and was already close at hand. We continued on our way, and having traveled a short distance we met Captain Ribera. Just when we were all thinking that his arrival would detain us, we at once saw that the contrary was the case, because he said very little.

“The two captains saluted each other, and Señor Ansa asked him how he was. To this Señor Ribera replied:

“‘I am ill,’ and then, turning toward the soldiers, he called to one of them, ‘Alexandro, bring those letters!’

“Taking them, Alexandro gave them to Señor Ansa, saying, ‘Those letters are for you and for Father Garcés of San Gabriel.’ At this I said:

“ ‘Is Father Garcés at San Gabriel?’ And he replied:

“ ‘Yes, he is.’

“Then Señor Ansa said, ‘I am sorry that you are not feeling well.’

“Señor Ribera replied, ‘At San Gabriel I was taken with a pain in this thigh,’ pointing to his right thigh and saying no more. Then quickly reaching out his left hand to Don Juan, and putting it on his right arm, he said to him:

“ ‘Goodbye, Don Juan,’ and spurred his mule. Don Juan, seeing himself dismissed, replied:

“ ‘Goodbye, Don Fernando. I hope that from Monterey you will send to Mexico a reply to what I have written to you and you have not answered,’ alluding to the letter sent by the second courier.

“ ‘All right,’ Señor Ribera replied, and went on his way. And then Don Juan right there in the presence of us all, said in a loud voice:

“ ‘I want you all to witness how Don Fernando passed by without having said a word to me.’

“Of all the foregoing I give this certificate at the request of Don Juan, in order that all this incident may be on record whenever it may be needed, and I sign it this same day, April 15, 1776.

“FRAY PEDRO FONT (Rubric)”

The soldiers told us that Captain Ribera had been excommunicated. They said that the fathers of San Diego had excommunicated him because he had taken from the church by force the Indian Carlos, headman of the rebels, who had been imprisoned and had taken refuge there. But since they stopped so short a time they did not explain the case, or say anything more; and so we did not know until afterward what had taken place.

The facts were that Captain Ribera remained at San Diego, as I said on the 3d and the 9th of February,¹ to capture the offenders and to pacify that country, although he did not arrest anybody, and all the expeditions and captures made were effected by the sergeant of the place, while Señor Ribera was at the presidio eating the little food which the fathers had, and wearying them by the disrespect with which he treated them. One day, then, he decided to go out on a campaign, which reduced itself to reaching a village. As soon as he saw that the Indians put themselves at arms, trembling and frightened, he tried to pacify them by telling them to be quiet, as he did not come for them, but for a Christian Indian headman who, they had said, was there. And when they told him that he was not there he returned to the presidio without doing another thing.

During the time occupied by this expedition, which lasted three days going and coming, it happened that the Indian Carlos fled from the prison

¹ See pp. 217, 235.

and went to the church to take refuge. As soon as Señor Ribera arrived and learned what had happened he was very angry because the fathers had protected Carlos in the church, and he was confirmed in the opinion which he held of the necessity of his presence at the presidio, for just as soon as he was absent this thing had happened. And then, without saying a word to the fathers, he went to his room, and from there wrote them a note in which he told them that they must deliver up the offender. Since this note was written without any legal right and without the formality of the juratory security concerning immunity, the fathers replied to him by another note, refusing to deliver the criminal. At the same time they remarked to him that if he intended to take him from their proper custody, as he said in his note he would do if they did not deliver him, he might understand that he was excommunicated.

On receipt of this reply Señor Ribera flew into a rage, and in the afternoon, assembling all the soldiers, including the lieutenant, whom he had prevented from exercising his office and only this once restored to his command and authority, he went with them to the large shack which served as a church. On the ground that it was not really a church, since it formerly had been a storehouse and not a sacred place, accompanied by some of the soldiers and with his naked sword in his hand, he went inside to arrest the criminal. Seeing this, the fathers told him that he had better take care what he was doing, and that

his conduct was very rude and scandalous. As he paid no attention to them, Father Vicente Fuster, minister there, seeing that he could not restrain him, said to him in a loud voice :

“Don Fernando, remember that if you take the criminal you are excommunicated, and from this moment I declare you so to be.”

Señor Ribera, now turning his back to enter the church, and waving his hand behind him, replied :

“All right, Father Vicente, pronounce your excommunications, pronounce them, but I shall arrest this rogue just the same.”

Going inside now, he seized the criminal, and the fathers returned to their room and began to weep, much afflicted at seeing themselves so insulted and despised.

Such is the absolutism with which these chiefs are accustomed to rule in such remote lands, where they recognize no superior who may restrain or subject them, and where recourse is difficult. And such are examples of the bitterness which is suffered by the ministers of the missions.

XXII

PLENTY TO TALK ABOUT

110. Tuesday, April 16.—We set out from the Cañada de San Bernabé at a quarter to seven in the morning, and at a quarter past ten arrived at the mission of San Antonio, having traveled some five leagues. The fathers gave us a glad welcome, surprised at our arrival, since Captain Ribera had come. But they were more surprised afterward when they learned of the incident which I related yesterday. Father Dumets remarked that something would happen when the excommunication was reported, because Captain Ribera had interfered in a matter of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; but he did not say any more to us because the details of the story were not well known as yet. He also remarked to us that perhaps we should find Father Garcés at San Luís, for he knew that he had wished to come there.—Five leagues.

111. Wednesday, April 17.—I said Mass. Father Fray Francisco Dumets decided to accompany us as far as San Luís, since Father Fray Miguel Prieras, who came with us from Monterey, was remaining in good health at San Antonio. And so we started after

dinner, the father having set us a very good table, with puddings which he had ordered made that very day, and having given us a roasted pig for the journey. We set out from the mission of San Antonio at two o'clock in the afternoon, and at a quarter past six halted in the same Cañada de los Robles on the banks of the river, after having crossed it once and traveled some seven leagues.¹—Seven leagues.

112. Thursday, April 18.—We set out from the banks of the river at six o'clock in the morning and at a quarter past five in the afternoon halted at a little watering place about three leagues after crossing the Monterey River, having traveled some sixteen leagues.² On the way we crossed the San Antonio, Nacimiento, and Santa Margarita rivers, all of which are small but join and enlarge the Monterey River, as I said on going.—Sixteen leagues.

113. Friday, April 19.—We set out from the little watering place at a quarter past six in the morning and at half past ten arrived at the mission of San Luís Obispo, after traveling some seven leagues.—Seven leagues.

Father Garcés was not here as we had expected, having failed to come for the reason which I shall state later on. The fathers welcomed us with great joy, but were not a little surprised at our arrival, having assumed that we would be detained because of the coming of Captain Ribera; and they were

¹ On San Antonio River, in the vicinity of Pleyto.

² Camp was about half way between Atascadero and Santa Margarita, near the junction of the Salinas and the Santa Margarita.

much more surprised at our experiences with him on the road. On this account, and alluding to other experiences with this captain, Father Mugártegui remarked,

“As between Captain Fages and Señor Ribera, Fages was the better, and we should now be glad to have him back. The friars requested that he be removed and we are now paying for it. After all, the refrain of the old woman is always in point, ‘God deliver us from a worse one.’ ”

In the afternoon we went walking through the fields of the mission which were near by and were very beautiful. While we were there we heard the ringing of bells and musket shots, as if some one had come from Monterey. We began to conjecture as to who it might be that had arrived, and we went back to the mission. Most of them were inclined to think that it must be Señor Ribera, but I could not believe it, because to go to Monterey and then return seemed to me a crazy thing to do. When we reached the mission we found that Father Fray Pedro Cambón had arrived, having come as a messenger for the father president to deliver some papers to Señor Ansa, that he might carry them to Mexico. They contained an account of happenings at San Diego; and for this reason the father president did not dare to deliver them to the soldiers, for he ran the risk that they might purposely lose them, or that Señor Ribera might keep them, so delicate were affairs as all this.

This fear was well founded, judging from what now took place with Señor Ribera and was related to us by Father Cambón. It happened that Señor Ribera arrived at Monterey early on the 15th, and then in the afternoon he went with Father Fray Thomás Peña to visit the father president. He was with him for a while, but said very little, because the man was so beside himself that he was in no condition to talk with anybody. The father president, seeing that he gave him no letter, said to him:

"Well, have you just come from San Diego and brought no letter for me from the fathers there?"

Señor Ribera answered him as if he had forgotten it: "Aye, yes, Father, but I had forgotten, because I am sick. In the pocket of that jacket I think I must have brought one."

He began to ponder, as if he could find nothing, but finally he pulled out some letters and gave them to the father president. Among them was the one written to him by Father Fray Vicente Fuster, containing the account of the excommunication of Captain Ribera, and also of the affliction in which they found themselves. Because, the rebellious Indians of that place having confessed and wishing to come to give themselves up in peace, the captain was so inexorable that he refused to pardon anybody, even though they might humble themselves, saying:

"Let them come, let them come, and I will receive them with grapeshot, etc."

Although the letter had been delivered to him at San Diego sealed, with two covers, he delivered it to

the father president open and with the cover slit on the sides. From this the father president inferred that he had wished to conceal the letter, and even that he must have read it, for when he delivered it to him, without being asked and even without the father president having remarked on the slits, Captain Ribera said to him, much perturbed:

“This letter comes this way, but I would swear to you that it is the truth that I do not know a thing that is in it.”

For this reason the father president afterward wished to take oath and testimony to the effect that he had delivered the letter to him open and slit, whereas the others had come in good condition; but Father Peña persuaded him to let the matter drop, for the man was as disturbed as if he were out of his mind.

So the father president decided to write at once to Mexico and that Señor Ansa should carry the letter. Accordingly, next day, the 16th, he asked Señor Ribera for four soldiers to go to overtake Señor Ansa and deliver the letter to him, and this was granted. At the same time he told him that he desired to go to San Diego to see if he could compose the troubles that had arisen there, and for this purpose he asked him to furnish him an escort. To this Señor Ribera replied that he was about to return there and would set out on Friday, the 19th (which is today); and so, if he wished to go in his company, the two might travel together. The father president accepted the proposal, and thereupon he decided

that for the greater security of the letter Father Cambón should go with the four soldiers to carry it, giving him an order to await him at San Antonio or at San Luís, in one or the other of which he would find Señor Ansa, so that afterward he might go with him to San Diego as a companion.

And so Father Cambón set out from Monterey in the afternoon, on Wednesday, the 17th. This afternoon he arrived at this mission of San Luís, and told us all the foregoing, and that Señor Ribera and the father president were coming, although it did not turn out thus, as I shall state. Father Cambón also said that at the presidio there was much murmuring and talk about the captain and his tempestuous arrival, and that the people were very discontented, and that the captain had already had an encounter with Moraga, the lieutenant of the expedition. When he asked the latter if some of the new soldiers had gone with us on the exploration of the port of San Francisco, he replied, "No." Then he said to him:

"It would have been well if some of them had gone, in order that they might see if that port is as good as you men say."

To this the lieutenant replied that he had seen it and that he could assure him that it was good for the settlement. Señor Ribera replied that it would be better if the soldiers had seen it, in order that it might be certain, and in order that they might see if it pleased them. Angrily the lieutenant then replied:

"I saw it, and if I say that it is good that is enough, and ought to settle it." Banging his hand

on the table, he continued, "My word is better than that of the entire company. In short, we do not have to find out whether the soldiers like it or not, for the soldiers will go wherever they are ordered, be it good or be it bad, for this is what the king pays them for."

This reply bowled Señor Ribera completely over, and after that he did not say another word to him. But he remained the lieutenant's avowed enemy, because anyone who talked in favor of this foundation and establishment was his foe.

Saturday, April 20.—I said Mass. We remained at this mission because its minister, Father Cavalier, desired us to stay here a while, and since he was my fellow countryman I requested Señor Ansa that we might stop for at least three days. After what had happened we had plenty to talk about, and we passed the day very pleasantly, for we six fathers here assembled were men of good cheer.

Sunday, April 21.—I said the last Mass, and afterward I baptized five adult heathen, two men and three women, Captain Ansa being godfather to all of them. And as soon as they were baptized I married the two men, one with an Indian woman already baptized and the other with an Indian baptized at this time. In the afternoon some soldiers came and said that Captain Ribera was coming from Monterey and that he had stopped at the little pass distant from the mission somewhat more than a league, where he had camped without coming to the mission, saying that he was tired and the weather was not very good. This of course was a frivolous

excuse, the fact being that he did not come to the mission because he did not want to see Captain Ansa.

The soldiers gave a message to Captain Ansa from Señor Ribera, saying that he was sending them to salute him and to say that he would not go to the mission for the reason stated, namely, that he was tired. But afterward we learned that this was a lie of the soldiers (this matter of lying is common among them), for Señor Ribera neither gave them a letter nor any such message, nor did he send them for that purpose. On the contrary, the soldiers, seeing that their captain was stopping on the road, asked his consent to go to the mission, in order to see their friends, but under pretext of getting some supplies. We asked them if the father president was coming also. They replied that he was not, for although they had agreed that the two should come on Friday the 19th, as I said yesterday, Señor Ribera immediately changed his mind, and on Thursday the 18th, in the afternoon, he ordered the horses rounded up in a hurry and prepared for his march, taking with him Sergeant Góngora and a few soldiers. On mounting his horse he sent a message to the father president, saying that he was not waiting for him because he desired to set out in a hurry for the sole purpose of overtaking Captain Ansa in order to talk with him before he should leave. But this was not the real reason. On the contrary, the real reason was that he did not wish the father president to go to San Diego. And, according to what we understood, it appears that

he even left orders with Lieutenant Moraga, to whom he entrusted the care of the presidio, not to furnish the father president an escort in case he should ask for one.

For this reason Father Cambón urged Señor Ansa to read a letter which he had brought from Señor Ribera. At first he refused to look at or to accept it. Condescending, however, he read it, and at once replied to Señor Ribera, sending him a message telling him that he had decided to continue his journey in the morning, but, since Señor Ribera had come, if he wished to talk with him about pending business of the expedition he would not refuse it, but would wait as long as necessary, since he desired to serve both God and the king in the matter; or, if Señor Ribera wished to do this at San Gabriel as they had agreed at first, he would not refuse this either, if only he would say what he wished; but he must let him know, for since Señor Ribera had traveled such a long distance without stopping to talk, in order to avoid any contention he did not wish to converse with him, and would communicate only officially and in writing, and Señor Ribera must reply in the same way. And to the soldier, one of his men who went as a messenger, he gave orders that if Señor Ribera wished to reply he should await the message in order to bring it, but if not he should return at once. That night we diverted ourselves somewhat with the musical instrument, and permission was given to the converted Indian girls, whom they called nuns, to come out from their

seclusion and be there with us for awhile, at which they were very much pleased.

Monday, April 22.—I said Mass. Since Señor Ribera said that he left Monterey in such a hurry solely to talk with Señor Ansa wherever he might find him, it seemed natural, and all of us thought, that he would decide to talk with him, since he had overtaken him here. But we were soon undeceived and learned that he had a different idea. Today at noon when we were sitting down to dinner the soldier who went yesterday as a messenger returned with a letter for Señor Ansa from Señor Ribera in which, without mentioning the matter of talking with him here, he blamed him for not having talked with him on the road, making the frivolous excuse of his illness, and pretending that on account of it he had not been able to stop. After having detained so long the soldier who went as a messenger, and being so close at hand, such was the reply with which he finally dispatched him!

But what follows is even better. A little past noon, after we had finished eating, Captain Ribera himself arrived at the mission, but he stayed only a short while and without talking with Captain Ansa, for within an hour he started for San Gabriel. As soon as he arrived the fathers went out to welcome him, but Señor Ansa and I did not care to go out since he had refused to talk with us on the road. And so we went into our own rooms as if we had retired to take our siesta. Señor Ribera said that he wished to talk to Señor Ansa, and the

commissary went in to convey this message for him. But Señor Ansa replied, through the same commissary, that he had just retired to take a nap through his siesta; if after that he wished to talk he would not refuse him; but since the only business they had to talk about was that of the expedition and of his exploration of the Port of San Francisco, he must communicate in writing, as he had already told him, for he did not wish to discuss it with him in any other manner, in order to avoid contentions.

Well, Señor Ribera stayed for about an hour without seeing Señor Ansa (he saluted me in passing, for at that time I found it necessary to leave my room and consequently he saw me accidentally) or making any demonstration with which to make amends for the insult which he had offered him on the road. Then, in order to appease his anger (for if Señor Ansa was now angry with Señor Ribera, Señor Ribera was even more angry with Señor Ansa), within that same hour he decided and resolved to go forward and await Captain Ansa at San Gabriel. And so he departed and left us in the air, and with today's journey lost on account of him.

Moreover, he left Father Fray Pedro Cambón unable to return, because the four soldiers who came with him as an escort Señor Ribera ordered to go forward with him to San Gabriel; and so when Father Cambón thought of returning to Monterey, on the supposition that the father president, whom he was to await here, would not come, as had been expected, it resulted from this new order that he

was left here without an escort to go either back or forward. Besides all this, Señor Ribera took from the mission all the saddle animals that he could, and left the mission guard almost without mounts and on foot, making it impossible for these soldiers to escort Father Cambón in case he might wish to return.¹

From all this we inferred what we had already surmised when we witnessed his tempestuous arrival, namely, that he aimed to leave Monterey with few soldiers, in order that with the pretext of San Diego they might not go to the establishment of the Port of San Francisco, to which he was violently opposed; and in order that the father president might not go to San Diego. We did not learn whether or not he went afterward, because since we were on our way to Sonora we have not learned any more from those fathers, nor how those matters there may have come out.

It was decided that six Indians of this mission should come with us as far as the Channel to buy two launches with which to fish; and in fact they did come, Señor Ansa giving them glass beads with which to buy them, and afterward they returned with them by sea. Moreover, Señor Ansa offered to take with him to Mexico, and in fact he did take, an Indian boy some ten years old, a very lively fellow called Pedro, son of the famous Captain Buchón and of an Indian woman, his concubine, now

¹ Father Cambón was back at Carmelo in June, in time to take part in founding San Francisco.

a Christian and married to a soldier of that place. He promised to take good care of him, and that within two years he himself would bring him back and restore him to that mission, although I do not know on what this promise was founded. The fathers agreed to it, depriving themselves of the boy, the best interpreter they had, in order that the viceroy might see a Christian of this mission, and one who already was well versed in Castilian and knew how to read. The boy gladly agreed to come, and therefore, in the church, after I said Mass, he said goodbye to the people and his relatives with much jauntiness and grace, due to the influence of Father Cavaller. In the evening we made merry for a while.

114. Tuesday, April 23.—Father Cavaller had offered me some baskets, but since I had no place or means to carry them, I told him that he ought to try to get on good terms with Señor Ansa, who was now always friendly with me; for I knew that he greatly desired to take some of these things to Mexico to give them as presents there. And besides, I hoped that I should get some of them, for, as I said on the 25th of February, he had told me that when we reached San Miguel on the return from our journey he would let me choose anything that I might wish. Thereupon Father Cavaller gave Señor Ansa many baskets, some bear skins, some eight I think, and thirty-odd beaver skins, and other things. Nevertheless, this morning he gave me personally two choice beaver skins, saying before everybody

that he had reserved those for me. On this account, knowing what would happen to me afterward, and in order that Señor Ansa might know that Father Cavaller had given him everything through my influence, I said to Señor Ansa,

“See these things which Father Cavaller has. I told him to deal generously with you and give you everything that he wished to give to me, for you have already told me that later on you will give them to me; but now he has decided that I am to take these two skins.”

“Well, your Reverence, take them,” Señor Ansa replied.

And this is all that I got, for afterward he did not give me even a common basket. And so it was that in San Miguel¹ he distributed many articles, and there were presents for numerous persons, but not even for politeness sake did he ask me if I wished any of the many things which he brought.

¹ Horcasitas, in Sonora.

XXIII

LETTERS AND LETTUCE

Having with special demonstrations of tenderness and love said goodbye to the fathers, three of whom accompanied us for a short distance, we set out from the mission of San Luís Obispo at seven in the morning, and at half past six in the afternoon we halted at Laguna Graciosa,¹ having traveled some seventeen leagues on the same road that we took on going. When we left the beach and entered the sand dunes we lost our way in them for a while, because no trace or road is ever to be seen there. And we made a mistake in the signs which we ought to have followed, which were some whalebones, because we confused them with others which we came upon before. Today we gathered some very rare shells, although few, because all that coast is very short of them and one finds one only now and then.—Seventeen leagues.

115. Wednesday, April 24.—We set out from Laguna Graciosa at half past six in the morning and, having traveled some sixteen leagues, at a quarter to five in the afternoon halted at a small arroyo on the beach of the Channel near the Ranchería del

¹ At San Antonio Creek, north of Santa Ynez River.

Coxo,¹ where we halted on February 27th. We crossed the Santa Rosa River without delay because it was now low tide. At Point Concepción, where all the country was thickly strewn with flowers, I saw many larkspurs, and some little red and very pretty marigolds.—Sixteen leagues.

116. Thursday, April 25.—I said Mass. We set out from camp near the Ranchería del Coxo at six o'clock in the morning and at half past five in the afternoon halted just before coming to the Rancherías de Mescaltitán,² having traveled some eighteen leagues, most of the way on the beach, where the traveling is better because the footing is level and firm. We passed through the same villages as on going; but in them we were unable to obtain any baskets or other things of importance, because it seems that when the expedition came the Indians were left without baskets, having sold everything then. Some Indians came to the Ranchería de Mescaltitán, and immediately gave proof of their dexterity in stealing, for right in front of everybody and without anybody noticing it, they stole the large iron spoon of the kitchen, which was missed after we left. Although next morning efforts were made to recover it, they did not succeed, because they said it had been carried away by the people of another village, on the other side of the estuary. That night the Indians were very happy, singing until very

¹ At El Cojo Canyon, east of Point Concepción.

² Just west of Goleta and north of Mescal Island. By the "expedition" he means that of Portolá, in 1769.

late. Perhaps they were celebrating the theft of the spoon with a fandango.—Eighteen leagues.

117. Friday, April 26.—We set out from camp near the Rancherías de Mescaltitán at a quarter past six in the morning and at five in the afternoon halted at the Rio de la Assumpta,¹ having traveled some seventeen leagues, most of the way along the beach and passing through the same villages as on going.—Seventeen leagues.

In one of the villages I saw that the Indians were roasting a number of locusts and some large crabs which they had caught among some large rocks on the beach. They gave me one and I gave it to the cook that he might prepare it. On the road Señor Ansa had told me that for him crab was a very delectable dish and that he greatly liked it, but now he refused to eat it, or even taste it, no matter how much I urged him, excusing himself by saying that it was not a food that he would like, and that he feared that it would make him sick. But the real reason was that he did not wish to taste it because they had given it to me. In fact it was his custom to despise and belittle anything of mine or which they might give me, and would rather see it lost, as happened to me with a bag of prepared mince-meat which I was carrying and out of respect to him did not eat; with a quail and a duck which the soldiers gave to me; with a piece of spotted dog-fish which they gave me at Puerto Dulce; and with some cheese which they gave me at San Gabriel.

¹ Ventura River at Ventura.

Today after halting we were able to see the islands of the Channel, which hitherto, neither going nor returning, had we been able to see clearly, but only very confusedly and indistinctly, because of the fogs which are almost continuous in this sea. With this opportunity I sketched them according to the front view which they presented from this place of La Assumpta, and it is as shown in the sketch which I insert here. I noted that, looking southward from



this place, the largest island, which is that of Santa Cruz, lies to the southwest, and the rest follow after it toward the south. And I may remark that all these islands are some six or eight leagues out at sea and are the ones which form the Channel.

118. Saturday, April 27.—We set out from the Rio de la Assumpta at a quarter past six in the morning and, having traveled some eighteen leagues, at half past five in the afternoon halted at Agua Escondida,¹ where on going we camped on February 22. At the beginning of the journey today we left the Channel, and before climbing La Cuesta we halted for a while at a little spring of water which is at the foot of it, and near which there is a spring of tar,² as I said on February 23. In the sierra we found abandoned the villages which we saw on going, their Indians having moved, because, since it did not rain much this year their watering places

¹ Near Las Virgenes Creek, west of Calabasas.

² At the bottom of Conejo Grade, east of Camarillo. The deposit is still there.

gave out and the country was very dry and cracked. From the time when we entered those regions we were troubled with fleas, but during these days they were so bad that wherever we halted everything was alive with them, and very hungry ones. No country is without its plague, and that one has the plague of fleas.—Eighteen leagues.

119. Sunday, April 28.—I said Mass. We left Agua Escondida at seven o'clock in the morning and at five in the afternoon halted at the Porciúncula River,¹ having traveled some fourteen leagues.—Fourteen leagues.

The four soldiers who had come from Monterey with Father Cambón and had accompanied us because Señor Ribera ordered them to go forward, were ordered by Señor Ansa as soon as we halted to go on to San Gabriel and give his greetings to Señor Ribera, who had reached that mission the day before, Saturday at noon, and to take him a friendly message, informing him that he would arrive there tomorrow. Afterward Señor Ansa said to me that he intended to remain in his tent outside the mission because, since Señor Ribera was lodging there he did not wish to expose himself to being insulted by him again; that he was not doing this on account of the fathers, but to avoid any trouble, perhaps scandalous, which might arise, with Señor Ribera there at the same time. I tried to dissuade him because of the talk which this might

¹ Los Angeles River, at Los Angeles, Old Town.

cause, but I could not induce him to change his mind; and afterward I saw that he was right, and that it was better that he should do this, because otherwise doubtless something, perhaps even worse, would have happened. Indeed, according to what we saw later and what happened next day, as I shall relate, they might have come to blows, because of the hostility that existed between them.

120. Monday, April 29.—We set out from Porciúncula River at a quarter past six in the morning and at eight arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, having traveled two leagues.—Two leagues.

Commander Ribera was at the mission, but he did not come out to greet us when we arrived, nor did he talk with Commander Ansa during all the days while we remained here. On the way I began to urge Señor Ansa to go to lodge at the mission, or at least that he should go there to dismount. Finally we agreed that we should dismount at the mission, and if Señor Ribera came out to welcome us and showed himself to be somewhat humble and human, Señor Ansa would overlook everything that had happened, and lodge at the mission, and likewise talk with Señor Ribera.

But if Señor Ansa is stubborn, on this occasion Señor Ribera showed himself to be even more so. We arrived at the mission and dismounted there; but, although Señor Ribera ordered the soldiers to form in line and fire their muskets on our arrival, as is customary there, he remained in his room

listening to the shots and the peal of bells without coming out. Señor Ansa in spite of this remained at the mission about half an hour, giving Señor Ribera this much time, to see if he would make any demonstration. Seeing that he did not come out of his room nor permit himself to be seen, Señor Ansa said to me,

“Father, I am going to do what I have told you I would do, for your Reverence now sees the conduct of this man and to what I expose myself if I remain here.”

I told him that he was quite right, and that I now shared his opinion. Thereupon he ordered his tent set up some distance from the mission and went to live in it.

After he left I saw even more clearly that the decision of Señor Ansa was very wise, for because of it some greater scandal which might have happened was avoided. Father Paterna, as a warm friend of Señor Ribera, tried to explain away the matter, saying that Señor Ribera must not have come out because he was very busy writing, and attempted to hide from me what he had told him, and his intentions. Nevertheless, I know for certain that Señor Ribera had told him that when Señor Ansa arrived at the mission he would not leave his room even to eat, in order not to be with him. This is not only very plausible, but I was convinced of it by the evidence which he gave of his intention. For when Father Cruzado told him that

we were coming, so that he might come out, he did not say a word to him in reply and did not move, and consequently did not come out to see us when we arrived. Nor did I, who lived at the mission, see his face until noon when we sat down at the table, and then he saluted me very haughtily without saying anything to me except, "May God be with you." And so we passed no other words, and his choleric heart was very evident from his taciturn and angry mood. I may add that when they went to call him to dinner he asked if Captain Ansa was there, and when they told him that he was not, and that he had gone to stay at his tent, he then left his room and came to eat, very well satisfied with his own conduct.

Tuesday, April 30.—We remained at this mission and the two commanders communicated in writing, discussing their affairs officially and wasting paper, one from his room and the other from his tent, each one with a soldier postman, maintaining themselves thus without showing their faces. Señor Ribera was very well satisfied with himself, and was so haughty with me that when I saluted him this morning when I passed by the door of the room where he was, he allowed me to pass without replying or looking at me.

Wednesday, May 1.—I said Mass. Señor Ribera and Señor Ansa continued the same as yesterday, writing and sending dispatches to each other. At night I opened a conversation with Señor Ribera, who was still stiff and not speaking to me, concern-

ing his refusal to furnish Father Garcés what he had asked him for, in this way: It happened that Father Garcés went out to that mission of San Gabriel accompanied by two Jamajab¹ Indians, intending to go to San Luís and from there farther inland, but was unable to do so because Señor Ribera refused him what he asked for, as Father Garcés tells in his diary on the 24th of March, where this incident is related in full.

At the beginning of supper we ate some lettuce, and Father Paterna remarked that I would remember San Gabriel because of the good lettuce that I was eating. I replied,

“In a few days, at the Colorado River, I shall indeed remember this place very well.”

“And will Father Thomás have no lettuce?” said Father Sánchez.

I replied, “Where will he get it?”

“Well, did they bring no seed?” he answered.

“No,” I replied. Then Father Paterna said,

“Perhaps Father Garcés will already be there when you men arrive.”

I replied that I could not say, and Don Fernando continued saying that Father Garcés must have had a hard time of it on the road which he took. Thereupon I remarked to him,

“No doubt.”

Now that Señor Don Fernando had entered the conversation I said to him,

¹ Mohaves. See the note regarding Garcés's journey on p. 484.

"Please tell me what reason you had for refusing Father Garcés what he asked you for."

Thereupon Father Paterna, who was a very warm partisan of Señor Ribera, changed his manner, for in every situation and occurrence there is no lack of opposing views, since each one thinks in his own way. Don Fernando now said,

"Your Reverence, Father Garcés asked me for saddle animals, one or two soldiers as an escort, and provisions, but I refused to furnish them because I had no orders from the viceroy to give them to him, since that order was sent to Señor Ansa."

I replied that it seemed to me that it was not necessary to have an order from the viceroy for such trifles, since whoever rules in things of first importance rules in the accessories, and the viceroy did not need to spend his time in ordering this and that and the other, especially when they are matters of small importance and incidental to his general orders, and are understood to be included in his dispositions, and can be left to the chiefs for execution. At this he said to me,

"I had no saddle animals. Those of the expedition were not in my charge and so I could not dispose of them. Could your Reverence dispose of this mission, which is not in your charge?"

"Well then," I replied, "we will leave aside the saddle animals. But perhaps you could have granted him the other things."

He replied: "The father asked me for one or two soldier guards, but these were not enough, and

I could not give him more because I did not have them. Your Reverence knows that even to carry dispatches four or five soldiers are sent, and if something had happened to the father with so small an escort I should have been responsible."

I replied that he would not have been responsible, just as he was not responsible because the father had started on his apostolic peregrinations without any escort.

"For," I said to him, "you are not unacquainted with the spirit of Father Garcés."

"Yes, he is unacquainted with it," Father Paterna then said. "Don Fernando does not know the temperament of Father Garcés."

"Yes, he does know it, and very well," I replied. Hereupon Don Fernando remarked that it was true that he had heard of his bravery and his spirit, and he continued saying,

"I said to the Father, 'your Reverence had better wait for Captain Ansa, who will soon be here, and consult with him as to what can be done in those matters.' " I replied,

"Well this would not have helped Father Garcés at all, because if he had awaited us either he would have had to come out of the country with us, or we should have had to leave him in the country."

Father Paterna replied, "Don Fernando did right in not giving him what he requested, for the viceroy does not order Father Garcés to go into these interior regions." I said,

“The order of the viceroy says that if the father wished he might remain at the Colorado River to get acquainted with the tribes down the river and up the river. The reason why he came here was that the heathen Indians were afraid to accompany him up the river without making a detour, because a tribe hostile to them intervened. And when the father wished to journey to the west to see if from there he might discover a road to Monterey, as was desired, the Indians offered to accompany him to another tribe. And because the father travels according to the wishes of the Indians who guide him, they brought him here, as you gentlemen see. But even if this were not the case, it seems to me that neither the viceroy nor the king is so stingy and mean as to refuse him the few provisions which he asked of you for two heathen Indians who were with him.”

He replied that he had very few provisions and could not give them away. I retorted that provisions for two Indians did not amount to much, perhaps not more than a bushel of maize.

“For you know that Father Garcés is satisfied with very little, and can even live on the grass of the fields.” He replied,

“For this reason I told him that he should ask Father Paterna for what he might need, and that the king would pay for it later.”

Father Paterna then said, “This is not necessary. And what is this all about? Was not Father

Garcés given everything that he needed? If Don Fernando did not give him provisions, it was in order that he might not be responsible if anything should happen to Father Garcés on that journey, and in order not to be a party to any injury which might befall him. He did quite right to refuse what he asked for."

"Well, if this is so," I replied, "then your Reverence is responsible for anything that may happen to Father Garcés."

"And why?" he asked.

I replied, "Because if, in order not to be responsible, Señor Don Fernando did right to refuse him the provisions, your Reverence who gave him provisions is responsible, for by doing so you coöperated in this journey."

Thereupon Father Paterna, greatly disturbed, said, "Oh, well, let us drop this," and rising from the table he asked Don Fernando if he wished to go to his room.

But Don Fernando did not move, quite out of keeping with other times when, after finishing supper, he would rise up at once and leave. Now, on the contrary, he continued for more than half an hour talking about his shortage of provisions and of what hardship would be suffered at San Diego if the bark should not come soon, etc.

In order not to embitter the affair further, I refrained from mentioning to him the other matter, which Señor Ribera himself confessed in the letter

that he wrote to Señor Ansa, and which even to Father Paterna, according to what he told me, looked very bad. This was that he had ordered the arrest and banishment of some heathen Indians who had come from the Colorado River to that mission, as is stated also by Father Garcés in his diary for the 24th of March.¹ But this order was not carried out, for God willed that when it was about to be executed the Indians had already departed. But I saw that nothing was to be remedied or gained by touching on this delicate matter, and that I ran the risk of speaking plainly to him to no purpose, since he was so well satisfied with himself and his conduct (in fact, he said that he had his credit well established in Mexico), and especially at this time when Father Paterna was so openly in his favor, and the two other fathers did not say a word because they were afraid of him. But I have written down here all this conversation, in order to show how men argue when they wish to maintain a position, for they can find reasons for any proposition, whether it be sound or specious, and it is certain that in any matter they do not lack partisans and confederates, for *Quot homines, tot sententiae*.²

121. Thursday, May 2.—I said Mass. After we reached this mission Señor Ribera sent a dispatch to Señor Ansa asking him, for his guidance, how long he would remain here, because he was writing to Mexico. Señor Ansa replied that he would

¹ See Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, I, 254.

² "Many men, many minds." See Terence, *Phormio*, II, iv, 14.

remain here three days (which were up this afternoon). Señor Ribera said he thought this would give him time to finish what he was writing to the viceroy. But today when the time for starting arrived he sent a dispatch to Señor Ansa telling him that he had not yet finished, but saying that he need not wait on that account, and might as well start, for tonight or in the morning he would send him the letters by some soldiers, who would overtake him on the way. Therefore Señor Ansa decided to start without waiting any longer; and so we said goodbye to the fathers, but not to Captain Ribera, for he did not come out of his room to bid us farewell or permit himself to be seen, but remained still writing and dispatching, according to what he said (but this was not so), the letters which Señor Ansa was to carry to Mexico.

We set out from the mission of San Gabriel at four o'clock in the afternoon and at half past five arrived at the arroyo of San Gabriel,¹ where we had camped on January 3, having traveled two leagues. Our party consisted of the same persons that I mentioned on the 14th of April, who, together with the boy Pedro, of San Luís, made thirty persons in all. The baggage consisted of twenty pack loads, and the caballada, including mules and horses, comprised eighty-six animals.—Two leagues.

122. Friday, May 3.—I said Mass. At half past six in the morning we set out from the arroyo of

¹ Just east of San Gabriel.

San Gabriel, and at half past eleven arrived at Arroyo de los Alisos, where we took a siesta until half past two in the afternoon, and at a quarter to six in the afternoon we halted in a plain about two leagues before reaching the Santa Ana River, having traveled some ten leagues.¹—Ten leagues.

Since the soldiers whom Señor Ribera said he would send with the letters did not overtake us last night, nor this morning either, I said to Señor Ansa on the way,

“You need not expect any such letters, for I have understood that he intends to send them by way of California,² because he does not wish you to carry them. I even know that he said, ‘Captain Ansa would like to carry my letters to the viceroy, but he won’t get a chance to.’ ”

As soon as we halted Señor Ansa and I set to talking about our experiences with Señor Ribera, and I said to him,

“If the messenger does not come, as I suspect, or does not bring letters for the viceroy, as I predict (for he thinks that thereby he would be doing you a great favor, and he is not disposed to do you favors), then I shall be confirmed in my suspicions that Señor Ribera opened the letter from Father Vicente which was sent to the father president, and was delivered with the envelope slit; and since a

¹ Arroyo de los Alisos was San Antonio Creek, near Ontario, and the Santa Ana River was the stream which still has that name. Camp was in the neighborhood of Pedley, west of Riverside.

² He means Lower California.

thief thinks everybody else is like himself, he would expect you to do the same with the letters which he might entrust to you, thinking you would be as bad as he. My reason for thinking so is a story which I have heard, and now as a friend I wish to report it to you. It is that Señor Ribera is writing against you to the viceroy; and for this reason he is not going to entrust the letters to you, and so you must provide yourself with everything that you can assemble concerning past happenings, etc."

He replied to me that for this very purpose he was keeping all his letters, papers, and dispatches, intending to present them to his Excellency, and, in fact, he formed of all of them and their replies, arranged in order, a protocol like a judicial act, and it would not be very advantageous to Señor Ribera, either.

We were engaged in this conversation when the courier sent by Señor Ribera arrived with two letters, one for the father guardian of the College of San Fernando and another for Señor Ansa, but none for the viceroy—a classic piece of stupidity with which Señor Ribera crowned the work of the expedition and his most rare proceedings. To Señor Ansa he wrote that he was not sending the letters for the viceroy because when he was about to seal them he lacked a paper which he had mentioned in the letters, containing an account of affairs at San Diego concerning the arrest of the Indian Carlos, and that lacking this document the letters

could not be sent. He added that the document must have been left at San Diego, for although he had done his best he was unable to find it, and so he had decided to go at once to San Diego, whence he would send his letters to the viceroy by way of California. Below the signature, in a postscript, he requested that he be remembered to the viceroy, and that Señor Ansa should say for him that he was not very well.

All this was said and done just as I had predicted to Señor Ansa. That lost paper was only a pretext, for to the viceroy it was of little or no consequence to know at this time the story of his excommunication. The thing of principal importance for his Excellency to know was how he had received the people of the expedition, with all its appurtenances of horses, cattle, etc., and what disposition had been made with regard to the establishment of the port of San Francisco, so greatly desired in Mexico and even more in Madrid. But since he was so hostile to this, who knows what he might write, especially since Señor Ansa had declared himself opposed to his opinion? For these reasons, and after what had happened, I had always assumed that he would not deliver his letters to Señor Ansa, because he did not trust him, and especially after what I learned at San Gabriel and have here related.

123. Saturday, May 4.—Very early in the morning Señor Ansa dispatched the soldiers who had come with the mail, sending to Señor Ribera a letter

appropriate to his own, and written at the end of it. At the same time he sent back to him the letter to the father guardian of San Fernando, saying that since he was carrying no letter from him for the viceroy he did not wish to carry a letter for any private individual. He wrote another letter to Lieutenant Moraga, telling him what had happened, and giving him instructions for his guidance in case Señor Ribera should be pronounced crazy, according to the signs of dementia which he had given by his indiscreet conduct. I likewise wrote a letter to the father president, reporting the same thing to him and telling him of everything that had happened since we set out from Monterey; and another to Father Paterna sending him a plan which he had asked me to make him for a church and a house which he wished to build. With this was concluded our farewell to Monterey, and the key was turned on the story of all the experiences of the expedition with Señor Ribera.

In the morning the sky was very cloudy and it was raining a few drops, and although afterward it became fair, a little before starting three or four very loud thunder claps were heard, a rare thing, for thunder is seldom heard in those regions. We set out from the plain at seven in the morning and at a quarter past eight arrived at the Santa Ana River, where we took a siesta until two in the afternoon; and at a quarter past six in the afternoon we halted at a pass which opens into the valley of San

Joseph,¹ having traveled some nine leagues. We found all this country dry and with very little grass and no water or firewood. The Sierra Nevada was now without snow, except a very little which was seen in the canyons, for it had now been melted by the hot weather.—Nine leagues.

¹ Camp was at one of the passes leading from the west into Lake-view Valley, probably Bernasconi Pass.

XXIV

ADIOS CALIFORNIA

124. Sunday, May 5.—I said Mass. At six in the morning we set out from the pass, and at ten arrived at the arroyo of San Joseph, where we took a siesta until half past two in the afternoon. In this stretch we saw at the foot of some rocky hills a village which on going we had not seen, and whose Indians we called Los Danzarines because of the ridiculous gestures which they make when they speak vigorously. Although armed they went scurrying among those rocks as soon as they saw us. At seven in the afternoon, having traveled some thirteen leagues, we halted in the canyon of San Patricio near the source of its arroyo,¹ a little before reaching the place where we halted on going on December 27. We found this canyon thickly grown with trees and stonier than when we went, and in two places there were stretches so filled with rocks, looking as if the rains had brought them down from the hills, that with a few more they would have cut off our passage.

¹ They took siesta on San Jacinto River above San Jacinto, north of Vallevista. Then they crossed the valley to the southeast and ascended Bautista Canyon (San Patricio), camping near its head. Garcés describes the antics of these Danzarines. Anza is more explicit here than Font.

From this I inferred that the road through that canyon of San Patricio may be closed by the rains and not be permanent.—Thirteen leagues.

125. Monday, May 6.—We set out from the canyon of San Patricio at a quarter to seven in the morning, the day being cloudy and misty at times, and with a northwest wind so cold that we felt it more now than when we went. For this reason we halted at the flat near the Puerto de San Carlos,¹ in order to eat a bite and warm ourselves, for we were now half-frozen. This cold lasted only until afternoon, for on the other side of the summit of the Sierra Madre de California the climate is immediately different, since the Sierra Madre divides the climates as well as the land, although the wind continued very stiff all night. And so we said good-bye to the land of Monterey and the wind which reigns there, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, having traveled thirteen leagues, we halted at the Foot of the Willow on the Arroyo de Santa Catharina, where we had camped on the 23d of December.²

Among the cliffs which form the Puerto de San Carlos we saw many Indians perched among the rocks, but although we called to them nobody would descend. At the camp site also there were many Indians, but as soon as they saw us they scampered up the cliffs, loaded with their children and belongings. These are the unhappy, dirty people who live

¹ At the springs just below Fred Clark's Corral, at the southeast end of Cahuilla Valley and at the head of Nance Canyon.

² At Reed's Springs, on Coyote Creek.

in this sierra of whom I wrote on going, and because of their bad countenances I do not know of anything to say about them except that they appear to be sons of fear and darkness.—Thirteen leagues.

126. Tuesday, May 7.—At daybreak a furious wind was still blowing, and with the dust it caused us great annoyance, especially early in the morning when we were leaving the canyon. And it continued this way all day, being welcome only because it was fresh, as a result of which we did not feel the heat. The Indians did not permit themselves to be seen any more, although the soldiers of the horse herd said that at night they were climbing about the hills, perhaps watching to see if they could steal something or do some other damage, for they are very vicious. They are of the same “Mau” as San Diego, whose Indians to say “Yes” say “Mau” like cats.

We set out from the Foot of the Willow at five in the morning and at a quarter past nine halted at San Gregorio, where we took a siesta until two in the afternoon, and where we found so little water that not all of the animals were able to drink. At a quarter past seven in the afternoon, having traveled some fourteen leagues, we arrived at San Sebastián,¹ where we had camped on December 13th. All of this country is bad, sterile, without grass, or any useful thing; indeed, it is all sandy or sand dunes,

¹ San Gregorio was on San Felipe Creek in Borrego Valley, and San Sebastián at Harper's Well, at the forks of Carrizo and San Felipe creeks.

with rocks on the hills, as I said on going.—Fourteen leagues.

127. Wednesday, May 8.—I said Mass to our patron San Miguel Arcángel, in order that he might take us successfully out of the sand dunes ahead of us which we had to cross. Señor Ansa decided to traverse these plains and sand dunes in a straight line, to see if we could come out at the Cerrito de San Pablo.¹ I told him that this was impossible because it was very far away, and we would expose ourselves to hardship, and I even demonstrated the distance to him with the compass. But he did not come down from his opinion, which was that at the most it would be twenty or twenty-five leagues away, until just before starting, when the experienced soldier who was to go as guide said that he would not dare to guide us to that hill, because it was very far away and we would have trouble in such bad country, without pasturage or water, as a result of which we might suffer some delay; and that it would be better to come out at Pozo Salobre del Carrizal, to which he was not afraid to guide us and where we would arrive in the morning. So it was decided to cross the plains and sand dunes ahead of us as directly as possible and come out at Pozo Salobre del Carrizal, without going down to the Pozos de Santa Rosa,² in order to save some distance. We therefore set out from San Sebastián at noon, and at half past ten at night we halted in the middle of

¹ Pilot Knob, just west of Yuma.

² Yuha Well, which they left at the west on the return trip.

the dry plain without pasturage or water, having traveled fourteen leagues, the first three almost to the east and the remaining eleven to the east-southeast and part of the way almost due southeast.¹—Fourteen leagues.

Day dawned without wind and very hot, as we might have expected and as is usual in that country. The Indians of San Sebastián were affable and pleased to see us, although they are not of a very good disposition. Three of them accompanied us today, but two of them turned back, only one arriving with us at the Puerto de la Concepción. On the road after traveling about two leagues we found a well of water with its little tule and carrizo.² The water is fresh but savors greatly of marsh. A league farther on we found a little well of cold water, but it is not possible to drink it, because it puckers the mouth, having much vitriol. Near this well we found another one of water which boiled with great force, and so deep that its bottom could not be reached with a lance, and it was not possible to drink because the water was hot and very salty.³

¹ The route was east past Kane Spring, then southeastward (parallel to the highway as far as Westmoreland) to camp near Imperial.

² Kane Spring, on the highway from Indio to Brawley. The spring is still well grown with carrizo (cane), and there is a little tule round about. This is the place that Garcés called San Anselmo.

³ These two springs, the hot and the cold one, were evidently the two, now nearly dry, just west of the road some two miles southeast of Kane Spring. In the vicinity, a few miles east and off Anza's trail, there are several springs just like these described by Font, deep, bubbling, hot and cold.

And this is all the water we found in all this stretch. The road is without sand dunes, but we crossed a piece of uneven country, with what we called almon-digones,¹ very tiresome, and of miserable and sterile lands. And this night the animals made their supper off small trees, and very few at that.

128. Thursday, May 9.—We set out from the Llano Seco at half past four in the morning and at a quarter to one at night arrived at Laguna de Santa Olalla, having traveled twenty leagues, one to the east-southeast, ten to the southeast with some stretches to the south-southeast, and to the south and the east, and finally, now striking our outgoing road, two to the east-southeast, making thirteen leagues to Pozo Salobre del Carrizal, where we arrived at one in the afternoon, finding the water as red as if it had vermilion, very salty, and worse than on going, and without any carrizo for the animals to eat, because on going they ate it all up. It was therefore decided to go forward to the lake in order not to have to camp here over night. So we remained only until half past five in the afternoon, to rest a while and to wait until the heat of the sun should pass.²—Twenty leagues.

129. Friday, May 10.—To the camp, which was the same one where we halted on December 6, many

¹ Hummocks.

² The general direction was southeast to Pozo Salobre, on Paredones River, south of Cocopah, Lower California, then nearly twenty miles a little south of east to Santa Olaya above Pescadero Dam, on the Colorado River.

Cajuenche Indians came to see us. They were very good natured and brought maize, beans, calabash in dried strips, which in Sinaloa they call bichicore, and péchita and tornillo ground and made into cakes. We set out from the Laguna de Santa Olalla at a quarter to four in the afternoon and at a quarter past seven, having traveled some five leagues, we halted at the Rancherías del Cojat, where we had camped on December 5. As soon as we halted the Indian relative of Palma¹ who went out to welcome us on the Gila River visited us very well pleased, and with him came several Indians.—Five leagues.

130. Saturday, May 11.—We set out from the Rancherías del Cojat at a quarter to five in the morning, and at eleven arrived at the Puerto de la Concepción, on the Colorado River, having traveled some eight leagues.²—Eight leagues.

The road was very crooked and somewhat different from the one taken on going, because the river had now risen greatly and a large portion of its bottom lands were flooded. In all the villages the Indian men and women came out to greet us with great pleasure and joy at seeing us, and some of them accompanied us all the way. One of them made an effort to give my mule something to eat, gathering grass and putting it in the mule's mouth,

¹ Camp was near the Colorado River, some twelve miles above Santa Olaya. The relative of Palma was The Prince. See p. 91.

² They passed the village of San Pablo near Pilot Knob, and reached Concepción, where the Indian school is now situated at Yuma.

and so it was necessary for me to stop to thank him. At other times, in order not to delay me he went ahead very close to the mule carrying a bunch of grass in his hand behind him, and another did the same, giving him tornillo to eat. Others went ahead playing and running with their long sticks and wheel.¹

Reciprocal and great was the joy which I felt on seeing Father Fray Thomás Eixarch, so contented and safe in this place, living with such satisfaction among so many heathen, who are very much attached to the Spaniards and deserving of appreciation and esteem, especially Captain Palma.

This Puerto de la Concepción, situated a little below the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, is a place where some small hills of moderate height form a small pass through which the Colorado River, after spreading out through these plains (for when it is flooded it is leagues wide) flows in a very narrow channel and after emerging again spreads out. Therefore this site affords a very pleasing view, and is the best place I have seen on this river for a settlement, because it is near the river and yet is free from its inundations however high the river may rise. 'Tis true, the site is so limited in extent that on the small and somewhat uneven mesa which it forms there is room for only the church and a few houses. However, at the foot of this little mesa there is a great plain, also free

¹ This was the pole and hoop game common in the Southwest.

from the floods of the river, in which there is room for a large settlement.

Here we found Father Fray Thomás Eixarch, who had come to live at this place with Captain Palma, because it is better than the one a league up the river where we left him on going, and likewise because he could not remain there when the river was in flood. We expected to find Father Fray Francisco Garcés at this place also, but he was not here nor had Father Fray Thomás, his companion, had any word of him since he set out up the river for the Jalchedunes.¹

The last news we had from Father Garcés was on the 15th of April, through a letter which the father himself wrote to Commander Ansa from the mission of San Gabriel, where he spent Holy Week early in April. He went there, as I understood, for the reason that, having gone with the Jalchedunes and encountered the Jamajá tribe, they welcomed him and offered to accompany him to another tribe. But because a hostile tribe intervened, it was necessary to make a long detour in order to go to the other tribe mentioned; and such was the detour that he came out at the mission of San Gabriel, accompanied by two heathen Indians of the Jamajá tribe. In his letter he said that it was necessary for him to return to the Jamajá tribe, and that if from there

¹ During Anza's absence Garcés had made his remarkable lone journey up the Colorado past the Jalchedunes to the Mohaves, west across the desert and mountains to San Gabriel, over the mountains north into San Joaquin Valley, back across the desert to the Mohaves, thence to the Hopi village of Oraibe.

he should learn that he might find something of importance he would go forward, but otherwise he would return to the Colorado River, where he would await us in order that we might all return together.

When we arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, the fathers there told us that when Father Garcés departed, in speaking of his journey, he said that if he should find Indians who would accompany him (and he did not anticipate much difficulty in his project), his plan was to go inland to explore a road until he should come out at New Mexico. When we reached the Puerto de la Concepción we heard a somewhat confused report that Father Garcés was among the Jalchedunes. Therefore the commander at once sent thither an Indian interpreter with a letter telling him of our arrival, and that we should continue our journey within three days, which would give him time to come if he were there. But at the end of three days Father Garcés had not arrived, nor likewise the messenger, nor were we able to obtain any further notice of him in the course of more than three months which had passed. From this I inferred either that Father Garcés had found a road and means to go to New Mexico, as he desired, or, on the other hand, that he had encountered some great mishap in his apostolic wanderings, since he was now traveling somewhat ill, if indeed he had not died or Indians had not killed him.

I may note that when Señor Ansa dispatched the interpreter with a letter, he told him that if he did not find Father Garcés, but found his animals, he

should bring them, as he did, not thinking that Father Garcés might be near there or farther inland, and that when he returned he would need them, as indeed happened. For here ends the kindnesses of Señor Ansa, and these are the favors which he says he is always showing the fathers. This I learned for a certainty, because the interpreter himself told me of it when he returned. I asked him why he had brought the animals, leaving the father destitute. He replied that he could not do otherwise, because he was a servant, and Señor Ansa, his master, had so ordered him. He told me this in the presence of Señor Ansa, who did not contradict him.

Father Thomás told us that Captain Palma was determined to go to Mexico with us, having entertained this desire ever since he told him of the fiesta which is held in Mexico in honor of the most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, as the father himself says in his diary on December 12. For before this he had not thought of such a thing, and even less talked with Captain Ansa or anyone else concerning this matter.¹ We deliberated whether or not it would be well to take him, and whether any disturbance might arise among the Yuma tribe, or on the river, during his absence. Señor Ansa today at first pointed out some objections to taking him, but after we had talked among ourselves concerning the matter he agreed to take him if Palma would first propose it to him, this being considered wise in case of so long

¹ See Anza's diary for a different view.

a journey, in order that he might not be ignorant of anything, and that he might not think they were deceiving him. And so it was done as I shall relate in the next day's entry.

Father Thomás also gave us a report of how he had fared on the Colorado River during all this time of our absence; and of what he had observed there; and since the father kept his diary there, in order that I may overlook nothing I am inserting here a copy of it made by him, for the time from the 4th of December until the present day, the 11th of May inclusive. Copied literally it is as follows: [Father Eixarch's diary is printed elsewhere].

Well then, Señor Ansa wrote the letter which he wished to send to Father Garcés, and he read it to us very respectfully and affably, although he said nothing to us about his plan for sending to bring the animals if the father was not there. Indeed, with me he had observed great affability ever since the tilts with Señor Ribera, and in San Gabriel he even did me the honor of showing me all the writings and dispatches of Señor Ribera and all the replies and letters which he wrote to him, perhaps because he had no one else there with whom to talk about those things, and saw that I was on his side; for in truth those dirty hands appeared to me very bad. But later he ceased that affability and all that affection which he had manifested for me; then he stopped at nothing and I ended out of favor with him, as I shall relate.

Sunday, May 12.—I said Mass. The message which I mentioned yesterday was sent by an interpreter to Father Garcés, and arrangements were begun for crossing the river, which was now much swollen but very placid in its current. During the time that we were here I noticed that the river rose three or four inches every day, but very gradually, as if the rise came from the melting of the snows; and that it carried a great many trees, and that its waters were very turbid.

Captain Palma, as I noted yesterday, said that he wished to come with us and go to Mexico to pay his respects to the viceroy, and to tell him that he and his Yumas greatly wished and would be very happy if Spaniards and fathers would come to their lands to live with them. In order to discuss this point properly, at night we withdrew to the interior of the house of Señor Ansa, Father Fray Tomás, I, and Palma, together with three or four old men whom we admitted to the discussion in order that they might hear what was said; and we talked a long while concerning the matter. The commander reminded him of the long journey and of the delays that might arise, as a result of which he might not be able to return to his own country for a long time. Palma replied by asking how many years it might be before he got back. The commander said to him, "A year at most," and even added that perhaps he himself would come back with him at once and remain in his country. (I do not know with what foun-

dation he made this proposal. The only thing that I do know is that several times I heard him say that he would gladly go to live on the Colorado River because he liked those Indians.) Palma then said, "Very well," and as he persevered in his desire the commander promised to take him to Mexico, but stipulated that he must not go alone but must take some persons who would volunteer to accompany him.

From among the many who offered themselves, Palma chose two companions, namely, a brother of his and a son of Captain Pablo, to whom was added a Cajuenche youth who ever since Father Garcés visited his tribe had felt a firm desire to go to Mexico. These three, together with Captain Palma, came with us to the presidio of San Miguel, where I left them with Captain Ansa, with whom afterward they went on to Mexico.

When this decision had been reached, Palma was told to go to his house and tell the Indians that he was going, in order that they might know about it, and in order that there might not be any trouble because of his absence; and Palma right then and there designated an old Indian in whom he had confidence, to whom he said he was delivering the quiver in order that he might defend the country from its enemies and rule on the river. Then he went to his house, and, assembling his Indians, he charged them to plant their crops, and that they should try to plant much, and that they should live in peace, etc.

CROSSING THE COLORADO

Monday, May 13.—I said Mass. They began to take the baggage across the river on a large raft made of many trees by the Indians and some servants, at which work Captain Pablo assisted, without failing for an instant, and working harder than all the rest, for Captain Palma had gone to assemble the people. In the forenoon one raft load was taken over and in the afternoon another, including some men. But the raft was so badly damaged by the great force of the water from the whirlpools which are formed by the narrowness of this pass, that it was necessary to take it apart, bring the logs back to this side, and make the raft anew.

I observed the latitude of this pass and found it to be without correction in $32^{\circ} 39\frac{1}{2}'$, and with correction¹ in $32^{\circ} 47'$, and so I say: at the Puerto de La Concepción on the Colorado River, May 13, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $75^{\circ} 38'$. With a rope about a hundred and twenty-five varas long which I had joined together, I made diligent efforts to measure the width of the river at the

¹ This figure is too high.

narrows formed by this pass, though I was not able to succeed. To carry the rope, steering to the other side, I employed an Indian and three Indian women who offered to swim across the river at the place where it was narrowest.¹ But before reaching the middle the water drove them downstream, the rope was broken by a log which became tangled in it; and if they had not been such dextrous swimmers some accident might have happened. I therefore ceased my efforts. I finally estimated that the river at this place must be about a hundred varas wide, a little more or less. What I do know is that an Indian fired an arrow from the top of the hill, and it fell on the opposite bank very close to the edge of the water. Therefore, in its narrowest part the river must be about an arrow shot wide.²

Tuesday, May 14.—While the raft was being made, resort was had to the expedient of having the Indian women swim over with various things in their *coritas* and their large *caretes*, and they spent the whole day making their voyages in this way. The raft being finished, at noon a raft load, including some men, was taken over. They again took the raft apart and made two others, which were finished about six o'clock in the afternoon; and now the commander decided that we should cross the river. The rafts were loaded with baggage and on one of them we embarked, the commander, Father Fray Thomás,

¹ This would be right by the bridge at the Indian school.

² The order of the items of this paragraph is different in the other texts.

I, and others, making thirteen in all. But as soon as we entered the river the raft began to ship water. Two persons precipitately jumped ashore, and we eleven who remained on the raft saw ourselves in no small peril; for aside from the fact that the raft could not be steered well because of its heavy load, and that it sank badly, just at the moment when it left the land a very strong whirlpool came and submerged it.

The Indians now thought that we ought to leap ashore, but Captain Pablo, who at the head was steering the raft with great courage, thought otherwise. He considered the idea of going back an insult, and according to what he said one would think that he wished alone to carry us in his arms to the other side. Finally, Pablo's view prevailing, they pushed the raft from the shore and shoved us into the river, so submerged that I, although seated on top of a box, became wet to the calf of my leg; and it is to be noted that the raft must have been something more than a vara and a half high. Many of the Indians who were on shore and saw what was happening immediately jumped into the water, and some forty of them, surrounding the raft, took us over to the other side in twelve minutes with a great hullabaloo and noise, especially when we were in the middle of the river and a soldier fired his musket, a thing that they greatly liked, and with no other mishap than that we got a little wet and came out on the other side below the other loads, which were not as heavy as this one.

Certainly these Indians are great swimmers and are very friendly with Spaniards. And they are most worthy of appreciation for their love and loyalty, for all our lives and all the baggage were in their hands. In so many voyages as the Indian women made the only thing that was lost was the shoe iron for the mules which an Indian woman was taking over in a *corita*, for, because of the weight, the *corita* began to leak and went to the bottom, the woman being unable to save the *corita*, much less the shoe iron.

131. Wednesday, May 15.—I said Mass. The rest of the baggage and the few men who remained were taken over on a raft. Thus, with six raftloads and the voyages made by the Indian women, everything was brought over and we had crossed the river, the saddle animals having swum over yesterday at mid-day, a considerable distance above the pass. The commander distributed glass beads to everybody to repay them for their labor, and then bade them goodbye; but such is the affection of these Yumas that many of them refused to leave until we ourselves should depart.

Among them remained Captain Pablo who, even though he may be bad, as Father Thomás says in his diary, this time signalized himself in everything, for he was very faithful and diligent in making the rafts, in taking over the baggage, and in commanding the people to aid him, he laboring at their head and harder than any of them, which made me very friendly toward him. In the matter of stealing, I do

not know whether Pablo is like the rest of the Indians or not. It is certain that before setting out Señor Ansa missed his pocket knife, and though he inquired for it of the Indians who were there, no one knew anything about it. But when we were just about to mount our horses Pablo went straight to the corner of an arbor which had been made there to protect us from the sun, and, acting as though he were hunting, in an instant he pulled the knife out of the ground and gave it to Señor Ansa. From this we inferred that if he had not hid it he at least saw it hidden. The Yumas are very dextrous at this, and, in short, although they are good Indians they do not lack the gift of thievery. But, thank God, they did not steal much, as they might well have done; for, although some things were missed, among them being the capote of the commissary, it was of no account, considering the confusion that occurred in crossing the river and that we gave them the things very much scattered and in small bits.

To conclude what I have said of this Captain Pablo I wish to relate here what was told me about him by Señor Ansa, as having happened when he went through on his first expedition. I have already related, on the 27th of November,¹ how at that time this captain attempted to prevent him from crossing the river and to kill him and his soldiers in order to get possession of what they had with them. Well, afterward he conducted himself quite the opposite. It happened that when Señor Ansa returned from

¹ See page 70.

Monterey, on wishing to leave the river he missed two mules and complained to the Indians because they had stolen them. This Captain Pablo heard of it and without saying anything he went to find the thief, and caught the Indian who had taken the mules to his house with the stolen goods in his hands, that is to say, with the two mules which he had there, one alive and tied and the other already dead, for he was butchering her. Then Pablo, who was very angry, wished to kill the malefactor because he had done this, but the Indian fled. Then, seeing that he was not able to kill the man he killed the man's wife with an arrow.

Pulling out the arrow which he had shot through her heart, and taking the live mule, Pablo now went to Señor Ansa and presented her to him, saying that he brought only one because the thief had killed the other, but that he had avenged this wrong, and since he was unable to kill the thief he was presenting him with the arrow with which he had killed the wife. Señor Ansa severely reprimanded him for the deed, saying that he did not like it, and that he would rather have lost both mules than have him do such a thing as kill anybody. Pablo insisted, nevertheless, that he should accept the arrow which he was presenting to him, but Señor Ansa, as a sign that he was greatly displeased that he had killed the woman, refused to accept it. Thereupon Pablo, appearing insulted, became angry, and asked him why he felt this way just because he had killed a woman; and if this was a good reason why the Spanish captain

should not accept the arrow with which he had avenged the wrong? I do not know whether or not this case proves that Captain Pablo is loyal or just a butcher. Indeed, he shows signs of being both one and the other.

Among the Indian women who yesterday made their voyages there was a grown-up daughter of Captain Palma, a great swimmer, and the one who went at the head of all the rest. But she was painted with red ochre according to their custom, for they stick this paint on so securely that although they may be in the water all day, as was the case yesterday, it does not come off. I had formerly told her and others that it was not good for them to paint themselves, because the Spaniards and Christians do not do it; and today when she bade me goodbye I told her the same thing, and suggested that she wash herself with water which she had there, because in this way it would be better. She replied that she did not know how to wash herself and that I should wash her, and to her great pleasure and that of those assembled I did give her a good soaping, and succeeded in removing the paint. Then I gave her a mirror in order that she might see that this way was good, and, looking at herself, she broke out laughing, "Ajot! Ajot!" which means "Good! Good!" I relate this incident as a significant circumstance, because those Indians are so enamored of their paints that it will be very difficult to succeed in taking them away from the women, and much

more difficult to take them from the men, with whom I was not able to succeed so well; for they consider it gala dress to go around painted and dirty like devils.

Just as we began to eat dinner the Indians said that there were Spaniards on the other side of the river, some saying that it was Father Garcés; but soon they said "Assende Jecó," which means "A Spaniard," adding that he came from the Cajuenches, and that the father would not come alone. The commander suspected that it might be some deserter from the presidio of Monterey, as indeed it was, and he ordered the Indians to bring him across the river, whoever he might be. After dinner the Indians came with the Jecó, bringing him between them a prisoner; and we saw that he was a deserter from the expedition, one of those Señor Ribera had in San Diego, but who, not being imprisoned, had fled from that presidio on Sunday the 5th of this month. He had come to this place on foot and with great hardship, and Señor Ansa admitted him and he joined the muleteers. We asked him about the road he had come by, and he told us that in the sierra he had found a good road and not very long, coming out at the Wells of Santa Rosa. He said that he had the hardest time in the sand dunes, where he was completely lost, for he brought from San Diego only half a dozen tortillas for his sustenance on the way. With this I was confirmed in the opinion which I had already formed that the port of San Diego is not very

far from the Colorado River, and that the only obstacle to communication is the bad passage of the sand dunes, and that if these can be circumvented communication will be easy.

Finally, saying goodbye to the Yumas, with much tenderness on account of their fidelity and affection for us, which they manifested by wishing to know when we would return, we continued our journey, accompanied by Father Fray Thomás, without waiting any longer for Father Garcés, and joined by Captain Palma and his companions. The company now consisted of the thirty persons above-mentioned, Palma and his three companions, Father Thomás with two interpreters, a servant, and his boy, so that altogether, counting the deserter, we comprised the number of forty.

XXVI

A DRAUGHT FROM THE TINAJAS

We set out, then, from the banks of the Colorado River at a quarter to five in the afternoon, and at nine o'clock at night halted at the pass and banks of the Gila River, having traveled seven leagues, the two first to the southeast and east-southeast, and having struck our own trail, the rest in the direction opposite to that on going. This camp site is the same as that where we halted on the 27th of November.¹ It happened that Señor Ansa went ahead with some soldiers to seek a camp site, and since it was night I and the rest of the people passed by without seeing him, and knowing that it must be ten o'clock at night and that the camp could not be so distant, I halted, struck a light, and had the road examined. Finding no fresh tracks there I realized that we had left Señor Ansa behind. I therefore decided that we should halt and pass the night there and reassemble in the morning. So we remained there, near a little grass for the animals, spending the night thus separated and without any provisions.—Seven leagues.

¹ Anza tells us that camp was at Cerros del Cajón, that is, near the pass through the Gila Range.

132. Thursday, May 16.—We set out from the pass and the banks of the Gila at half past five in the morning, and at half past six in the afternoon, having traveled six leagues in this way, we halted at Laguna Salobre, where we stopped on the 25th of November.

In the morning when we saddled I sent two men back to see where Señor Ansa was, and he arrived at our camp at a quarter past six, we being very happy at seeing him and because we had become reunited. We went forward, and at a quarter past seven, having traveled some two leagues, we halted on the bank of the Gila River where we had stopped on the 26th of November.¹ We made a hut of boughs, the pack train came up, and at nine I said Mass because it was Ascension Day.

Some Indians followed us to this place on foot, and although they were urged to return it was necessary to be firm in the matter because they were determined to follow Palma. Although they persisted in following us, we finally sent them away, there remaining only a Cajuenche, who said that he did not wish to come any further than to pass the night with us and that in the morning he would go back. Judging from what occurred afterward, he merely wished to see if he could get his claws on something.

It happened, indeed, that in the afternoon, before we loaded our packs, we missed the machete of the principal muleteer, and Palma was told that

¹ See p. 67.

some Indian had carried it off. Palma became excited and delivered an harangue to his companions. Then the Cajuenche, his companion, said that the Indian who had remained with us and refused to go back had hidden it. He denied this, but Señor Ansa told him that if he did not return the machete he would order him tied and beaten until he should disclose it. Frightened, the Indian began to look on the ground as if he were hunting something. From the way he looked the brother of Palma discovered the place where he had buried it, and digging there he found it immediately and brought it forth. I then took the Indian thief by the hand and, calling Palma, I delivered him to him, gave him my quirt, and told him to punish him by showing him how to use it. Thereupon, Palma, very angry, with his left hand, for he is left-handed, gave him three blows so briskly that with the third one he brought blood. I thereupon checked him at once and did not permit him to continue, for judging from the zeal with which he began he would have flayed him.

We set out from here at a quarter to four in the afternoon and at half past six halted at Laguna Salobre.¹ It was decided to leave here the road followed on going and, crossing the Papaguería, to come out at the mission of Caborca, this being a more direct road to San Miguel de Orcasitas.²

Señor Ansa examined the deserter leisurely concerning the road by which he had come, and from

¹ Laguna Salobre was west of Wellton.

² Notice that there were two marches this day.

what he said I was confirmed in the opinion which I had formed that the port of San Diego was distant from Puerto de la Concepción some fifty leagues.¹ The climate which I experienced on the Colorado River and on the Gila is very cold in winter and very hot in summer.—Six leagues.

133. Friday, May 17.—I said Mass. We remained here until afternoon in order from this river to take the road to Caborca. With the heat which we felt here today the burning of my mouth became worse, and with the salt water the animals became sick, for this river might well be called the Salado, so that today two mules and one horse remained on the road tired out and lost.

We set out from the Laguna Salobre at four in the afternoon, and at a quarter to twelve at night halted at a patch of coarse grass² which they call galleta, a league after crossing the sand-filled arroyo which they call the Pozos de en Medio, having traveled eleven leagues, three to the south, six to the south-southeast till we came to the road followed by Señor Ansa the first time, then two to the southeast. The road was level all the way, but over sandy country, dry and most difficult, with no trees except some scrubby mesquites near the sandy arroyo, a great deal of hediondilla, and some coarse galleta grass.—Eleven leagues.

¹ The air line distance is about 125 miles.

² Zacatal Duro. Anza says camp this time was at Pozos de en Medio. This was where he had camped during his first expedition, at Coyote Water, in front of Tinajas Altas.

134. Saturday, May 18.—We set out from the Zacatal Duro at five in the morning, and at a quarter to two at night halted near the Llano del Tuzal before reaching the Puerto Blanco, having traveled eighteen leagues by a route much varied, three leagues east by north, two northeast, and one east-southeast, when we came to the Tinajas de la Candelaria,¹ where we stopped to take a siesta from nine in the morning until a quarter to six in the afternoon. This place consists of some wild and naked sierras or very high cliffs in which there are some concavities called tinajas, in which there is usually water. At this place there are nine tinajas formed in the rocks, one above the other, or one higher up than the other, and animals are watered by emptying those above with coritas. The animals were watered twice, there being more than a hundred of them; and in this labor almost all of the time was spent. Then, with the intention of going straight to El Carrizal in one march, without touching at the Tinaja del Aguaje Empinado, which we left at our right² because it is not possible for the animals to drink at it, we traveled three leagues to the northeast over malpais, six to the southeast, and three to the east-southeast. We now dismounted to rest and lie down a little while until the pack train arrived,

¹ These were Cabeza Prieta Tanks, called during the first expedition Aguaje de la Purificación. Font's directions seem to be a little too much northward.

² This evidently should be *left*. See Anza's diary.

without taking the bridles from the animals.¹—Eighteen leagues.

135. Sunday, May 19.—We slept for a while. The pack train arrived at four o'clock in the morning and went forward without halting. We breakfasted and some of us changed mounts to continue the journey. At five o'clock in the morning we set out from the Llano del Tuzal, and at half past eleven arrived at the Arroyo del Carrizal, having traveled ten leagues, three to the east-southeast to the Puerto Blanco, and the rest southeast by south.² The road was level, but almost all the way over sandy land and all bad, with no other grass than a little galleta; and today three horses and one mule were left behind worn out and lost. The pack train traveled something more than nineteen hours without stopping and arrived at one in the afternoon. The heat left us exhausted, although after nightfall it became so cool that a blanket and the doubled capote did not suffice to keep out the cold. This place usually has water all the year round. It is somewhat salty, but not so very bad, and there is some grass. This arroyo comes from the east and from not very far away, being formed by various canyons in the adjacent

¹ Puerto Blanco, in front of which they halted, was the gap in O'Neill Hills through which Anza came on his first expedition. Anza shows that he now retraced that route southeast from Cabeza Prieta Tanks, through Tule Range and directly to Puerto Blanco. Font's map and route would indicate that they left Cabeza Prieta Tanks by the Arroyo that runs northeast. He says they left Aguaje Empinado at the right. This would be true only at the start, for they camped west of Puerto Blanco.

² Passing through O'Neill Hills (Puerto Blanco) they retraced Anza's former trail to Agua Salada on Sonóita River.

range, and runs south and west to the sea. They say that in all its course it has a little water in small pools, and at this place it runs somewhat.—Ten leagues.

136. Monday, May 20.—We set out from the Arroyo del Carrizal at a quarter to six in the morning, and at half past eight at night halted at the foot of some peaks, having traveled thirteen leagues.¹ We went six leagues to the east and three to the east-southeast, arriving at the ruined mission called San Marcelo de Sonóytac at half past eleven, the pack train arriving at one in the afternoon. Here we remained for a siesta until half past five in the afternoon. All this road is rather rough though somewhat wooded, and the land is not so wild as that preceding. It has some mesquites and saguaros and much brush and hediondilla, and the hills, although arid, are not so dry nor so purely of rock as those of La Candelaria.

On the way, after going about three leagues, we were met by an Indian from Sonóytac who was going as a messenger to the Colorado River with letters for Señor Ansa, and one from the viceroy for Father Garcés. It was opened by his companion, Father Thomás, to see if it contained any superior order; and we saw that it was the one which I mentioned on December 1, with which his Excellency transmitted to Father Garcés the notices sent to Mexico by Father Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante, thinking that they might serve to give him some informa-

¹ They retraced Anza's route to Sonóita, then swung southeast and camped near Sierra de Cubabi, some ten miles from Sonóita.

tion for his journeys, but it lacked the narrative, or the copy of it, because it had been mislaid in the secretariat, as I said on April 3.

Near El Carrizal we saw an Indian with his family. About three leagues before reaching Sonóytac we passed some deserted little huts, and here in Sonóytac we saw about twenty Indians, or families, with their governor. Sonóytac was once a mission, although a small one. In a small arroyo it has sufficient permanent water for a slender settlement and for a small amount of agriculture, but for building it is an impossible place, having no other timber than a few stunted willows near the water and some scrubby mesquite.

In the afternoon we traveled two leagues to the south-southeast and two to the southeast. This road is somewhat rough but not very broken, and it is quite well wooded, and for a good stretch has much jojoba which we saw to be green and in abundance. It appears that this country contains gold ore, and the experienced men say there are the best of paints about two leagues from Sonóytac. Some of the men took ore from the surface to wash, and although they did not obtain any gold, they did get some tepustete. On setting out from Sonóytac we passed by the site and small hill where the Indians killed their Jesuit father minister at the foot of a saguaro, from which they hung his holy crucifix, and now a cross is erected there.—Thirteen leagues.

137. Tuesday, May 21.—From camp at the foot of the hills we set forth at half past four in the morn-

al sirviente, que casualmente se quedó en el Tío Coloxado, ya-
 lli le havia servido de Cozinero, y de todo, pues lo havia ser-
 vido bien. Respondiòle el S^r Ansa, que no tenia obligacion
 de darle nada, por que este sirviente no era de su cuenta,
 que el no lo havia ajustado, y que en caso de darle algo ha-
 via de ser de su bolsillo. Con esto diòe yo: Pues Señor, no di-
 ce Usted en su Diario: tres sirvientes para los tres Padres?
 en donde estan estos sirvientes? Respondiome ya immuta-
 do: pues no se le dio à Vuesa Reverencia su criado? Respon-
 dile: si señor, despues de haverlo pedido algunas vezes; pe-
 ro hasta tres faltan dos, pues el que llevo el P. Laxer, y se
 bolvió desde el Tío Coloxado, tambien diòe Usted que no iba
 de su cuenta, y no se le dio nada; sino es que cuenta por sir-
 viente suyo à Sebastian, que Usted lo ha contado por ax-
 riexo, cozinero, intérprete, y al principio por sirviente mio:
 y el muchacho que llevo el P. Thomas tampoco se cuenta por
 sirviente: conque si este mozo, por quien pide al padre, no
 es sirviente de cuenta de Usted, yo no haré los tres sirvien-
 tes que Usted dice. Ya antes de comer havia precedido el
 que yo le pedi me dierse como se entendia aquello que sa-
 bia decia en su Diario, esto es: cinco Intérpretes de cinco
 Naciones: pues yo no hallaba mas de tres, y quando mas, qua-
 tro, contando por intérprete de la Nacion Pima à un Cria-
 do suyo. A esto me respondió como echandome de su presen-
 cia: Ope Vuesa Reverencia eso para San Miguel, que en
 llegando alla veremos eso, y se le dirá. Era el caso, que él
 por abultar plazas, havia puesto un intérprete de la Naci-
 on Nipoxa, y no hay tal Nacion, pues en la Pimeria se lla-
 man Nipoxas los Yndios, que las Naciones de adentro en
 sus guerras cautivan entre si, y despues los Yumas, y Papas-
 gos los traen al Altar y otras partes à vendellos como cau-
 livos, ó esclavos, da qualquier Nacion que sean. Y como
 el S^r Ansa no queria que yo supiese estas cosas, por esto
 jamas me quise decir las partidas de la Expedicion, aun-
 que se lo pregunté algunas vezes, y aun quando se lo pre-
 guntaba se mostraba sentido, y esta fue la ultima vez que
 se lo pregunté. De esto pues formo mucho sentimiento el
 S^r Ansa diciendo, que yo le echaba estas indirectas que
 lo ofendian mucho. Respondile: Señor, no son indirectas,
 sino bien claras; sino que Usted es tan delicado, que en

ing, and at eleven o'clock at night halted at a zacatal,¹ having traveled seventeen leagues, two south-southeast, two south-southwest, two southwest and two west-southwest, arriving at half past nine at Quitobác, a *pueblo de visita* of the mission of Sonóytac and called San Luís, where we stopped to take a siesta until five o'clock in the afternoon. The road was along the rough sierra on our right which we began to follow yesterday afternoon. It is quite level and somewhat wooded. On the way a mule was left tired out and lost. The Indians of this place of Quitobác, called also Bacapá, were very obliging. The governor came out on the road on horseback to welcome us, and under a mesquite they made a good shade for us with large and very well-made reed mats which they brought. This place has some little springs of water, although altogether it is very little and not very good, while there was no grass at all, and so the animals set out from here hungry.

In the afternoon we traveled about a league to the east-southeast, two southeast, following a dry and sandy arroyo to the foot of a hill or peak which one goes through like a pass, one south-southeast, one south, three southeast, and one east-southeast until we halted.² This road is through level and somewhat wooded country. On our left ran at some distance a range which goes to Sonóytac, in which near Sonóytac they say there is a hill of salt.—Seventeen leagues.

¹ A patch of coarse grass.

² Camp was near Cozón.

138. Wednesday, May 22.—Yesterday the air was fresh and today it continued in the same way, something which we did not expect in this Papagueria, so dry, uninhabitable, and hot. We set out from the zacatal at a quarter to six in the morning, and at half past ten at night arrived near the place called in the first expedition San Yldefonso, having traveled fifteen leagues. In the forenoon we went two east-southeast, five southeast, and one south, until at eleven we arrived at San Eduardo de la Aribayepia, which is an arroyo full of sand, where we stopped to take a siesta until half past five in the afternoon. The road is level all the way and somewhat grown with mesquite, palo verde, and much ramajo and hediondilla. On the way we bore at our right a low sierra which runs from near Quitobac. Aribayepia is a place with a very sandy arroyo which always has water, but it is necessary to dig in the sand a vara or more in order to find it; and here and on the road one encounters some grass. Then in the afternoon we traveled three leagues south-southeast, until we struck the road which runs to the pueblo of Bisanig, which we did not take, two southeast over a road that was stony and rather close to a sierra, and two south-southwest over a better road. Aribayepia means “well of water in the sand.”—Fifteen leagues.¹

¹ San Eduardo de la Aribayepia was at Arivaipa, still so-called. The turn-off for Bisanig was above Tajitos. San Yldefonso, where they camped, was nearly twenty miles northwest of Caborca.

139. Thursday, May 23.—We set forth from San Yldefonso at half past five in the morning, and at twelve arrived at the mission of Caborca, having traveled nine leagues, three south, three southeast, and three east-southeast. All the road through the Papaguería is very crooked and winding because of the great scarcity of pasturage along the way, and especially of watering places. These are very few and it is necessary to go to seek them, which explains why this road is so difficult to travel over. We were welcomed with brotherly love and joy by the father minister of this mission, Fray Ambrosio Calzada. In the afternoon his companion, Fray Mathías Moreno, came from Pitic, a *visita* of this mission, two leagues away, where he was at the time. From the presidio of El Altar, which is distant from this mission eight leagues to the east, some saddle animals were requested to relieve those which were now worn-out from the bad road through the Papaguería, the commander sending two soldiers in the afternoon with orders to return tomorrow.¹—Nine leagues.

Friday, May 24.—I said Mass. We remained at the mission. I observed its latitude and found it without correction to be in $30^{\circ} 38\frac{1}{2}'$, and with correction in $30^{\circ} 44'$, and so I say: at the mission of Caborca, May 24, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 80° . At night the soldiers who went

¹ Pitic (now Pitiquito) and El Altar, are towns on the Altar River eastward of Caborca. Bisani is southwest of Caborca.

yesterday to the presidio of El Altar returned with twelve saddle animals. Don Phelipe Velderrain, alférez of Tubac, came and brought the report that nothing now remained at the mission of Tumacácori, for the Apaches had carried off everything and caused much damage, but that they did not return through there. He reported these mishaps and events with an indifference very foreign to his office, which it made me sick to hear.

140. Saturday, May 25.—I said Mass. Before I went to Mass the alférez¹ of Tubac entered, and without saluting me began to talk with the commissary and others who were there, relating with great coolness, and as if boasting, the disasters caused by the Apaches and the desolation there, and saying that now it only lacked for them to come to carry off their women and other things. Unable to contain myself, I said to him that I was ashamed to see him laugh, and the way in which he related such misfortunes, etc. He tried to defend himself by saying,

“Well, Father, must I cry?”

I replied, “Yes, Sir, you ought to cry, for I, although I am not of this country, greatly regret its unhappiness; while you, whose duty it is to try to remedy it by restraining the enemy, do not do so, because you fellows attend to nothing except to gamble, dance the fandango, and wear many galloons on your hats (he wore two galloons on his sombrero).”

¹ Color-bearer.

He replied with great impudence that I ought to go there and command the soldiers, and then they would see my ability and learn how it is done. He having repeated this twice, I replied that it was not my business to command the soldiers, and I concluded by telling him that I did not wish to argue with him any more because he was a man without manners. Then I went to say Mass.

The alférez no doubt reported what I said to him to Señor Ansa, as he was his godson; for all the morning Señor Ansa was sulky, with a book in his hand. They afterward unhorsed the alférez for his bad conduct, and a certain Don Diego Oya was sent as his successor; but Señor Ansa, because he was the other's godfather, arranged for the time being at San Miguel with the governor not to approve the successor, characterizing him as a useless man. So he was forced to return to the out country, although afterward the superiors ordered him to return from Durango and he went to his destination, Alférez Velderrain remaining unhorsed without his compadre, Señor Ansa, being able to prevent it.

At noon, at the table, Father Thomás said to Señor Ansa that he needed some saddle animals to go to Tumacácori. The fact is that on the road Señor Ansa had told him that he would be pleased to have him go to San Miguel in his company, but since this was nothing more than a formal politeness of his, now in order to get rid of the father he said to him that it was better for him to go to his

mission with the *alférez* who was going there. He replied, indeed, that he would furnish him the saddle animals.

Then the father asked him to give something to the servant who by accident had remained at the Colorado River, and who had served him there as a cook, and in everything, and indeed had served him well. Señor Ansa replied that he was under no obligation to pay this servant anything because he was not there on his account, for he had not arranged for him, and that in case he were to pay him anything it would have to be from his own pocket. Thereupon I said,

“Well, Señor, do you not say in your diary, ‘three servants for the three fathers?’ Where are the three servants?”

He replied, frowning now, “Well, your Reverence, were you not given a servant?”

I replied, “Yes, Sir, after I had asked for one several times; but two are lacking to make three, for the one who was taken by Father Garcés and returned from the Colorado River you also said did not go on your account, and you paid him nothing, unless it is that Sebastián counts as your servant, for you have counted him as a muleteer, cook, interpreter, and, at the beginning, as my servant. And the boy taken by Father Thomás likewise does not count as a servant. Therefore, if this young fellow for whom the father asks pay is not a servant on your account, I can not find the three which you mention.”

Now it happened that before dinner I asked him to tell me how he understood the entry which he knew he had made in his diary, that is to say, "five interpreters for five tribes," for I did not find more than three, and four at the most, counting as a servant of his an interpreter of the Pima tribe. To this he replied, as if pushing me away from him,

"Oh! Leave that for San Miguel, your Reverence, for when we arrive there we will see about it, and I will tell you."

The fact is that in order to heap up salaries he had listed an interpreter of the Nixora¹ tribe, though there is no such tribe; for in the Pimería they call Nixoras the Indians whom the tribes of the interior in their wars capture amongst themselves, and whom afterward the Yumas and Pápagos bring to El Altar and other places to sell as captives or slaves, no matter what tribe they may belong to.

Since Señor Ansa did not wish that I should know of these things, he never wished to give me figures regarding the expedition, although I asked him for them several times; and when he was asked he even appeared injured, and this was the last time I asked him about it. For this, in fact, Señor Ansa became very much displeased, saying that I was making insinuations against him and that they greatly offended him. I replied to him,

"Señor, they are not insinuations, but very plain statements, but you are so sensitive that when I

¹ More commonly spelled Niforas. See Eixarch's diary for comment on these people.

touch upon a thing which you do not like you take offense."

This mode of conversation, which was now becoming heated, finally ended, the fathers interposing themselves to interrupt it. Señor Ansa remained very angry all day, and now ended the friendship for me which hitherto he had manifested, and I remained from here forward in his disfavor. I have locked horns with him several times, not so much on my own account as on account of the two fathers; and in the end I have come out blamed, for very few persons like this matter of speaking plainly, and as a rule there is verity in the adage which says, "He who speaks the truth loses friends."

XXVII

BACK AT HORCASITAS

In the afternoon Father Fray Thomás Eixarch set out with the alférez for his mission of Tumacácori. We left the mission of Caborca at a quarter past four in the afternoon, and at half past eleven at night halted in the flat of the place called El Bámuri,¹ having traveled ten leagues to the south-southeast. All this road is through level country.—Ten leagues.

141. Sunday, May 26, Feast of Espíritu Santo.—We left El Bámuri¹ at a quarter past five in the morning, and at a quarter past eight arrived at the Real de la Cieneguilla,² having traveled five leagues to the south-southeast. As soon as we arrived there Lieutenant Don Pedro Tueros came to welcome us and designated a house in which to lodge us and the gentlemen merchants of this mining camp. After the necessary compliments I went to say Mass. In the afternoon I went to see the placers, invited by Don Francisco de Guizarnótegui, who accompanied me; and I saw how the Indians take out the gold. The placers are distant a league from the camp, and we returned at night.—Five leagues.

¹ Still on the map, now spelled Bámori.

² Once a famous mining camp, now called Ciénega.

Monday, May 27.—I awoke entirely relieved of my ills, so that of the flux and the disorder of the stomach from which I had suffered all the way and of which I was relieved but occasionally and only for short times, from this day I was completely cured, and did not feel it any more; and the fever of my mouth became less, getting better each day until I was completely cured in Ures¹ a few days after having arrived there. We remained here to-day, and I chanted Mass at the altar because I was asked to do so by the curate of the camp, Don Joseph Nicolás de Mesa. I observed the latitude of that camp, and found it without correction to be in $30^{\circ} 9\frac{1}{2}'$, and with correction in $30^{\circ} 14\frac{1}{2}'$, and so I say: at the Real de la Cieneguilla, May 27, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 81° . I took dinner at the house of Don Francisco de Guizarnótegui, and at night we enjoyed ourselves for a while there.

Tuesday, May 28.—I said Mass, and afterward I assisted in the chorus of the Mass which the señor curate chanted at the altar. Although it had been decided to continue our journey today, we waited to take advantage of the opportunity to go with and as escort to other people who were setting out next morning, because the road which we had still to travel is very dangerous from the hostile Apaches, who recently have committed along it

¹ An important town east of Horcasitas, one of the oldest settlements in central Sonora.

various attacks and murders.¹ And even worse than the Apaches are the Serys and the Pimas or revolted Piatos, who, being more bloody, have perpetrated in these lands horrible atrocities, ravages, robberies, and murders. Therefore, in the afternoon we went to sing Vespers, for during these three days the Blessed Sacrament was exposed; and at night we went to enjoy ourselves for a while at the house of Don Antonio Castro, yielding to the urging and coaxing of Don Antonio and his wife Doña Ygnacia, since they are persons worthy of being pleased, on account of their affection, and especially on the present occasion when with great love they entertained Captain Palma and his companions in their house.

142. Wednesday, May 29.—I said Mass. I delivered to Lieutenant Don Pedro Tueros the vestments of San Ygnacio which had been loaned me by Father Fray Francisco Zuñiga, with which to say Mass on the way, as I related on October 10; and he promised to send them to that mission. We said goodbye to the lieutenant, the father curate, and the rest of the gentlemen of that camp, all of whom were very demonstrative and altogether attentive in every way.

We set out from the Real de la Cieneguilla at a quarter past five in the afternoon, and at ten o'clock at night halted at the place called Los Cerritos, having traveled seven leagues, two southeast and five east-southeast. We were accompanied by a pack

¹ Two years earlier Anza considered this coast road safe from Indian raids, but the situation had changed.

train which was going to Guásabas with its escort of Opata Indians and others who joined us, making in all more than sixty persons; for, because this road is so risky and dangerous from enemies, as I said yesterday, only in convoy can it be traveled without great risk. Señor Guizarnótegui accompanied us for a short distance.

143. Thursday, May 30.—We left Los Cerritos at a quarter to five in the morning, and at a quarter past nine at night halted in a plain a league beyond the junction of this road with the one which goes to the watering place called La Tortuga,¹ having traveled fourteen leagues. The first seven were to the southeast, when we arrived at the watering place of El Tecolote, where we remained for a siesta from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. In this place, which is a narrow and rather long canyon, the enemies have done much damage. The road is level all the way except for a short stretch a little before and a little after passing the Cerros del Tecolote, where it is somewhat broken and runs through a canyon and is therefore more dangerous. Half-way on the road, at half past seven, we passed the watering place of El Carrizal, where there are several crosses commemorating the murders which the hostile Piatos perpetrated on Señor Michilena and his companions, whom they killed there. Then in the afternoon we traveled seven leagues southeast by east, winding around somewhat, until we came out from among the hills.—Fourteen leagues.

¹ Tortuga is still on the map.

144. Friday, May 31.—We set out from El Llano at a quarter to five in the morning, and at a quarter past ten at night halted at a very open plain beyond El Zanjón, as they call it, having traveled fifteen leagues, the first five to the southeast and south-southeast to El Pozo de Chryssanto, where we remained to take a siesta from half past eight in the morning to half past three in the afternoon. Almost all the road is level. This watering place is an open and rather deep well in a valley, so it is necessary to water the animals by hand. It is so-called because Chryssanto, the governor of the Serys, discovered it at the time of the expedition, when those Indians were in rebellion and had one of their retreats here. Then in the afternoon we traveled ten leagues to the east-southeast with some variation. On halting, the men of the rear guard reported that they had seen footprints which they suspected might be the trail of enemies. And so it is that this road from Cieneguilla is strewn with crosses commemorating the murders which the hostile Serys, Piatos, and Apaches have committed along it.—Fifteen leagues.

145. Saturday, June 1.—We set out from El Llano at five o'clock in the morning, and at eight arrived at the presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas,¹ having traveled four leagues to the east-southeast or almost due east.—Four leagues.

¹ Anza and his party had now completed the circuit of some three thousand miles since leaving Horcasitas.

At the ford of the river we came to the road which we had taken on going. On setting out from camp we saw dust on the road near the pass which they call Puerto del Boladero, and with the report of the trail seen yesterday we presumed that they might be enemies who were awaiting us at the pass. Therefore, putting the men in order, and the pack train remaining with the rear guard, the commander and some soldiers went to the place with arms in their hands. We felt this fear at first sight, but God willed that there should be no occasion for it, for they met only some pack trains which were on the way to La Cieneguilla.

XXVIII

NIHIL SUB SOLE NOVUM

On our arrival we were visited at once by the governor, Don Francisco Antonio Crespo, the curate, and other gentlemen of San Miguel, and the governor took Señor Ansa and me to dine at his house. A little before we entered San Miguel Señor Ansa told me to go and dismount at his house while he went to salute the governor, as in fact I did; but I soon saw how little favored I was at the house of Señor Ansa. Having passed the first compliments they lodged me in a little room without light and full of things, together with the commissary, Don Mariano, because Señor Ansa's house was very small. In view of the inconvenience of the house, I said to Señor Ansa after siesta that if he approved I would go to Casa Monteagudo, since his wife Catharina had offered me the room in which I lodged the other time, and where I was entertained during the days while I was here before beginning our journey. But I added that even so I would not say goodbye to his house, for I would come to dine, and would remain at the presidio all the time that he might wish, since it was not necessary for me to go at once to my mission; and that I was at his disposition according to his pleasure, for I planned to go to

Ures only when he might decide, for indeed I only desired not to molest him any more than necessary.

Señor Ansa agreed to everything, not urging me in the least, even out of politeness, to remain to rest a few days, and said that as to my going to Ures there was no objection to my going whenever I wished, and that he would furnish me with saddle animals. I therefore decided to go thither immediately, and so I did on the 5th, in the afternoon, arriving at that mission at ten o'clock at night. I suggested to him also that in the morning we should chant the Mass of the Most Holy Trinity as an act of thanksgiving for our arrival, and for having finished our journey successfully; but because the church was being repaired and Mass was said in the arbor of the house of the governor, and especially because Señor Ansa was not pleased with this, he paid no attention to me, nor did he accept my proposal, offering the pretext that the governor might be offended.

June 2, Sunday of the most Holy Trinity.—At a proper hour I went to the house of Señor Ansa to salute him and ask him if he had decided anything concerning my proposal of yesterday regarding the singing of Mass. He replied that I might very well go to say Mass if I wished, and that he would go later to hear that of the curate. Therefore, I went to say low Mass to the Most Holy Trinity, doing whatever I could on my part. I remained at the presidio, and at midday I observed its latitude, finding

que xemiti al Sto Colegio, el qual constaba de nueve pliegos, y contenia lo principal de este Diario, y tambien tra-
 baje el Mapa que lo acompaña, y xemiti lo qual conclui
 dia 23. de Junio de 1776. Despues passe à mi Mis-
 ion de San Joseph de Pimas, à la qual lleque dia 24. de
 Julio del mismo año. Se entrego esta Mission à los Padres
 observantes de la Provincia de Salisco el dia 10. del sen-
 embre siguiente, y yo me passe à Ures, en donde me jun-
 te con otros Religiosos, que juntos passamos à la Pimeria Hi-
 ta, y llegamos à la Mission de San Ignacio dia 14 del si-
 guiente Octubre. Aqui se determino que me quedasse yo en
 el Pueblo de Santa Maria Magdalena, Visita de esta Mission,
 al qual passe dia 29. del mismo mes. Aqui cayeron los e-
 nemigos Cimarrones Piutos, y Sexys, unidos con algunos Apa-
 ches dia 16. del siguiente Noviembre, los quales destruye-
 ron y quemaron aquel Pueblo, y yo me vi muerto à sus ma-
 nos, de las quales sali con vida, y de cuya ferocidad me li-
 bro Dios por su infinita misericordia: por lo qual me res-
 te à San Ignacio, y à Ymutis, y ultimamente à esta Mission
 de Tubutama, à la qual lleque dia 31. del inmediato Oc-
 tiembre por la madrugada antes de hacerse de dia. En
 esta Mission me he mantenido desde entonces, y por hallarme
 en ella sin especial ocupacion y destino, me he dedicado en
 sacar en limpio este Diario, que es puntualmente el mismo
 Diario, ó borrador, que fui escribiendo en el camino, con la
 difexencia que aquel solo consta de veinte pliegos, y este es
 mayor por haver puesto aqui algunos apuntes de aquel con
 alguna epression y claridad. Por conclusion de este Diario
 protesto y asseguro, que en todo lo que digo en él he procura-
 do decir verdad en quanto cabe à la fe humana, y à mi li-
 mitado conocimiento. Tambien prevengo, que las cosas, y lan-
 ces que reflexo nombrando sujetos no lo hago por denigra-
 à nadie, ni paxaque sirvan de pie à la mormuracion; pues
 solamente las he escrito paxaque sirvan de luz à mi, ó à
 algun otro que llegare à leer este Diario, en casos semejan-
 tes; y paxaque entendamos que: *Nihil sub sole novum.* Y
 con esta prevencion doy fin à este Diario en esta Mission
 de Tubutama, oy dia 11. de Mayo de 1777.

Fx. Pedro Font



it without correction to be in $29^{\circ} 28'$ and with correction in $29^{\circ} 30'$, and so I say: at the presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas, June 2, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, $82^{\circ} 34'$.

As soon as I finished the observation I turned over to Señor Ansa the key of the instrument which he had delivered to me at the mission of San Gabriel, as I said on January 6. Handing it back to me, he said that if I wished to carry the instrument to Ures to observe there or anywhere else I might keep it. I replied that since he had not delivered the instrument to me at the beginning, and since we had now concluded our journey, and consequently my principal task of making observations in the course of it, I did not wish to take charge of it now, for he was not giving it to me but only lending it to me. And so he kept both the instrument and the key.

It is certain that the viceroy ordered the astronomical quadrant delivered to me so that I might observe on the way. But Señor Ansa, desirous of making himself the author of the observations, immediately took charge of it and did not wish to deliver it to me. I saw this the first time we met and talked together, which was on the 23d of May, last year, when he arrived at my mission.¹ Since I knew that he was carrying this instrument to be delivered to me, I wished to see it as soon as he arrived; and seeing that the day was passing without his mentioning it to me, I asked him about it, and he replied

¹ The mission of San José de Pimas, south of Ures.

that it was coming behind with the packs. Thereupon I said,

“Well, Señor, I wished to see it in order better to discharge the obligation which my father guardian places upon me in the name of the viceroy regarding the observations which are to be made on the journey.”

“Well,” he replied, “your Reverence shall see it and you will see something fine, because it is the best instrument that was to be found in Mexico. It belonged to the Señor Conde de Jales, who was so enamored of his quadrant that he did not wish to part with it; and when the viceroy ordered him to turn it over, the Señor Conde did so saying that he was not selling it, but was yielding it only on condition that his Excellency should order another like it brought for him from Paris or London.”

He now took out a notebook of instructions which he carried for his information and told me to wait. Then calling his commissary he ordered him to permit me to see the quadrant when the packs arrived, saying to him,

“The father wishes to see it because apparently he understands it a little, and perhaps he will aid us to make observations on the way.”

Well then, on May 26 the packs arrived with the people of the expedition. I saw the quadrant, and next day they carried it with the packs to San Miguel, where Señor Ansa already was, and I kept the notebook of instructions. But a few days afterward he sent for it, saying that I must send it because he

needed it in order better to post himself. And so he had this also. Afterward I went to the presidio of San Miguel to join Señor Ansa and the people, and on the 17th of September I told him that I wished to make an observation. He agreed to this, brought forth the quadrant, and invited the curate and other gentlemen to watch him and see how he did it. And so the observation was made, but it was of no account because it consisted only of looking at the sun through the glass to see what color it was, the invited gentlemen making this inspection in turn. In the conversation Señor Ansa said that on the way he had made observations at Sinaloa, Culiacán, and other places; but when I asked him in what latitude he had found those places, he replied that he did not remember because he had not recorded the observations. It is to be noted that he neither had tables nor knew how to make the calculation.

They asked him how much the quadrant might have cost, and where it had been obtained. Señor Ansa replied that it had not cost anything, for it belonged to the secretary of the viceroy, Don Melchor Peramás who, in order to see if he could avoid delivering it, resorted to the stratagem of saying that it was not his, but that it belonged to Conde de Jales (I do not recall his name with certainty), who had loaned it to him; but that his Excellency ordered him to deliver it no matter whose it might be.

At the pueblo of Santa Ana, on account of the observation which I made there on the 7th of October, there was occasion to speak of the quadrant,

and Señor Ansa said to his brother-in-law, Don Francisco Serrano, that the quadrant was his, that he had bought it in Mexico with his own money, and that it had cost him I do not know how much.

At the mission of San Gabriel, because of the complaint which I made to him and which I noted on January 6, when he delivered to me the key of the quadrant, he told me that the reason why he had not given it to me at the outset was that when they delivered it to him in Mexico they took a receipt for it, which they ordered him to give, since he was obliged to account for the instrument in Mexico and restore it on his return; but that if I wished to take charge of it I should give him a receipt, and thereupon he would deliver it to me, I being responsible for its restitution and to account for it whenever he might ask me to do so. But to this I did not wish to agree.

At San Diego, because of the observation which I made there on February 2, there was occasion to speak of the quadrant, and one of the fathers asked me if it was mine. I replied, "No," and that Señor Ansa brought it from Mexico. They continued talking about how well it was made and of its value, and one of them said it must be worth fifty pesos, to which Señor Ansa replied,

"I am a poor man, but I would very gladly give five hundred pesos for it if they would sell it to me," a statement which I thought was directed toward making it difficult to deliver it to me, or to give it to

me, as if giving me to understand that the viceroy would not order so precious a treasure entrusted to me, and from here forward he called it the quadrant of the expedition.

Finally, the journey being over, he had the quadrant in his possession, and I was informed that he wished it in order to return it to Mexico. With this understanding, when afterward he went to Mexico and passed through my mission of San Joseph de Pimas, which was on August 20, 1776, I asked him for the quadrant, because I wished to observe the latitude of that mission in my charge; but Señor Ansa replied that he did not have it with him. I said to him that I was surprised that he did not have it, for now that he was going to Mexico I supposed that he would take it to restore it, especially in view of what he had said to me at San Gabriel, to the effect that when they gave it to him they required him to give a receipt. He replied that this was a fact, but that he was not taking it because he did not know to whom he was to deliver it. I then said to him,

“You are not ignorant of the fact that you ought to have delivered it to me, for you know very well the office with which I went on the expedition. However, I am not saying this in order to have you deliver it to me, for the occasion is already passed; and even if you should give it to me now I would not accept it. But since you did not deliver it to me it is natural that you should know who is the owner who loaned it in Mexico, in order that it may be restored to him.”

To this he replied to me that he had left it at San Miguel because, since the viceroy had destined it for this expedition he thought that perhaps the instrument might better serve the king in this country than in Mexico, where there are others; for if another expedition were to be made, the head of it would find the quadrant in that presidio, making it unnecessary to bring it from Mexico, and without causing the king new expenses. As for his not having delivered it to me, he said he had done as he had seen done by the Marqués de Rubí, who, when he came to inspect all the presidios of the frontier, brought in his care the instruments for making observations (in this he was mistaken for he did not bring them in his care, for they were his own), and only delivered them to the experts that they might use them.

“That is very well, Señor,” I said to him, “but you did not do even this with me, for you did not deliver the instrument to me so that I might use it and fulfill my obligation.”

And so Señor Ansa went to Mexico and I remained entirely out of favor with him because I had spoken plainly. Afterward I learned that he had left the quadrant at Casa Monteagudo, with the intention of seeing if he might be able to keep it; for if in Mexico they did not ask him for it he would regard it as a sign that they had given it to him, and if they did ask for it, he would excuse himself by saying that he had no way to bring it or that he had forgotten it, to see if in that way he might manage to remain in possession of this treasure. This I

learned in these very terms, from the mouth of the governor, Don Francisco Antonio Crespo. I have noted all this down here in order to keep in mind what prestige is lost by one who prides himself on being a man of honor and yet commits such meanness for a mere bagatelle.

At night there was a party at the house of Señor Ansa, including a fandango held to celebrate his successful return.¹ I was at Casa Monteagudo when an invitation came that the gentlemen should go there. But since no invitation came for me, and I was not told anything about such a thing, although Señor Monteagudo urged me to go, I did not wish to do so, and I remained there. Shortly afterward the commissary came to look for me, telling me that I ought to go, and that Señor Ansa would be very much pleased to have me take part in the merrymaking, etc. I excused myself with some explanations, and even told him that I did not believe that Señor Ansa very greatly wished my presence. To his urgings I finally said,

“I would have been present at the fandango, and I would go without making any fuss, since all the people assembled there are honorable people, for I, too, am happy that we have completed our journey with such success; but since my proposal to sing Mass this morning was depreciated, in which I wished to say to the public a few words thanking God and the most Holy Virgin for our successful journey, in

¹ After his long digression, Father Font now returns to events at San Miguel.

order that all might know the reasons which we have for being happy, it does not appear to me proper nor do I wish now to take part in that merrymaking and worldly joy without having first publicly given thanks to God."

The commissary now departed and I remained alone at Casa Monteagudo. I did not think it best to go to the fandango, lest by my presence I should sanction this worldly merrymaking, when Señor Ansa did not approve the church fiesta which should have come first and which I had proposed to him by singing the Mass of the most Holy Trinity as an act of thanksgiving for our safe arrival, as I desired.

In this Mass I had planned to say something to make known the favors which God so clearly showed in so long a journey, through our principal patroness, the most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, to whose glory I had thought to combine the three gospels, that of yesterday and the two of today, taking these three themes: *Surgens Jesus de sinagoga, introivit in domum Simonis*¹ (Luc. cap. 4, v. 38) of yesterday when we arrived; *Data est mihi omnis potestas in caelo, et in terra*² (Math. cap. 28, v. 18) of the feast of today; and *Estote ergo misericordes, sicut et Pater vester misericors est*³ (Luc. cap. 6, v. 36) of the present

¹ "And Jesus rising up out of the synagogue, went into Simon's house (Luke IV, 38).

² "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth" (Matthew XXVIII, 18).

³ "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful" (Luke VI, 36).

Sunday, and concerning these to say what God might prompt me.

After briefly recounting the journey, the difficulties and the successes achieved in it, I wished to reduce it all and end the discourse with the reflection which I had made concerning the time we spent in the expedition from the 29th of September to this day, the 2d of June inclusive, which were 248 days, numbers of a geometrical progression with which the divine mercy of God manifested to us the blessings which during this time He gave us, multiplying them in proportion as were multiplied the days of the marches. These were 145, a number in which are expressed the three patrons who in them favored us, number 1 representing our principal patroness, unique among creatures, the most Holy Virgin, María de Guadalupe; number 4, the Prince San Miguel, whom the church calls Standard Bearer or Chief of Souls, whom he guides with the standard of the cross, which has four points, since his care extends to all four parts of the earth because the redemption which he effected on the holy cross extends to all; and number 5, our Father San Francisco under the symbol of his five prodigious wounds.

And finally the whole time comprised eight months and three days, very mysterious numbers representing an enigma. It was that the most Holy Trinity, represented by the number 3, granted us a safe return, and today her feast, by means of our patroness the Virgin of Guadalupe, represented by

the number 8, alluding to the number 8 which between the paintings and flowers of her garments was discovered in Mexico by the perspicacity of the celebrated and famous painter, Cabrera, not many years ago.

Concerning this, various persons have held various opinions, but I, in the present discourse, wished to call her the Virgin of Eight, for the eight months during which she as our principal patroness so plainly favored us. But now that I was not able to say this in public I note it down here in order that I may not forget it, and that I may always be thankful to so merciful a mother, universal patroness of America, and since she deigned to appear in the shape and color of an Indian woman, more especially the principal patroness for the promotion of spiritual conquests. And with this I bring this diary to a conclusion at the end of this 2d day of June, 1776.

At this presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas, from which the expedition set out, our journey of going and coming ended, and on the 5th of June I went to the mission of Ures, where I wrote out the diary which I sent to the Holy College, consisting of nine sheets containing the principal part of this diary; and also I drew the map¹ to accompany it which I likewise sent, finishing it on June 23, 1776. Afterward I went to my mission of San Joseph de Pimas where I arrived on July 24 of the same year. This mission was delivered to the Observant Fathers of the province of Xalisco on the 10th of the following

¹ This map appears in this volume facing page 1.

September, and I went to Ures where I joined other friars, and together we went to Pimería Alta, arriving at the mission of San Ygnacio on the 14th of the following October. Here it was decided that I should remain at the pueblo of Santa María Madalena, a *visita* of that mission, to which I went on the 29th of the same month. Here, on the 16th of the following November, the hostile wild Piatos and Serys, together with some Apaches, swooped down upon and destroyed and burned the pueblo, and I saw myself dead in their hands; but I came out alive and from their ferocity God delivered me through His infinite mercy. Therefore I withdrew to San Ygnacio and to Ymuris and finally to this mission of Tubutama, where I arrived on the 31st of the following December, in the morning before daybreak.

At this mission I have remained since that time, and finding myself here without any special occupation or destination, I have dedicated myself to making a fair copy of this diary, which is exactly the same as the diary or *borrador* which I wrote on the way, with the difference that one consists only of twenty sheets, whereas this is longer because I have written here some items of that one with some extension and clarification.¹

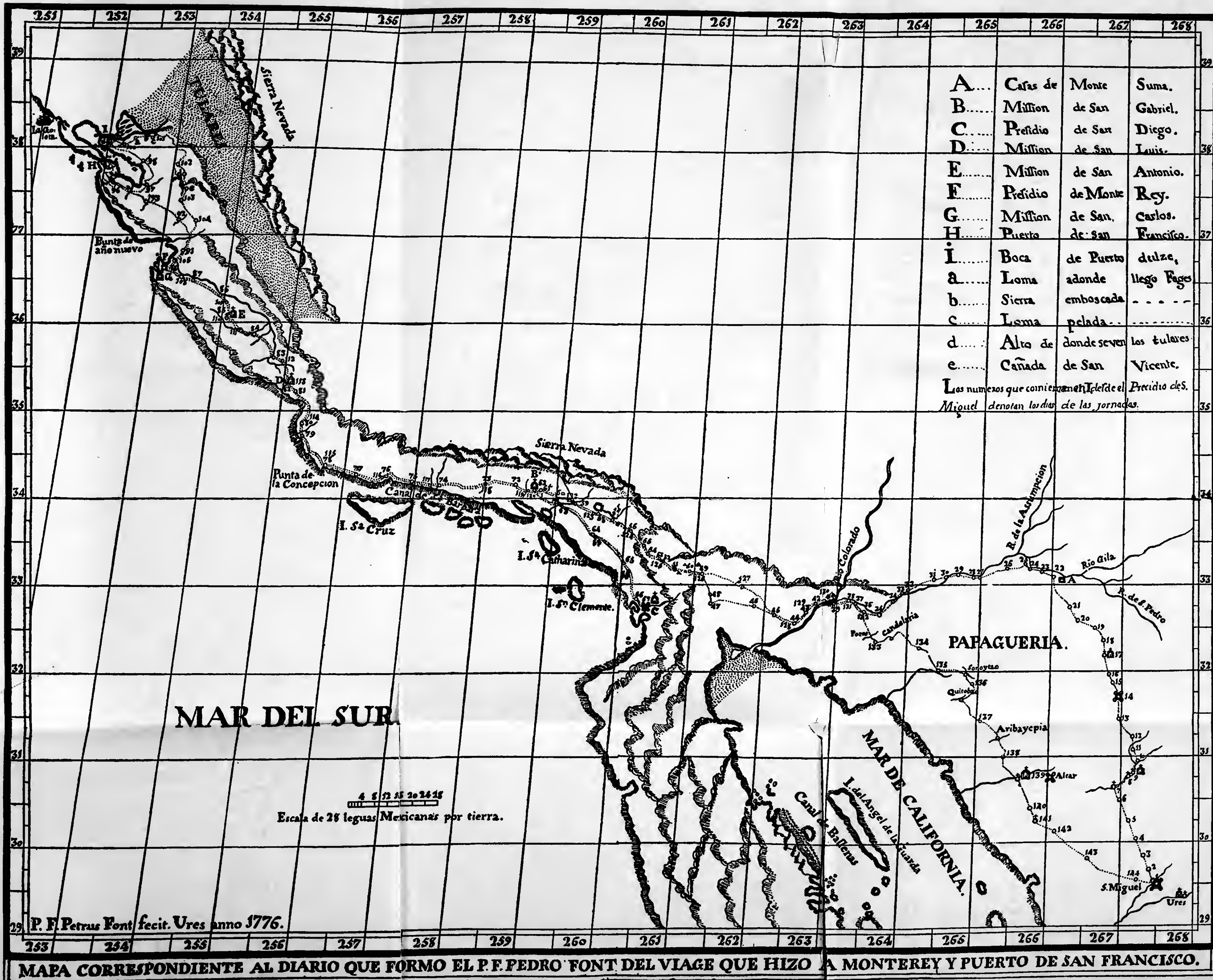
¹ The manuscript of Font's Short Diary, possessed by the Bancroft Library, consists of twenty sheets or eighty pages. It is clearly the very original or *borrador* written by Font enroute during his remarkable three thousand mile journey. This accounts for its pocket-worn condition, its erasures, and its generally crude appearance when contrasted with the beautiful original of the Complete Diary, which was written in a leisurely way during Father Font's days of enforced idleness at Tubutama by the Altar. It follows that the *borrador* is

As a conclusion of this diary I protest and give assurance that in all that I say in it I have tried to tell the truth as far as is permitted by human honesty and my limited understanding. I also assert that the events and incidents which I relate, naming persons, I have not included in order to defame any person or that they may serve as a basis for complaint. Indeed, I have written them solely that they may serve for enlightenment in similar cases, to me or to any other person who may happen to read this diary, and in order that we may understand that *Nihil sub sole novum*.¹ And with this caution I conclude this diary at this mission of Tubutama, today, the 11th day of May, 1777.

FRAY PEDRO FONT (Rubric).

the basic document, the mother, of the nine-sheet diary sent to Font's college, of the Complete Diary, and of any other versions that may exist. Father Garcés, after his return from his wanderings, also went to Tubutama, and there, under his guidance, Father Font made a map of Garcés's peregrinations.

¹ "Nothing under the sun is new" (Ecclesiastes, I, 10).





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